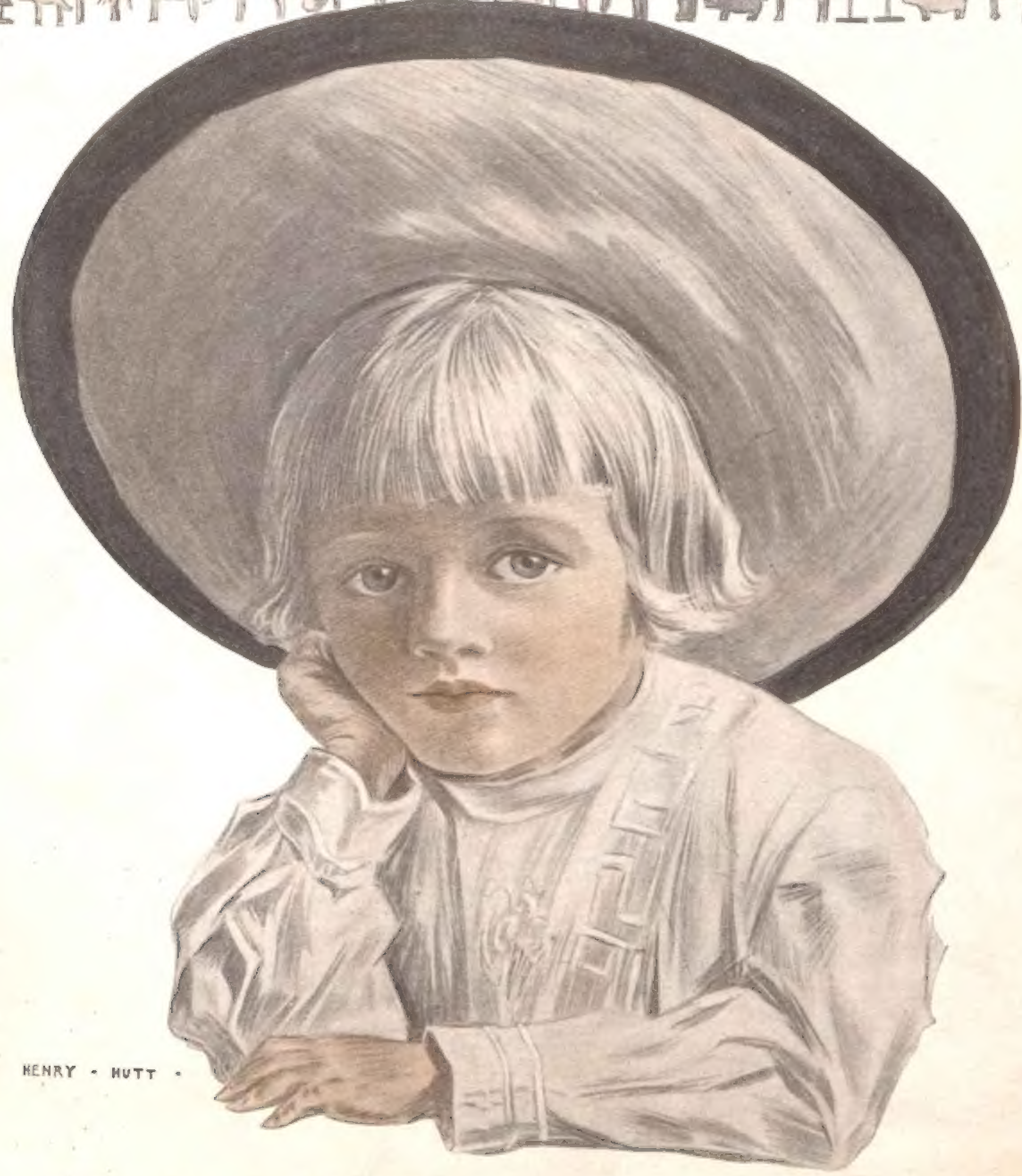
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

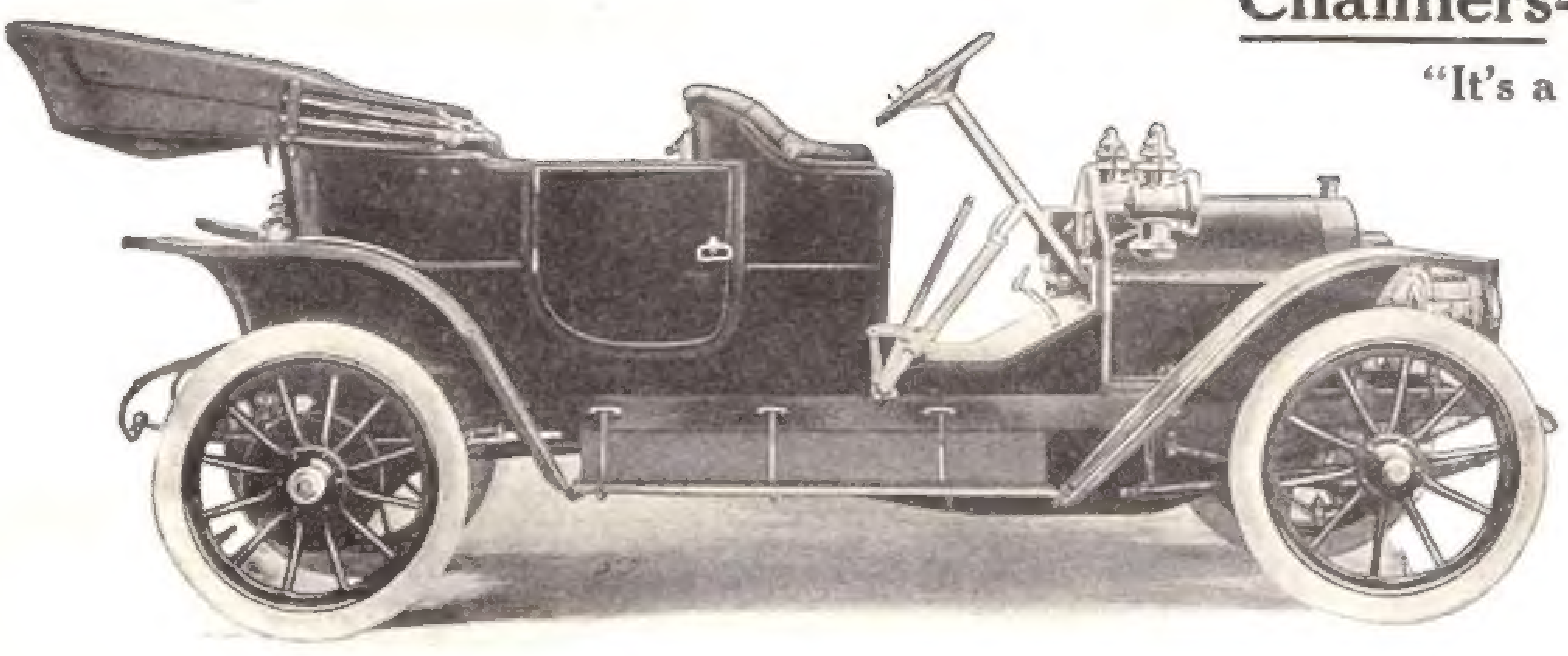
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o^ D^t^ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 30, 1909 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



More Than a Million a Week Circulation

Three Styles
Touring Cars
Tourabouts
Roadsters



Chalmers-Detroit "30"

"It's a Good Car"

Over 1,000 Now In Use

Price, $1500

The time for argument is past. We invite you now to judge this car by performance.

More than 1,000 owners—everywhere—are now running these cars. They'll say what the cars can do.

Praise or attack are immaterial now. Facts speak louder than theories when a thousand cars are running.

A score of great records—both for speed and endurance—have already been won by our "30."

For 100 days, one of these cars made four trips daily between Detroit and Pontiac—208 miles a day. It ran 20,800 miles without a single mechanical mishap. It did not miss a day or a trip in all those 100 days of rain and shine and snow. It had been driven more than 6,000 miles before it started on the 20,800 mile trip. No other car at any price ever made such a record.

Last June when we first announced this astounding car, the facts seemed too good to be true. One could scarcely believe that such a car—the most up-to-date car on the market—could be sold for $1500.

Now more than one-third of our possible output is in actual use. Our dealers are asking for more cars than we can make. Don't wait too long if you want one. See them at the Chicago Show in Coliseum Annex, February 1-6.

The Two-Bearing Crank Shaft

People who want to sell other cars talk about our two-bearing crank shaft. They are anxiously watching for one to give out.

They will be disappointed.

It has been tested, at the University of Michigan, under *eight times* the load that it gets in the car.

It has been tested for years in Europe, and has come to be widely adopted. It has been tested in Belgium, for 25,000 miles, on a motor of *96 horse power*.

It has been tested for years on hundreds of 4-cylinder cabs put out by Thomas of Buffalo, and without a single mishap.

No amount of talk against the two-bearing crank shaft by persons whose self interest leads them into prejudice can offset the fact that this shaft withstands every test of experiment and use. Some people may have a *theory* that our two-bearing crank shafts will break. But the *fact* is, they don't—and won't. 1,000 of these crank shafts are in use and are giving entire satisfaction. Not one has broken.

You can't break them. We will let any buyer write his own guarantee on our two-bearing crank shaft.

A long bonnet does not make the car go. Neither does a short bonnet. It's the motor under the bonnet.

But a short bonnet *does* allow of hanging the body between the axles. That means ease in riding. Every useless inch put into the bonnet means one lost somewhere else. When you make the bonnet an inch longer than it need be, you must either skimp the body an inch, or shove it back over the rear axle, where it will ride hard.

The short bonnet has long been the best European practice. On all the best light cars of Europe you find the short bonnet and suspended body as in the "30."

We are talking only of light 30 h. p. cars.

Two ball bearings cannot get out of line. More than two are hard to keep in line.

Four Cylinders En Bloc

Rivals who still cling to separate cylinders denounce the fact that ours are cast together.

Many of the most successful foreign makers have used the en bloc cylinders for years in their light cars. They are used in the Hotchkiss, Mors, Fiat, Unic, Beatrix, Delahaye, Aster and other great European cars. A number of American builders are now following our lead in cylinder castings.

Separate cylinders waste room—make the short hood impossible, and every extra inch in the hood means an inch less in the tonneau.

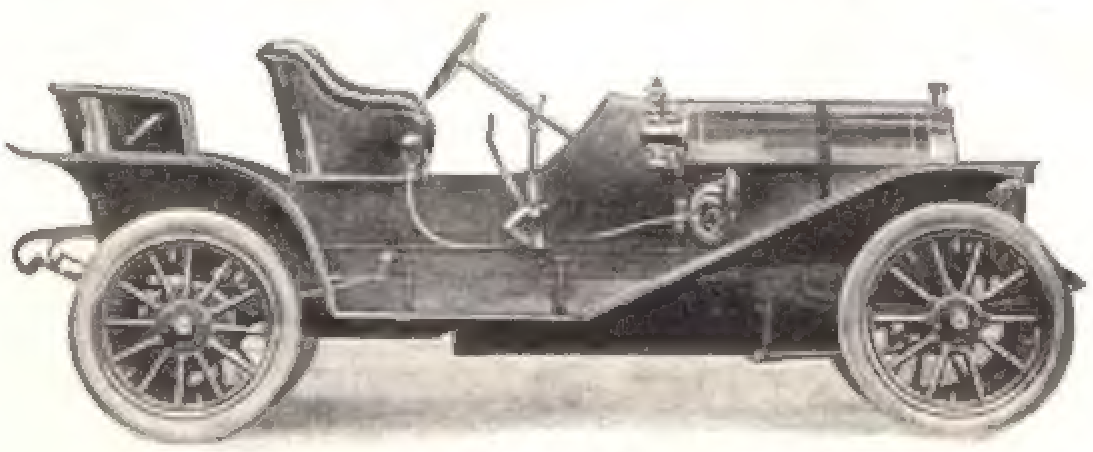
Cylinders en bloc are immensely light and compact. They are rigid. They allow ample water space and aid circulation.

But rivals say, "Think of the cost of replacement." That's too rare to consider. But we will sell you four new cylinders, if you ever need them, for $35. That answers all.

When you come to the Chicago Show it would please us very much to have you bring a good engineer along with you. Let him examine our features and compare them with others. Competitors will argue all sorts of chimerical things. Ask a good engineer for the truth.

Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"

Formerly Thomas-Detroit Forty



This is the Roadster—Made also as a Touring Car.

The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" needs no advertisement. For years it has held first place among medium-priced cars. And the fact that we make it, and that Mr. Coffin designed it, is the best guarantee we can possibly offer of what our "30" is.

The "Forty" is the speediest, quietest, most economical car of its class. No similar car has made so many records in hill climbing, speed and endurance. It has amply proved its supremacy.

About half of our output of 1909 models have been already delivered. We shall probably fall several hundred cars short of meeting demands as we did last year. Yet the demand is created, almost solely, by what users say to each other.

Made in two styles—Touring Car and Roadster—price $2750.

CUT THIS OUT

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.,
Detroit, Mich.
Mail your new catalog to

____

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—I

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Formerly E. R. Thomas-Detroit Co.

(Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers)

HERRESHOFF

An Immediate and Impressive Success

ABOUT a month ago the New Herreshoff Car, selling for $1,500, was announced to the public. Today we have applications for 2,200 cars — more than double the number we can make in the coming year. We could place our entire production before a single purchaser has seen a demonstrating car, were it not that we wish to distribute our cars over a wider area — to allot to each section of the country its proper quota. We believe this demand is unprecedented in the marketing of automobiles.

We believe it can be ascribed to three causes.

First — Confidence in the ability of Herreshoff to design and manufacture a product marked by the same excellence that has always characterized Herreshoff productions; confidence that the name would not be associated with any product that lacked these characteristics.

Second — Belief that our own experience with motors and motor cars has been sufficiently wide to enable us to judge the merits of a new production; belief that when we back a product with our guarantee we are prepared to maintain that guarantee at any cost.

Third — and principally, that there is a large and insistent demand for just the type of car this is — a demand never before filled.

There was need of a car with all the CLASS of the highest priced cars — all their excellence of design, material and workmanship — but built on lighter lines, more facile in handling, more economical in up-keep, less costly in production — the smart light cob of the automobile stable.

There is worth in a name like Herreshoff's; there is value in an experience like ours, but if there were not a demand for such a car — if it did not occupy a unique field, fill a definite place, it would be folly for us to introduce it. For after all, the car must stand on its own wheels — for what it IS. There we are satisfied to rest it.

The Herreshoff Car

THE Herreshoff car is as thoughtfully designed, as staunchly constructed, as the cars of highest price. It can do much of the work now put upon the larger cars, more easily, more satisfactorily, more economically — work for which the big cars are unsuited, for which they were never intended.

We believe most earnestly there should never be any compromise on quality. Therefore, when we determined to introduce a light car we looked first to class. In the Herreshoff car we found it. Every principle employed in its design is proven by practice. Ingenious arrangement, in the adaptation of these principles, produced simplicity and therefore increased efficiency.

The material used for every part is of the same grade as that employed in the admittedly best cars. The excellence of this material is assured by sweeping guarantees exacted on all contracts for such parts as could be made best by expert specialists. The workmanship is the most skilled that can be employed; the finish is the best that can be bought; the result, perforce, is a car that in every particular, save in size, is the equal of the leading foreign and American cars.

That this is true can be shown by a simple illustration. Take any car and reduce its dimensions one sixth, producing a perfect copy, five sixths of the original size. It is a simple matter of arithmetic to show that you have reduced its weight almost a half. The weight is proportionate to the bulk — the cubic contents. The cube of 6 is 216. The cube of 5 is 125, which is 58 per cent. of 216. Therefore the weight of a car five sixths the size of another car is 58 per cent. of the weight of the larger car. If the big car weighs 3,000 pounds, the little car will weigh about 1,700 pounds. Add simplicity of design, and a further reduction of unnecessary weight is possible.

The Power of the Automobile is the Soul of the Car

It is obvious that power is its essential element. It has been generally accepted by laymen that a given size of cylinder would produce a certain amount of power. This is only true relatively.

Herreshoff asserts that power is the product of so many factors that its greatest expression can only be obtained by the perfect inter-relation of many parts.

It is in the mutual suitability of these parts that Herreshoff has especially marked this car. Their inter-relation is so carefully adjusted that he obtains the highest efficiency that has ever been obtained in an automobile.

It is on this fact that Herreshoff bases his guarantee that the engine delivers to the rear wheels the greatest horse power per pound of weight of any car made, and the greatest horse power per cylinder volume of any engine employed in an automobile.

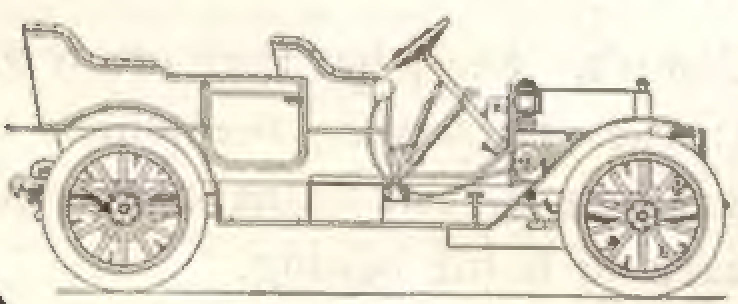
The cylinder volume of an engine determines its explosive potentiality. The carburetion system should be designed to produce a mixture of gas suited to the volume of the cylinder at all speeds. The intake valves and inlet manifold must feed this gas into the cylinder at the proper speed. The exhaust manifold must relieve the cylinder of its exploded gas quickly enough to prevent back pressure and over-heating.

It is obvious that when these relations are proper, the engine is prepared to develop its greatest efficiency. There should be, however, a correct relation of bore to stroke so that the piston may utilize the full impulse of the explosion unretarded. This impulse is transmitted to the crank shaft and carried in turn to the rear wheels by means of the clutch, transmission, gears, driving shaft, and compensating gear.

The effort is made to conserve this power by the elimination of friction, and by its transfer to the rear wheels in as straight a line from the engine as possible. The elimination of friction involves correct suspension, perfect bearings, and adequate oiling. The relation of the gears to each other is also a most important factor.

In the Herreshoff car the construction has been so simplified that the power impulse is delivered from the engine to the rear wheels along a practically straight line. This reduces the necessity for universal joints to a minimum.

In his design for the Herreshoff car Herreshoff has taken the fullest advantage of all of these factors which contribute to the power saving of the machine and which enable it to deliver to the wheels a higher percentage of the power generated than has been effected in any other car.

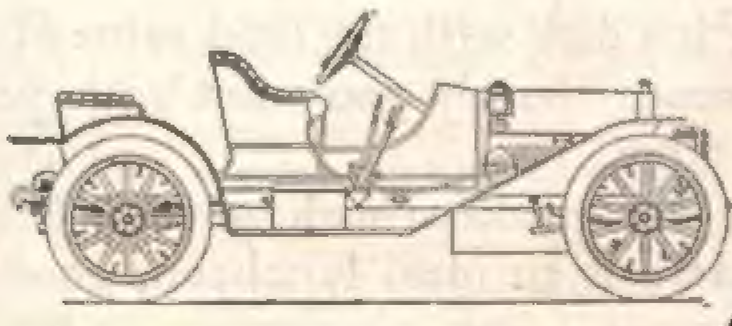


Manufactured exclusively for

Harry S. Houpt

New York

Address Selling Department E for Specifications



We are also manufacturing at our factory in New England the Houpt car, 60 h. p. 4 cyl. and 90 h. p. 6 cyl., which we will market in the early summer

To Our Fair Competitors

You housewives who bake your own beans are our strongest competitors. So this page is for you. Let us, in your own interest, point out the mistake.

We have no real rivals in ready-baked beans. People have made their comparisons, and have chosen Van Camp's.

There is no room for argument there.

But there are still many housewives who bake their own beans. The number grows less every day. But the number remaining is amply sufficient to warrant this little discussion.

You would like to avoid baking beans if there's a better way. The process requires a great deal of time, and consumes considerable fuel.

It is pleasanter to have a dozen cans in the house—fresh and savory—ready for instant serving.

But that isn't all you gain.

No home oven can make beans a digestible dish. The particles must be separated so the digestive juices can get to them. And that requires a fierce heat.

You can get enough heat to the outer beans. More than enough; you crisp them. But the beans in the center of the baking dish never get half enough.

That's why home-baked beans are regarded as heavy food. That's why they ferment and form gas.

We bake our beans in live steam—not in dry heat. Thus we apply heat enough without crisping.

We heat our ovens to 245 degrees, by super-heating steam. Then we bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through.

The result is, Van Camp's beans digest. They don't ferment and form gas. You get the whole of their food value.

That is utterly impossible to home baking, simply because you lack the facilities.

We bake our beans until they are mealy, yet we don't break the skins. They remain nutty and whole because we don't use dry heat.

We bake the beans, the tomato sauce and the pork all together, and get a delicious blend. For those reasons, most people like Van Camp's better than home-baked beans.

Thus we give you, not only a better dish, but a dish that is better for you.

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

Submit a dish of your beans and a dish of Van Camp's. Then ask for a vote of your table. We are willing, if you are, to let the majority rule.

Here is Nature's choicest food—84% nutriment. You can't afford to spoil it.

Here is a dish with the food value of meat, at a third the cost of meat. Surely you want your people to like it, and to eat it often.

Here is a breakfast dish, good in croquettes served with ham. Here is an ideal luncheon, good hot or cold. Here is a dinner salad. Think what it means to have such a dish right, and to have it always ready.

Please try Van Camp's. See what they mean to you—what they mean to those you serve. See which are most delicious, which beans best digest. One test is sufficient. You will never go back to home baking.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, *Established 1861* Indianapolis, Indiana

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HAVING A BULLY TIME

The Minor Activities of a Major President

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

They Call Him the Little Father. He is More Than That—He is the Whole Durn Family

TWENTY-FIVE men have been Presidents of the United States, and twenty-four of them didn't know whether jiu-jitsu was a cough medicine or a state of mind. It isn't likely this will interfere with the proper historical appreciation—or depreciation—of these eminent Americans, and the fact is set down here merely to emphasize the further fact that one of these Presidents, the present one, has dwelt in no such darkness.

He knows what jiu-jitsu is. Also, he has intimate knowledge of all other systems of physical attack and defense and all methods of physical exercise and exertion, and has practiced most of them while in the White House, stopping just short of turning flipflaps and doing the giant swing; not because he wouldn't like to do the giant swing or revolve on the horizontal bars, but because age and weight have so handicapped desire that he cannot. The spirit is extraordinarily willing, but when one has reached fifty and one's weight lingers near two hundred, those feats of strength and skill that allow the feet to remain on or near the ground must be favored. Candid observers of White House activity for the past seven years must mildly regret this. The only touch that seems lacking would have been added if the President had been able to throw a double somersault when coming downstairs to a reception, to the tune of Hail to the Chief, or gyrate rapidly on the convenient arm of a chandelier, thus adding force and significance to a pronouncement.

But why carp? Surely we have had much and should be content. The past seven years in the White House have been full and strenuous ones, not alone in the manner in which the constitutional—and sometimes extraconstitutional—duties have been carried through, but, also, in those minor activities that have made a universal breakfast-table bromide of the remark, as the morning paper is unfolded: "Well, let's see what Teddy has been up to now."

When the calm and contemplative historians of the future are making their analyses of the character and career of the President, and have finished the chapters relating to his official acts and attempts, which will occupy them for a considerable period, they must devote as much time to those lesser agilities of mind and body that have entertained the world since the President came to the White House, or their diagnoses of the man will be incomplete and misleading. Incessant mental activity and incessant physical activity are rarely combined in one man, but with Mr. Roosevelt the coalition is more than a combination. It is a merger. His mind takes a long, running jump into an abstruse problem of statecraft, just as his body takes a long, running jump into the Georgetown Canal if he wants to get across without walking to a bridge. There isn't a minute when he is not revolving rapidly, and it makes no difference what the subject at hand may be—a problem of government or shooting at a mark.

We had been used, before Mr. Roosevelt became Chief Executive, to solemn and segregated Presidents, who toiled in the White House and who took the air circumspectly, either in a carriage or through the medium of a dignified stroll, appearing in public at stated intervals impressed with the cares, responsibilities and duties of their high estate. When Roosevelt came things changed with a bang. We then entered on an era of hip-hip-hooray. The solemn and segregated part of it was kicked out the back door, not to return while the President remained. It has been full speed ahead from the time he chased a photographer who was trying to take his picture when he was walking home from church on the first Sunday after he became President, until now.

Any Person Who is Handy and Can Ride is Offered a Horse

Those who knew the President when he was Civil Service Commissioner and Assistant Secretary of the Navy were aware of his fondness for outdoor exercise of all kinds, but it attracted no more attention than did the bicycle riding of Assistant Secretary Adee of the State Department. If a Civil Service Commissioner wants to walk out in the country in a rainstorm far be it from any person to stop him, and far be it from any person to think twice about it; but if a President of the United States dog-trots off through Rock Creek Park it immediately becomes a matter of moment. Washington, accustomed to sedate and sedentary Presidents, expected Roosevelt to become sedate and sedentary. Washington got a rude jolt. The President was, and is, about as sedate and sedentary as a dog with a tin can tied to its tail.

The awakening came before he had been in the White House a week. One afternoon, when it was raining, he appeared in his old clothes and beckoned a couple of tight-shoed, carefully-creased sleuths who were of his body-guard to come along. He jumped out in the rain, struck a five-mile-an-hour gait and walked those tight-shoed and carefully-creased sleuths until their feet felt as big as watermelons and as hot as tamales, and their careful creases were pulped. "Bully!" said the President, as he jogged in about seven o'clock, with the sleuths slimping behind.

The Essential Fact Seems to be That He Stays on His Horses

It has been "Bully!" ever since. Very few days have passed, when Mr. Roosevelt has been in Washington, without a ride or a walk in the afternoon. These excursions soon became the typical Roosevelt test for the survival of the fittest. If he liked you he asked you to walk with him. If you got home with him, in fairly good condition, you could go again. If you didn't you became a near-weakling, at least, and the Presidential mind entertained lingering suspicions of your probity and rectitude.

Early in his first year he took Secretary Root to try him out. With great canniness the President invited the calm and unimpassioned Secretary of War to take a drive with him. Root appeared, frock-coated, patent-leather-shoed, immaculate and languid. They rode to Cabin John Bridge, eight miles away. They stopped to examine a curious rock formation. The President delivered a little lecture on geology. The coachman drove away. Presently the lecture was concluded. "Where's the carriage?" asked the unsuspecting Root. "Oh," replied the President, "it has gone on a bit, I suspect. Let us walk along."

They walked along. The President suggested a short-cut through the woods. Secretary Root had to be game. Then, when well off the road, the President let out a link or two and they pelted in to the White House, E. Root, frock-coated, patent-leather-shoed and immaculate, arriving in a state of sartorial disintegration and physical wreck. The President laughed. "Do you good," he said.

From that time to this there has been a long line of distinguished servants of the country, of visitors to the White House, of patriots and protagonists, who have been walking with the President. There was the time when Robert Bacon, fresh from Wall Street, and newly-made Assistant Secretary of State, was summoned to the President. Bacon had been stroke oar of his crew. He is tall and husky, but he was then innocent. He arrived, frock-coated, silk-hatted, and otherwise *au fait*. "We'll take a stroll," said the President. They did. They took a twelve-mile stroll, and in the middle of it they came to the canal. "There's a bridge up here a mile or so," said the perspiring Bacon. "Pshaw!" replied the President. "Let's go across here," and he hopped into the cold canal and waded across. Bacon gave one despairing

Every Man Who is Fit for Anything Should be Able to Lope Through the Woods for Hours

look at the bridge in the foggy distance and hopped in himself. The water was not more than four feet deep and they got across nicely—that is, the President got across nicely, but Bacon wasn't so nice when he came out. They say when the Assistant Secretary of State reached his home that night he looked like a man who had dressed up for a party and had been run over by a street sweeper and a sprinkling cart while on his way to the function.

The President likes to walk in the rain and the snow. Any time he thinks the weather is too bad for riding he goes out on foot. He is extremely careful of his horses, but that is as far as his concern goes, for any friend on whom he can lay his clutches is pressed into service for a walk. Seven years of experience have made all but the regulars extremely wary. When General Leonard Wood is here he is always ready, and he and General Bell are the two men who can give the President more than he likes of his own medicine. The secret service sleuths are the men who suffer most. They are compelled to be well and carefully dressed, for they stand in the outside offices, watching the people who call. When nobody else is available the President grabs Jimmie Sloan or some other of his guards, grabs and says, "Come on," and away they go, the sleuths not knowing whether they will walk a few blocks up the street or trudge ten or twelve miles across country. Pinchot, Garfield, Murray and a few others have become experts at climbing over fences, hurdling timber and plugging through mud and across rough country. With most of the others a summons to take a little stroll with the President means a couple of days of arnica and bed.

Mr. Roosevelt thinks the grandest exercises that have been contrived by man are walking and horseback riding. Probably he is right, but it is hard to convince a statesman who aspires for favor, and who hasn't walked ten blocks consecutively for twenty years or been on a horse's back since he was a boy, that there are not other diversions equally satisfactory. The President contends that every man who is fit for anything should be able to lope through the woods for hours without tiring and pound for miles at a hard gallop. This contention brought about the recent orders to army and naval officers providing for physical tests. Walk fifty miles in three days or ride ninety miles in the same time, said the President to paunchy officers who had done most of their riding, since the early days of their service, in swivel chairs. It was like telling a flock of curates to go up in a balloon.

Dodging the Secret Service Men

STILL, he wasn't asking the officers to do anything he did not do. To prove it he took a company of heroes who have been doing desk duty in Washington for long periods out through Rock Creek Park a time ago. He led the way. He chased those reluctant and stertorous soldiers up hills and jumped them over precipices. He shooed them along the roads and galloped them through the woods. He waded them in creeks and ran them down mountains. He leaped them from crag to crag and back again. Not one could protest. Not one could falter. But next morning, when they tried to get out of their beds, the screams of those gallant defenders of the country could be heard for miles.

He has done more of this sort of thing during the past two years. Every time he gets an opportunity to get out in the rain he goes, and some poor, footsore, leaden-hearted conscript goes with him. On his forty-ninth birthday he walked to Grace Church in the morning and walked back again, in a heavy rain, and at five o'clock that afternoon he went out for a tramp with Jimmie Sloan. It rained all the time he was out. He returned splashed with mud, but hilariously happy, and he had walked eighteen miles!

During his seven years in Washington he has taken scores of similar excursions. One of his great delights is to lose his sleuth friends. Many times he has eluded them and pounded in home alone, while the distracted detectives have searched the woods and coverts for their charge, and have been compelled to wander in sheepishly to hear the President laugh at them. He knows every inch of the country around Washington and has walked over most of it. And, being a self-reliant person, he carries a pistol in his hip pocket, ready for any emergency that may arise.

He Chased Those Reluctant and Stertorous Soldiers Up Hills and Jumped Them Over Precipices

On fine days any person who is handy and can ride is offered a horse. Regiments of visitors at the White House have gone out for pleasant canters with the President, to find their pleasant canters turned to hard, heart-breaking, cross-country rides, with the President clattering ahead, his orderly pounding along just as wildly, and the visitor forced to keep the pace or be disgraced. One of his particular delights is to get the very dignified and very conventional Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, out with him. Senator Lodge rides a horse as he does everything else—with a full knowledge of the distinction he is conferring on the horse. Likewise, he rides a horse in a fine, crusted, aristocratic manner, Bostonwise. When the President gets Senator Lodge out on a lonely road he is very likely to let out a cowboy "Yip-e-e-e!" and larrup the Lodge horse with his crop. This adds to the President's enjoyment, if not to the Senator's.

When Prince Henry was here in 1902 the President asked that placid, German near-king to go for a ride. It was raining, but, probably, the President didn't think it wise to yank Prince Henry through the Georgetown Canal, although why he hesitated is one of the Rooseveltian mysteries. At any rate, Prince Henry, being somewhat astonished, but game, accepted, and the horses were brought around. Then the President of the United States took the brother of the Kaiser out for a sixteen-mile gallop, through mud and across country, that made that eminent visitor to our shores think he was on a cavalry charge—if a sailor can think in those terms—through a morass. He rode the Prince to a frazzle. When they got back to the White House they were wet through and splashed with mud from head to foot, and Prince Henry spent the evening muttering through his beard the German equivalent for "'Pon my word."

There are hurdles built down by the Washington Monument where the President practices jumping his horses when there are not too many persons about, and he also hurdles in a clear space by one of the Rock Creek roads, where he frequently puts his horses over the bars. He was photographed out there some years ago, jumping Bleistein, one of his chargers, and those photographs have been printed all over the world. Captious horsemen have said the President is not a skilled rider, and he may not be, but the essential fact seems to be that he stays on his horses and can, on occasion, get them over the rails, which may not be Art, but which is Practicability. Once or twice he has been thrown. One day he appeared in the White House with one side of his face blackened and bruised, and admitted his horse had stepped into a hole in a bridge and had dumped him. On another day the horse dropped him into Rock Creek, but he was hurt very little on either occasion. When General Brugere and the other Frenchmen who came to unveil the Rochambeau statue were here, the President took them riding and repeated the Prince Henry dose. Dozens of other distinguished visitors, who prided themselves on their ability to stick on a horse, have had the same experience. The President rides with an army saddle, and when he is riding, wants to ride. The canter and the trot may suit others, but he takes his on the gallop, always with an orderly from the cavalry service, no matter who may be in the party.

The Tennis Cabinet in Action

TENNIS is the President's other principal outdoor exercise. Early in his first term he had a tennis court built just behind the executive offices and screened from the street. Here the Tennis Cabinet performs. Pinchot, Garfield, Murray, Winthrop, Bacon and Cooley are drafted, and Ambassador Jusserand frequently comes. The President is only a fair tennis player. He is short-sighted and rather heavy, but he plays with intense enthusiasm and incessant activity, no matter whether he is strictly scientific or not. The members of the Tennis Cabinet are always on tap. Most of them are now mourning because they didn't learn to play golf when they learned to play tennis, inasmuch as, in the next Administration, there will be little tennis and much golf, Mr. Taft not being built for tennis, unless, perchance, he might be used for the net. The President's most distinguished opponent was the Bishop of London. Alford W. Cooley, Assistant Attorney-General, was the President's partner, and Secretary Garfield played with the Bishop. Nobody knows yet who won, but it has been cautiously intimated that both the Bishop and the President did. When the weather is good the President plays tennis two or three times a week.

Early in 1902 there were mysterious hints that the President was practicing some new system of acrobatics. A husky stranger was seen to go into the White House each night at eight o'clock, and, presently, from the old Cabinet room there came a succession of grunts, thumps, snorts and shouts. It soon developed that the husky stranger was J. J. O'Brien, of Boston, who had been in Japan and had learned the rudiments of jiu-jitsu. Moreover, O'Brien was a wrestler of some skill. He was teaching jiu-jitsu to the President, and, in the intervals between the lessons in that pleasing method of throwing a gentleman over your head and breaking his neck, was going to the mat with

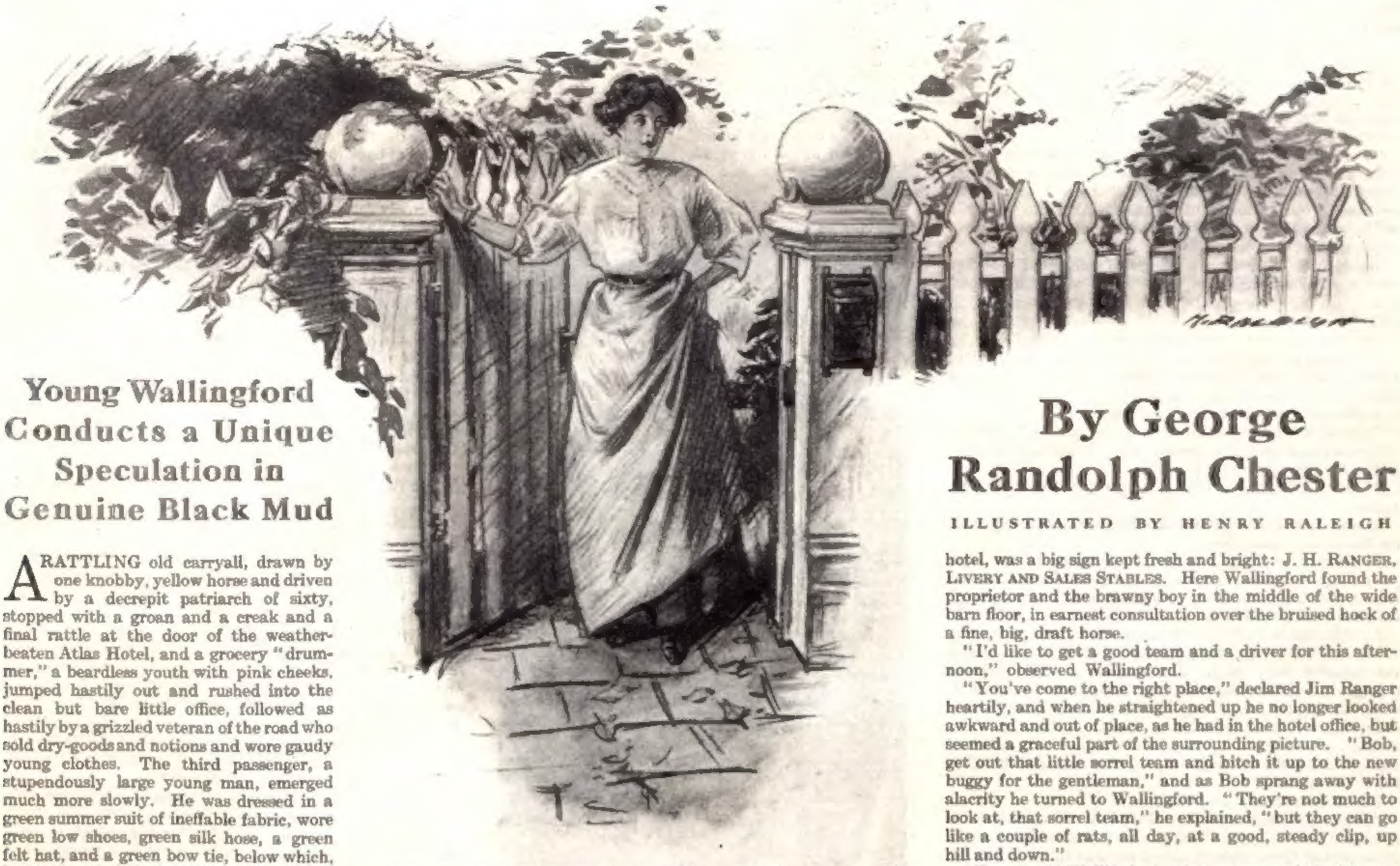
(Concluded on Page 21)

THE BUBBLE BANK

Young Wallingford Conducts a Unique Speculation in Genuine Black Mud

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



At the Gate Stood, Bare-Headed, a Dark-Haired and Strikingly Pretty Girl

A RATTLING old carryall, drawn by one knobby, yellow horse and driven by a decrepit patriarch of sixty, stopped with a groan and a creak and a final rattle at the door of the weather-beaten Atlas Hotel, and a grocery "drummer," a beardless youth with pink cheeks, jumped hastily out and rushed into the clean but bare little office, followed as hastily by a grizzled veteran of the road who sold dry-goods and notions and wore gaudy young clothes. The third passenger, a stupendously large young man, emerged much more slowly. He was dressed in a green summer suit of ineffable fabric, wore green low shoes, green silk hose, a green felt hat, and a green bow tie, below which, in the bosom of his green silk negligee shirt, glowed a huge diamond. Richness and bigness were the very essence of him, and the aged driver, recognizing true worth when he saw it, gave a jerk at his dust-crusted old cap as he addressed him.

"'Tain't no use to hurry now," he quavered. "Them other two'll have the good rooms."

The large young man, from natural impulse, followed in immediately. There was no one behind the little counter, but the young grocery drummer, having hastily inspected the sparse entries of the preceding days, had registered himself for room two.

"There ain't a transient in the house, Billy," he said, turning to the dry-goods and notion salesman, "so I'll just put you down for number three."

A buxom young woman came out of the adjoining dining-room, wiping her red hands and arms upon a water-spattered gingham apron.

"Three of us, Molly," said the older salesman. "Hustle up the dinner," and out of pure friendliness he started to chuck her under the chin; whereat she wheeled and slapped him a resounding whack and ran away laughing. This vigorous retort, being entirely expected, was passed without comment, and the two commercial travelers took off their coats to "wash up" at the tin basins in the corner. The aged driver, intercepting them to collect, came in to the large young man, who, noting the custom, had already subscribed his name with a flourish upon the register as "J. Rufus Wallingford, New York and Boston."

"Two shillin'," quavered the ancient driver at his elbow.

Wallingford gave him twice the amount he asked for, and the old man was galvanized into instant fluttering activity. He darted out of the door with surprising agility, and returned with two pieces of Wallingford's bright and shining luggage, which he surveyed reverently as he placed them in front of the counter. Two more pieces, equally rich, he brought, and on the third trip the proprietor's son, a brawny boy of fifteen, clad in hickory shirt, blue overalls and plow shoes, and with his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, helped him in with Wallingford's big sole-leather dresser trunk.

"Gee!" said the boy to Wallingford, beaming upon this array of expensive baggage. "What do you sell?"

"White elephants, son," replied Wallingford, so gravely that the boy took two minutes to decide that the rich stranger was "fresh."

It was not until dinner was called that any one displayed the least interest in the register, and then the proprietor, a tall, cowboy-like man, with drooping mustaches and a weather-browned face, came in with his trousers tucked into his top boots.

"Hello, Joe! Hello, Billy!" he said, nodding to the two traveling men. "How's business?"

"Rotten!" returned the grocery drummer.

"Fine!" asserted the dry-goods salesman. "Our house hasn't done so much business in five years." *Sotto voce*, he turned to the young drummer. "Never give it away that business is on the bum," he said out of his years of experience.

The tall proprietor examined the impressively groomed Wallingford and his impressive luggage with some curiosity, and went behind the little counter to inspect the register.

"I'd like two rooms and a bath," said Wallingford, as the other looked up thoughtfully.

"Two! Two?" repeated Jim Ranger, looking about the room. "Some ladies with you? Mother or sister, maybe?"

"No," answered Wallingford, smiling. "A bedroom and sitting-room and a bath for myself."

"Sitting-room?" repeated the proprietor. "You know, you can use this office to sit in till after the 11:10's in every night, and then the parlor's——" He hesitated, and, seeing the unresponsive look upon his guest's face, he added hastily: "Oh, well, I reckon I can fix it. We can move a bed out of number five, and I'll have the bathtub and the water sent up as soon as you need it. This is wash day, you know, and they've got the rinse water in it. I reckon you won't want it before tonight, though."

"No," said J. Rufus quietly, and sighed.

II

IMMEDIATELY after lunch, J. Rufus, inquiring again for the proprietor, was told by Molly that he was in the barn, indicating its direction with a vague wave of her thumb. Wallingford went out to the enormous red barn, its timbers as firm as those of the hotel were flimsy, its lines as rigidly perpendicular as those of the hotel were out of plumb, its doors and windows as square-angled as those of the hotel were askew. Across its wide front doors, opening upon the same wide, cracked old stone sidewalk as the hotel, was a big sign kept fresh and bright: J. H. RANGER, LIVERY AND SALES STABLES. Here Wallingford found the proprietor and the brawny boy in the middle of the wide barn floor, in earnest consultation over the bruised hock of a fine, big, draft horse.

"I'd like to get a good team and a driver for this afternoon," observed Wallingford.

"You've come to the right place," declared Jim Ranger heartily, and when he straightened up he no longer looked awkward and out of place, as he had in the hotel office, but seemed a graceful part of the surrounding picture. "Bob, get out that little sorrel team and hitch it up to the new buggy for the gentleman," and as Bob sprang away with alacrity he turned to Wallingford. "They're not much to look at, that sorrel team," he explained, "but they can go like a couple of rats, all day, at a good, steady clip, up hill and down."

"Fine," said Wallingford, who was somewhat of a connoisseur in horses, and he surveyed the under-sized, lithe-limbed, rough-coated sorrels with approval as they were brought stamping out of their stalls, though, as he climbed into his place, he regretted that they were not more in keeping with the handsome buggy.

"Which way?" asked Bob, as he gathered up the reins.

"The country just outside of town, in all directions," directed Wallingford briefly.

"All right," said Bob with a click to the little horses, and clattering out of the door they turned to the right, away from the broad, shady street of old maples, and were almost at once in the country. For a mile or two there were gently undulating farms of rich, black loam, and these Wallingford inspected in careful turn.

"Seems to be good land about here," he observed.

"Best in the world," said the youngster. "Was you thinkin' of buyin' a farm?"

Wallingford smiled and shook his head.

"I scarcely think so," he replied.

"'Twouldn't do you any good if you was," retorted Bob. "There ain't a farm hereabouts for sale."

To prove it, he pointed out the extent of each farm, gave the name of its owner and told how much he was worth, to all of which Wallingford listened most intently.

They had been driving to the east, but, coming to a fork in the road leading to the north, Bob took that turning without instructions, still chattering his local Bradstreet. Along this road was again rich and smiling farm land, but Wallingford, seeming throughout the drive to be eagerly searching for something, evinced a new interest when they came to a grove of slender, straight-trunked trees.

"Old man Mescott gets a hundred gallons of maple syrup out of that grove every spring," said Bob in answer to a query. "He gets two dollars a gallon, then he stays drunk till plumb the middle of summer. Was you thinkin' of buyin' a maple grove?"

Wallingford looked back in thoughtful speculation, but ended by shaking his head, more to himself than to Bob.

They passed through a woods.

"Good timber land that," suggested Wallingford.

"Good timber land! I should say it was," said Bob. "There's nigh a hundred big walnut trees back in there a ways, to say nothing of all the fine oak an' hick'ry, but old man Cass won't touch an axe to anything but underbrush. He says he's goin' to will 'em to his grandchildren, and by the time they grow up it'll be worth their weight in money. Was you thinkin' of buyin' some timber land?"

Wallingford again hesitated over that question, but finally stated that he was not.

"Here's the north road back into town," said Bob, as they came to a crossroad, and as they gained the top of the elevation they could look down and see, a mile or so away, the little town, its gray roofs and red chimneys peeping from out its sheltering of green leaves. Just beyond the intersection the side of the hill had been cut away, and clean, loose gravel lay there in a broad mass. Wallingford had Bob halt while he inspected this.

"Good gravel bank," he commented.

"I reckon it is," agreed Bob. "They come clear over from Highville and from Appletown and even from Jenkins Corners to get that gravel, and Tom Kerrick dresses his whole family off of that bank. He wouldn't sell it for any money. Was you thinkin' of buying a gravel bank, mister?"

Instead of replying, Wallingford indicated another broken hillside farther on, where shale rock had slipped loosely down, like a disintegrated slate roof, to a seeping hollow.

"Is that stone good for anything?" he asked.

"Nothing in the world," replied Bob. "It rots right up. If you was thinkin' of buyin' a stone quarry now, there's a fine one up the north road yander."

Wallingford laughed and shook his head.

"I wasn't thinking of buying a stone quarry," said he.

Bob Ranger looked shrewdly and yet half-impatiently at the big young man by his side.

"You're thinkin' o' buyin' somethin'; I know that," he opined.

Wallingford chuckled and dropped his big, plump hand on the other's shoulder.

"Elephant hay only," he kindly explained; "just elephant hay for white elephants," whereat the inquisitive Bob, mumbling something to himself about "freshness," relapsed into hurt silence.

In this silence they passed far to the northwest of the town, and a much-gullied highway led them down toward the broader west road. Here again, as they headed straight in to Blakeville with their backs to the descending sun, were gently undulating farm lands, but about half a mile out of town they came to a wide expanse of black swamp, where cattails and calamus held sole possession. Before this swamp Wallingford paused in long and thoughtful contemplation.

"Who owns this?" he asked.

"Jonas Bubble," answered Bob, recovering cheerfully from his late rebuff. "Gosh! He's the richest man in these parts. Owns three hundred acres of this fine farmin' land we just passed, owns the mill down yander by the railroad station, has a hide and seed and implement store uptown, and lives in the finest house anywhere around Blakeville, regular city house. That's it, on ahead. Was you thinkin' o' buyin' some swamp land?"

To this Wallingford made no reply. He was gazing backward over that useless little valley, its black waters now turned velvet crimson as they caught the slant of the reddening sun.

"Here's Jonas Bubble's house," said Bob presently.

It was the first house outside of Blakeville—a big, square, pretentious-looking place, with a two-story porch in front and a quantity of scroll-sawed ornaments on eaves and gables and ridges, on windows and doors and cornices, and with bright brass lightning-rods projecting upward from every prominence. At the gate stood, bare-headed, a dark-haired and strikingly pretty girl, with a rarely olive-tinted complexion, through which, upon her oval cheeks, glowed a clear, roseate under tint. She was fairly slender, but well rounded, too, and very graceful.

"Hello, Fannie!" called Bob, with a jerk at his flat-brimmed straw hat.

"Hello, Bob!" she replied with equal heartiness, her bright eyes, however, fixed in inquiring curiosity upon the stranger.

"That's Jonas Bubble's girl," explained Bob, as they drove on. "She's a good looker, but she won't spoon."

Wallingford, grinning over the fatal defect in Fannie Bubble, looked back at the girl.

"She would make a Casino chorus look like a row of Hallowe'en confectionery junk," he admitted.

"Fannie, come right in here and get supper!" shrilled a harsh voice, and in the doorway of the Bubble homestead they saw an overly-plump figure in a green silk dress.

"Gosh!" said Bob, and hit one of the little sorrel horses a vindictive clip. "That's Fannie's stepmother. Jonas Bubble married his hired girl two years ago, and now they don't hire any. She makes Fannie do the work."

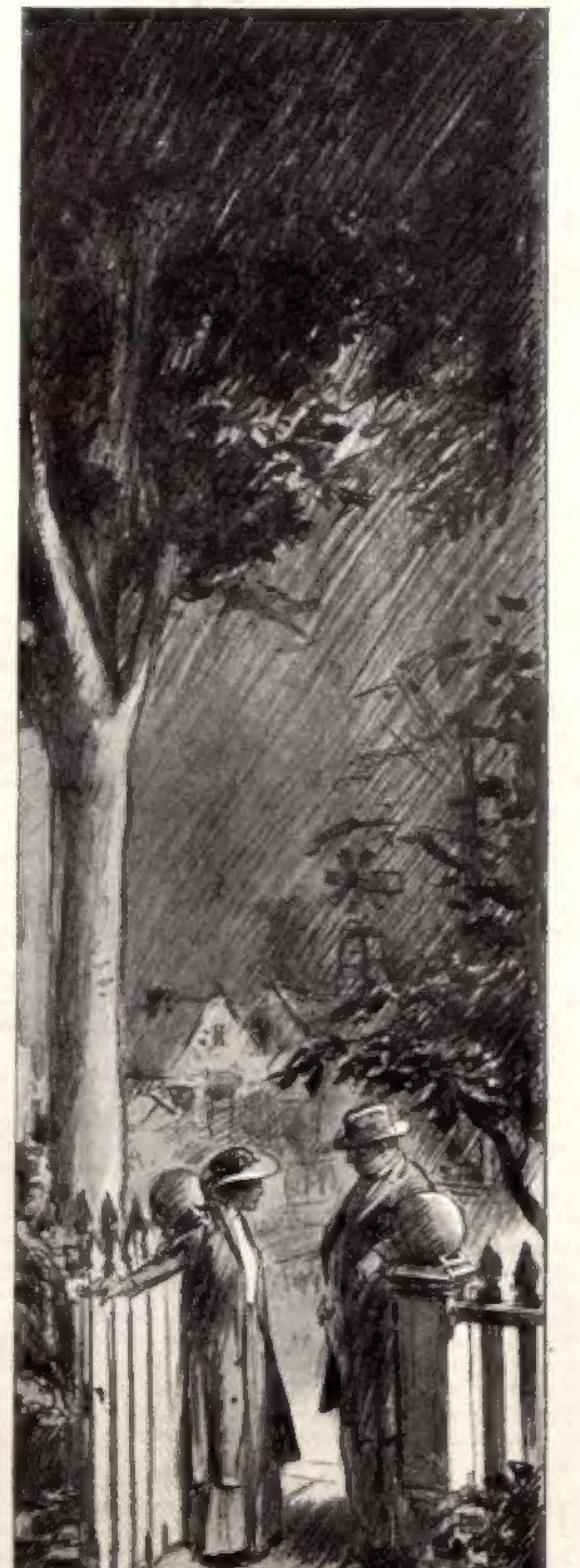
III

THAT evening, after supper, Wallingford sat on one of the broad, cane-seated chairs in front of the Atlas Hotel, smoking a big, black cigar from his own private store, and watched the regular evening parade go by. They came, two by two, the girls of the village, up one side of Maple Street, passed the Atlas Hotel, crossed over at the corner of the livery stable, went down past the big store and as far as the Campbellite church, where they crossed again and began a new round; and each time they passed the Atlas Hotel they giggled, or they talked loudly, or pushed each other, or did something to enlarge themselves in the transient eye. The grocery drummer and the dry-goods salesman sat together, a little aloof from J. Rufus, and presently began saying flippant things to the girls as they passed. A wake of giggles, after each such occasion, frothed across the street at the livery-stable corner, and down toward the Campbellite church.

Molly presently slipped out of the garden gate and went down Maple Street by herself. Within twenty minutes she, too, had joined the parade, and with her was Fannie Bubble. As these passed the Atlas Hotel both the drummers got up.

"Hello, Molly," said the grocery drummer. "I've been waiting for you since Hector was a pup," and he caught her arm, while the dry-goods salesman advanced a little uncertainly.

"You 'tend to your own business, Joe Cling," ordered Molly, jerking her arm away, but nevertheless giving an inquiring glance toward her companion. That rigid young lady, however, was looking straight ahead. She was standing just in front of Wallingford.



It was a Long Walk, but by No Means Too Long

"Come on," coaxed the grocery drummer; "I don't bite. Grab hold there on the other side, Billy."

Miss Bubble, however, was still looking so uncompromisingly straight ahead that Billy hesitated, and the willing enough Molly, seeing that the conference had "struck a snag," took matters into her own vigorous hands again.

"You're too fresh!" she admonished the grocery drummer. "Let go my arm, I tell you. Come on, Fannie," and she flounced away with her companion, turning into the gate of the hotel garden. Miss Fannie cast back a curious glance, not at the grocery drummer nor the veteran dry-goods salesman, but at the quiet J. Rufus.

The discomfited transients gave short laughs of chagrin and went back to their seats, but the grocery drummer was too young to be daunted for long, and by the time another section or two of the giggling parade had passed them he was ready for a second attempt. One couple, a tall, thin girl and a short, chubby one, who had now made the circuit three times, came sweeping past again, exchanging with each other hilarious persiflage which was calculated to attract and tempt.

"Wait a minute," said the grocery drummer to his companion.

He dashed straight across the street, and under the shadow of the big elm intercepted the long and short couple. There was a parley in which the girls two or three times started to walk away, a further parley in which they consented to stand still, a loud male guffaw mingled with a succession of shrill giggles, then suddenly the grocery salesman called:

"Come on, Billy!"

The dry-goods man half arose from his chair and hesitated.

"Come on, Billy!" again invited the grocery drummer. "We're going down to wade in the brook."

A particularly high-pitched set of giggles followed this tremendous joke, and Billy, his timid scruples finally overcome, went across the street, a ridiculous figure with his ancient body and his youthful clothes. Nevertheless, Wallingford felt just a trifle lonesome as he watched his traveling companions of the afternoon go sauntering down the street in company which, if silly, was at least human. While he regretted Broadway, Bob Ranger, dressed no whit different from his attire of the afternoon, except that his sleeves were rolled down, came out of the hotel and stood for an undecided moment in front of the door.

"Hello, Bob!" hailed Wallingford cordially, glad to see any face he knew. "Do you smoke?"

"Reckon I do," said Bob. "I was thinkin' just this minute of walkin' down to Bud Hegler's for some stogies."

"Sit down and have a cigar," offered Wallingford, producing a companion to the one he was then enjoying.

Bob took that cigar and smelled it; he measured its length, its weight, and felt its firmness.

"It ain't got any band on it, but I reckon that's a straight ten-center," he opined.

"I'll buy you all you can get me of that brand for a quarter apiece," offered Wallingford.

"So?" said Bob, looking at it doubtfully. "I reckon I'd better save this for Sunday."

"No, smoke it now. I'll give you another one for Sunday," promised Wallingford, and he lit a match, whereupon Bob, biting the end off the cigar with his strong, white teeth, moistened it all over with his tongue to keep the curl of the wrapper down.

With vast gratification he sat down to enjoy that awe-inspiring cigar, and, by way of being entertaining, passed comment upon the passing parade—frank, ingeniously told bits of personal history which would have been startling to one who had imbibed the conventional idea that all country folk are without guile. Wallingford was not so much shocked by these revelations, however, as he might have been, for he had himself been raised in a country town, though one not so small as Blakeville.

It was while Bob was in the midst of this more or less profane history that Molly and Fannie Bubble came out of the gate.

"Come here, Molly," invited Bob; "I want to introduce you to a friend of mine. He's going to stop here quite a long time. Mr. Wallingford—Molly; Miss Bubble—Mr. Wallingford. Come on; let's all take a walk," and confidently taking Molly's arm he started up the crossing, leaving Miss Bubble to Wallingford.

"It's a beautiful evening, isn't it?" said Fannie, as Wallingford caught step with her.

IV

WALLINGFORD had to hark back. Time had been when the line of conversation which went with Miss Bubble's opening remark had been as familiar to him as his own safety razor, but of late he had been entertaining such characters as Beauty Phillips—the sensation of the Pink Canary, recently married to Anthracite Johnny Shafts, of Pittsburg—and conversation with the Beauty had consisted of lightning-witted search through the ends of the earth and the seas therein for extravagant hyperbole and metaphor. Harking back was so difficult that J. Rufus gave it up.

"Lovely evening," he admitted. "I've just been thinking about this weather. I've about decided to build a factory to put it up in boxes for the Chicago market. They'd pay any price for it there in the fall."

Miss Fannie considered this remark in silence for a moment, and then she laughed, a quiet, silvery laugh that startled J. Rufus by its musical quality.

"I don't see why you should laugh," protested Wallingford gravely. "If a man could get a monopoly on weather-canning it would be even better than the sleep-factory idea I've been considering."

"What was that like?" asked Fannie, interested in spite of the fact that these jokes were not at all the good old standards, which could be laughed at without the painful necessity of thought.

"Well," Wallingford explained, "I figured on building an immense dormitory and hiring about a thousand fat hoboes to sleep for me night and day. Then I intended to take that sleep and condense it and put it up in eight-hour capsules for visitors to New York. There ought to be a fortune in that."

Again a little silence and again that little silvery laugh which Wallingford found himself watching for.

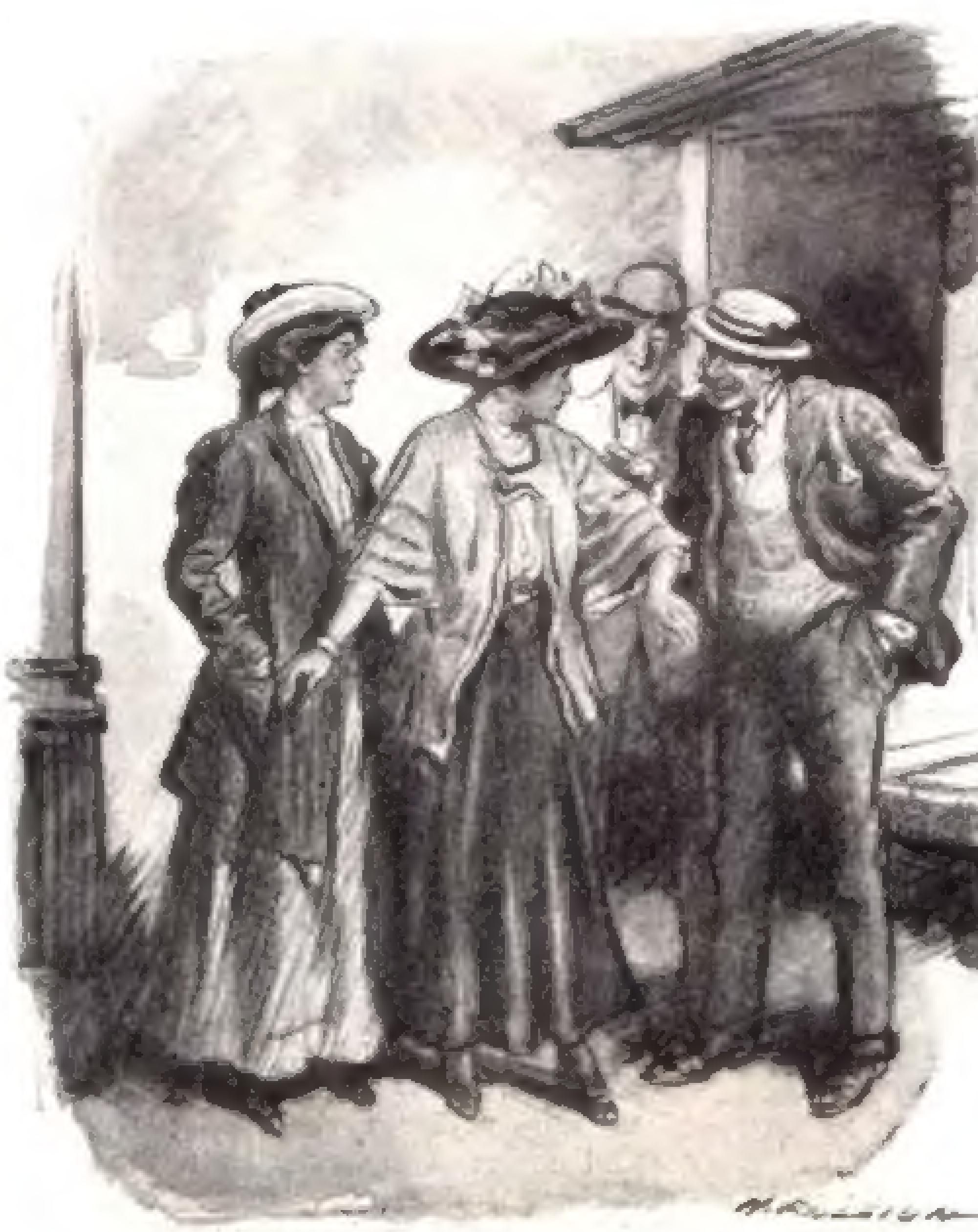
"You're so funny," said Miss Fannie.

"For a long time I was divided between that and my anti-bum serum as a permanent investment," he went on, glancing down at her as he extended himself along the line that had seemed to catch her fancy. She was looking up at him, her eyes shining, her lips half parted in an anticipatory smile, and unconsciously her hand had crept upon his arm, where it lay warm and vibrant. "You know," he explained, "they inoculate a guinea pig or a sheep or something with disease germs, and from this animal, somehow or other, they extract a serum which cures that disease. Well, I propose to get a herd of billygoats boiling spifflicated and extract from them the jag serum, and with that inoculate all the rounders on Broadway at so much per inoc. Then they can stand up in front of an onyx bar and guzzle till it oozes out of their ears, without any worse effects than a lifting pain in the right elbow."

This time the laugh came more slowly, for here was a lot of language which, though refreshing, was tangled in knots that must be unraveled. Nevertheless, the laugh came, and at the sound of it Wallingford involuntarily pressed slightly against his side the hand that lay upon his arm. They were passing Hen Moozer's General Merchandise Emporium and Post-Office at the time, and upon the rickety porch, its posts, benches and even floors whittled like a huge Rosetta stone, sat a group of five young men. Just after the couple had cleared the end of the porch a series of derisive meows broke out. It was the old protest of town boy against city boy, of work clothes against "Sunday duds," of native against alien; and again J. Rufus harked back. It only provoked a smile in him, but he felt a sudden tenseness in the hand that lay upon his arm, and he was relieved when Bob and Molly, a half block ahead of them, turned hastily down a delightfully dark and shady cross street, in the shelter of which Bob immediately slipped his arm around Molly's waist. J. Rufus, pondering that movement and regarding it as the entirely conventional and proper one, essayed to do likewise; but Miss Fannie, discussing the unpleasant habit of her young townsmen with some indignation but more sense of humor, gently but firmly unwound J. Rufus' arm, placed it at his side and slipped her hand within it again without the loss of a syllable.

Wallingford was surprised at himself. In the old days he would have fought out this issue and would have conquered. Now, however, something had made this bold young man of the world suddenly tame. He himself helped Miss Fannie to put him back upon grounds of friendly aloofness, and with a gasp he realized that for the first time in his life he had met a girl who had forced his entire respect. It was preposterous!

Unaccountably, however, they seemed to grow more friendly after that, and the talk drifted to J. Rufus himself, the places he had seen, the adventures he had encountered, the richness of luxury that he had sought and found, and the girl listened with breathless eagerness. They did not go back to Maple Street just now, for the Maple Street parade was only for the unattached. Instead, they followed the others down to the depot and back, and after another half-hour détour through the quiet, shady street, they found Bob and Molly waiting for them at the corner.


"You're Too Fresh!" She Admonished the Grocery Drummer

"Good-night, Fannie," said Molly. "I'm going in. Tomorrow's ironing day. Good-night, Mr. Wallingford."

"Good-night," returned Miss Fannie, as a matter of course, and again Wallingford harked back. He was to take Miss Fannie home. Quite naturally. Why not?

It was a long walk, but by no means too long, and when they had arrived at the big, fret-sawed house of Jonas Bubble, J. Rufus was sorry. He lingered a moment at the gate, but only a moment, for a woman's shrill voice called:

"Is that you, Fannie? You come right in here and go to bed! Who's that with you?"

"You'd better go, right away, please," pleaded Fannie in a flutter. "I'm not allowed to be with strangers."

This would have been the cue for a less adroit and diplomatic caller to hurry silently back up the street, and, as a matter of fact, this entirely conventional course was all that Mrs. Bubble had looked for. She was accordingly shocked when the gate opened, and in place of Fannie coming alone, J. Rufus, in spite of the girl's protest, walked deliberately up to the porch.

"Is Mr. Bubble at home?" he asked with great dignity.

Mrs. Bubble gasped.

"I reckon he is," she admitted.

"I'd like to see him, if possible."

There was another moment of silence, in which Mrs. Bubble strove to readjust herself.

"I'll call him," she said, and went in.

V

MR. JONAS BUBBLE, revealed in the light of the open door, proved to be a pursy man of about fifty-five, full of importance from his square-toed shoes to his gray sideburns; he exuded importance from every vest button upon the bulge of his rotundity, and importance glistened from the very top of his bald head.

"I am J. Rufus Wallingford," said that broad-chested young gentleman, whose impressiveness was at least equal to Mr. Bubble's importance, and he produced a neatly-engraved card to prove the genuineness of his name. "I was introduced to your daughter at the hotel, and I came down to consult with you upon a little matter of business."

"I usually transact business at my office," said Mr. Bubble pompously; "but you may come inside."

He led the way into a queer combination of parlor, library, sitting-room and study, where he lit a big, hanging, gasoline lamp, opened his old swing-top desk with a key which he carefully and pompously selected from a pompous bunch, placed a plush-covered chair for his visitor, and seated himself upon an old, leather-stuffed chair in front of the desk.

"Now, sir," said he, swinging around to Wallingford and puffing out his cheeks, "I am ready to consider whatever you may have to say."

Mr. Wallingford's first action was one well calculated to inspire interest. First he drew out the desk slide at Mr. Bubble's left; then from his inside vest pocket he produced a large, flat package of greenbacks, no bill being of less than a hundred dollars' denomination. From this pile he carefully counted out eight thousand dollars, and put the balance, which Mr. Bubble hastily estimated at about fifteen hundred, back in his pocket. This procedure having been conducted with vast and impressive silence, Mr. Wallingford cleared his throat.

"I have come to ask a great favor of you," said he, sinking his voice to barely above a whisper. "I am a stranger here. I find, unfortunately, that there is no bank in Blakeville, and I have more money with me than I care to carry about. I learned that you are the only real man of affairs in the town, and have come to ask you if you would kindly make room for this in your private safe for a day or so."

Mr. Bubble, rotating his thumbs slowly upon each other, considered that money in profound silence. The possessor of so much loose cash was a gentleman, a man to be respected.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Bubble. "I don't myself like to have so much money about me, and I'd advise you, as soon as convenient, to take it up to Millford, where I do my banking. In the mean time, I don't blame you, Mr. Wallingford, for not wanting to carry this much money about with you, nor for hesitating to put it in Jim Ranger's old tin safe."

"Thank you," said Wallingford. "I feel very much relieved."

Mr. Bubble drew paper and pen toward him.

"I'll write you a receipt," he offered.

"Not at all; not at all," protested Wallingford, having gauged Mr. Bubble very accurately. "Between gentlemen such matters are entirely superfluous. By the way, Mr. Bubble, I see you have a large swamp on your land. Do you intend to let it lie useless forever?"

"What else can I do with it?" demanded Mr. Bubble, wondering.

That swamp had always been there. Naturally, it would always be there.

"You can't do very much with it," admitted Wallingford. "However, it is barely possible that I might see a way to utilize it, if the price were reasonable enough. What would you take for it?"

This was an entirely different matter. Mr. Bubble pursed up his lips.

"Well, I don't know. The land surrounding it is worth two hundred dollars an acre."

Wallingford grinned, but only internally. He knew this to be a highly exaggerated estimate, but he let it pass without comment.

"No doubt," he agreed; "but your swamp is worth exactly nothing per square mile; in fact, worth less than nothing. It is only a breeding-place of mosquitoes and malaria. How many acres does it cover?"

"About forty."

"I suppose ten dollars an acre would buy it?"

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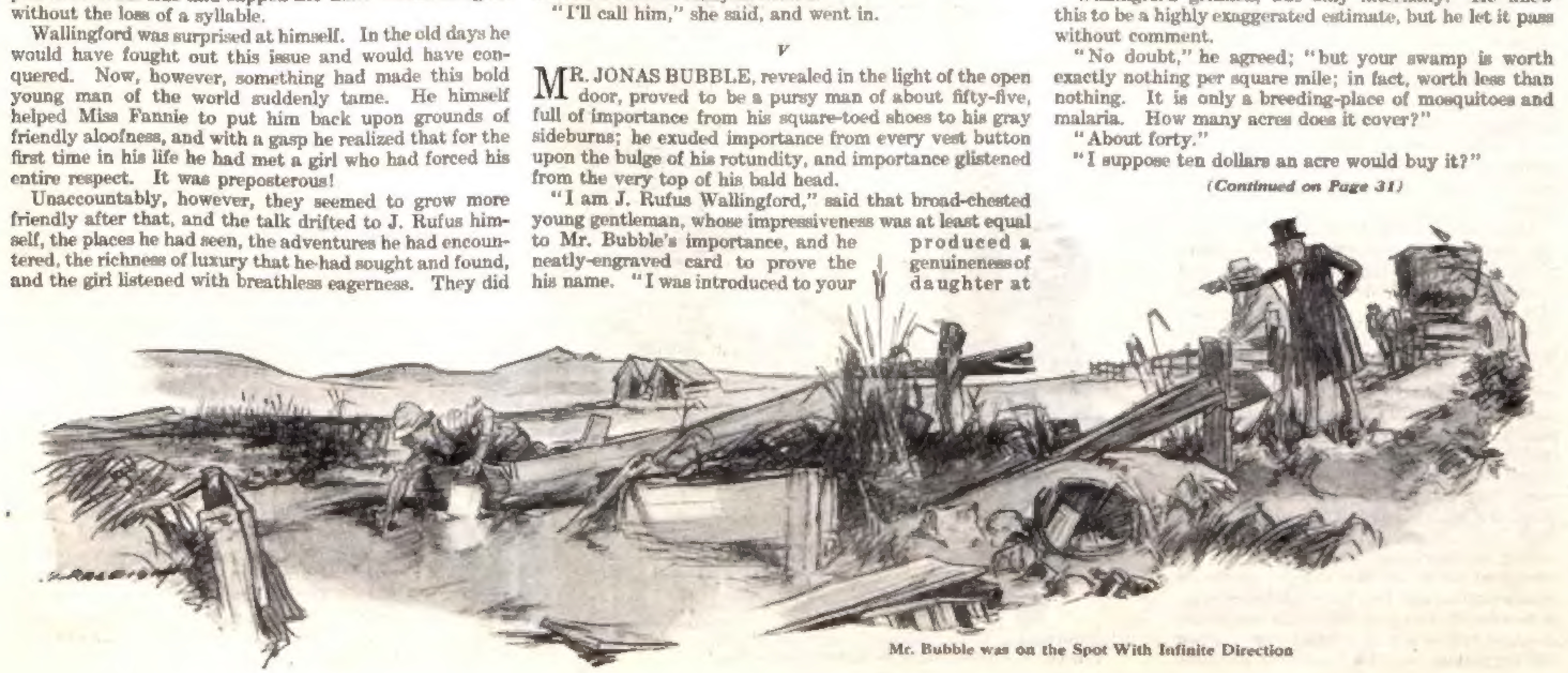
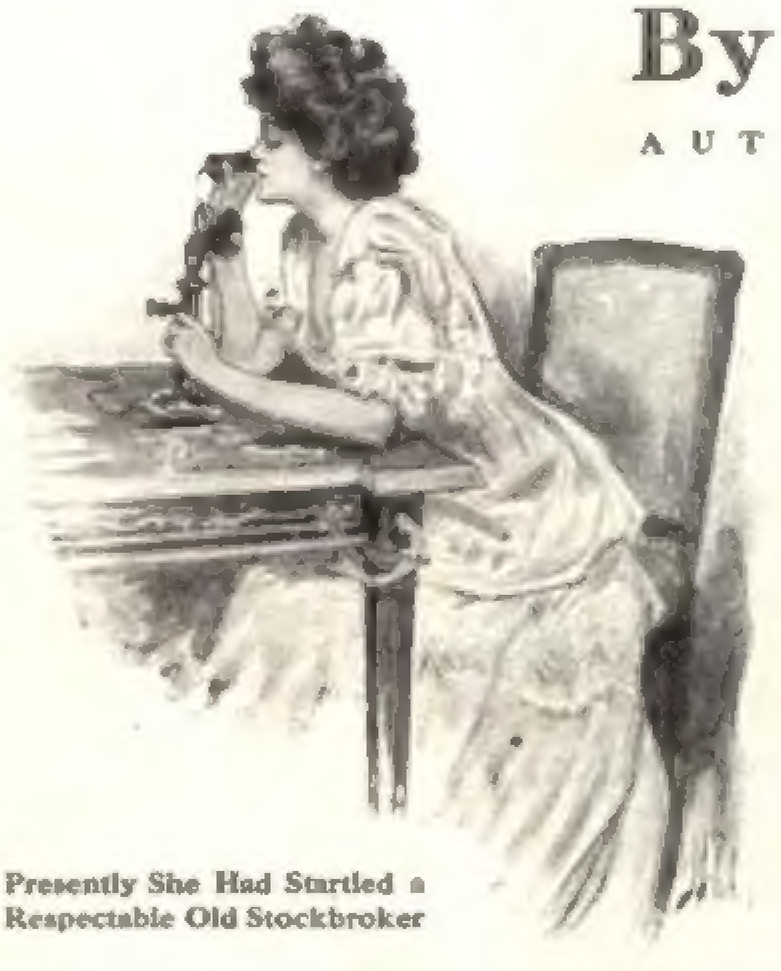

Mr. Bubble was on the Spot With Infinite Direction

"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME"

By Myra Kelly

AUTHOR OF ROSNAH



Presently She Had Startled a Respectable Old Stockbroker

THE Pennsylvania Limited was approaching Jersey City and the afternoon was approaching three o'clock when Mr. John Blake turned to Mrs. John Blake, née Marjorie Underwood, a bride of about three hours, and precipitated the first discussion of their hitherto happy married life.

"Your Uncle Richard Underwood," said he—the earlier discussions in the wedded state are usually founded upon relations—"is as stupid as he is kind. It was very good of him to arrange that I should meet old Nicholson. Any young fellow in the country would give his eyes for the chance. But to make an appointment for a fellow at four o'clock in the afternoon of his wedding day is a thing of which no one, except your Uncle Richard, would be capable. He might have known I couldn't go."

"But you must go," urged the bride; "it's the chance of a lifetime. Besides which," she added with a pretty little air of practicality, "we can't afford to throw away an opportunity like this. We may never get another one, and if you don't go how are you to explain it to Uncle Richard when we dine there tomorrow night?—you know we promised to, when he was last at West Hills."

"But what," suggested her husband—"What if, in grasping at the shadow, I lose the reality? I'd rather lose twenty opportunities than my only wife, and what's to become of you while I go down to Broad Street? Do you propose to sit in the station?"

"I propose nothing of the kind," she laughed. "I shall go straight to the Ruissillard and wait for you. Dick and Gladys may be there already."

Although Mr. John Blake received this suggestion with elaborate disfavor and disclaimer it was clear to the pretty eyes of Mrs. John Blake that he hailed it with delight, and she was full of theories upon marital coöperation and of eagerness to put them into practice. None of her husband's objections could daunt her, and before he had adjusted himself to the situation he had packed his wife into a hansom, given the cabman careful instructions and a careless tip, and was standing on the step admonishing his bride:

"Be sure to tell them that we must have outside rooms. Have the baggage sent up, but don't touch it. If you open a trunk or lift a tray before I arrive I shall instantly send you home to your mother as incorrigible."

"Very well," she agreed; "I'll be good."

"And then, if Gladys is there—it's only an off-chance that they come before tomorrow—get her to sit with you. But don't go wandering about the hotel by yourself. And, above all, don't go out."

"Goosie," said she, "of course I sha'n't go out. Where should I go?"

"And you're sure, sure, sure that you don't mind?" he asked for the dozenth time.

"Goosie," said she again, "I am quite, quite sure of it. Now go or you will surely miss your appointment and disappoint your uncle."

After two or three more questions of his and assurances of hers the cab was allowed to swing out into the current. John had given the driver careful navigation orders and Marjorie leaned back contentedly enough and watched the busy people, all hot and haggard as New York's people sometimes are in the first warm days of May. Her collection of illustrated post-cards had prepared her to identify many of the places she passed; but once or twice she felt, a little ruefully, the difference between this, her actual first glimpse of New York, and the same first glimpse as she and John had planned it before the benign, but hardly felicitous, interference of Uncle Richard. This feeling of loneliness was strongly in the ascendent when the cab stopped under an ornate portico and two large male creatures, in powdered wigs and white silk stockings, emerged before her astonished eyes. Open flew her little door, down jumped the cabman, out rushed other menials and laid hands upon her baggage. Horses fretted, pedestrians risked their lives, motors snorted and newsboys clamored as an enormous police-appearing person assisted her to alight. He had such an air of having been expecting and longing for her arrival that she wondered innocently whether John had telephoned about her. This thought persisted with her until she and her following of baggage-laden pages drew up before the desk, but it fell from her with a crash when she encountered the aloof, impersonal, world-weary regard of the presiding clerk. In all Marjorie's happy life she had never met anything but welcome. The belle of a fast-growing town is rather a sheltered person, and not even the most confiding of *ingénues* could detect a spark of greeting in the lackadaisical regard of this highly-manicured young man.

Marjorie began her story, began to recite her lesson: "Outside rooms, not lower than the fourth nor higher than the eighth floor; the Fifth Avenue side if possible; and was Mrs. Robert Blake in?"

The lackadaisical young man consulted the register with a disparaging eye.

"Not staying here," Marjorie understood him to remark.

"Oh, it doesn't matter—but about the rooms?"

"Front!" drawled the young man, and several blue-clad bell-boys ceased from lolling on a bench and approached the desk.

"Register here," commanded the clerk, twirling the big book on its turntable toward Marjorie so suddenly that she jumped, and laying his pink-tinted finger on its first blank line.

"No, thank you," she stammered; "I was not to register until my husband"—and her heart cried out within her for that she was saying these new, dear words for the first time to so unresponsive a stranger—"told me not to register until he should come and see that the rooms were satisfactory. He will be here presently."

"We have no unsatisfactory rooms," was the answer, followed by: "Front 625 and 6," and fresh pages and bell-boys fell upon the yellow baggage, and Marjorie, in a hot confusion of counting her property and wondering how to resent the young man's impertinence, turned to follow them.

"One moment, madam," the clerk murmured; "name and address, please." The pages were escaping with the bags, and Mrs. Blake hardly turned as she answered, according to the habit of her lifetime:

"Underwood, West Hills, N. J.," and flew to the elevator, which had already swallowed her baggage and the boys. Up to suite Number 625 and 6 she was conducted by her blue-clad attendants, who opened the windows, pushed the furniture about—then waited; who fetched ice water, drew down shades—and waited; who closed the windows, drew up the shades, shifted the baggage from sofa to armchair, unbuckled the straps of a suitcase, indicated the telephone—and waited; who put the bags on the bed, opened the windows, pushed the furniture back against the wall—and waited. Marjorie viewed all these manœuvers with amused but unsophisticated eyes. She smiled serenely at the smiling bell-boys—while they waited. She thanked them prettily for their assistance—and they waited. She dismissed them still prettily, and it is to be regretted that, in the privacy of the hall, they swore.

She then took possession of her little domain. The clerk, however unbearably, had spoken the truth, and the rooms were charming. There could be no question, she decided, of going farther. She spread her pretty wedding silver on the dressing-table, she hung her negligee with her hat and coat in the closet. She went down on her knees and investigated the slide which was to lead shoes to the bootblack; she tested, with her bridal glove-stretcher, the electrical device in the bathroom for the heating of curling-irons. She studied all the pictures, drew out all the drawers, examined the furniture and bric-à-brac, and then she looked at her watch. Only half an hour was gone.

She went to the window and watched the hats of the passing multitude, noting how short and foreshortened all the figures seemed and how queerly the horses passed along beneath her, without visible legs to move them. Still an hour before John could be expected.

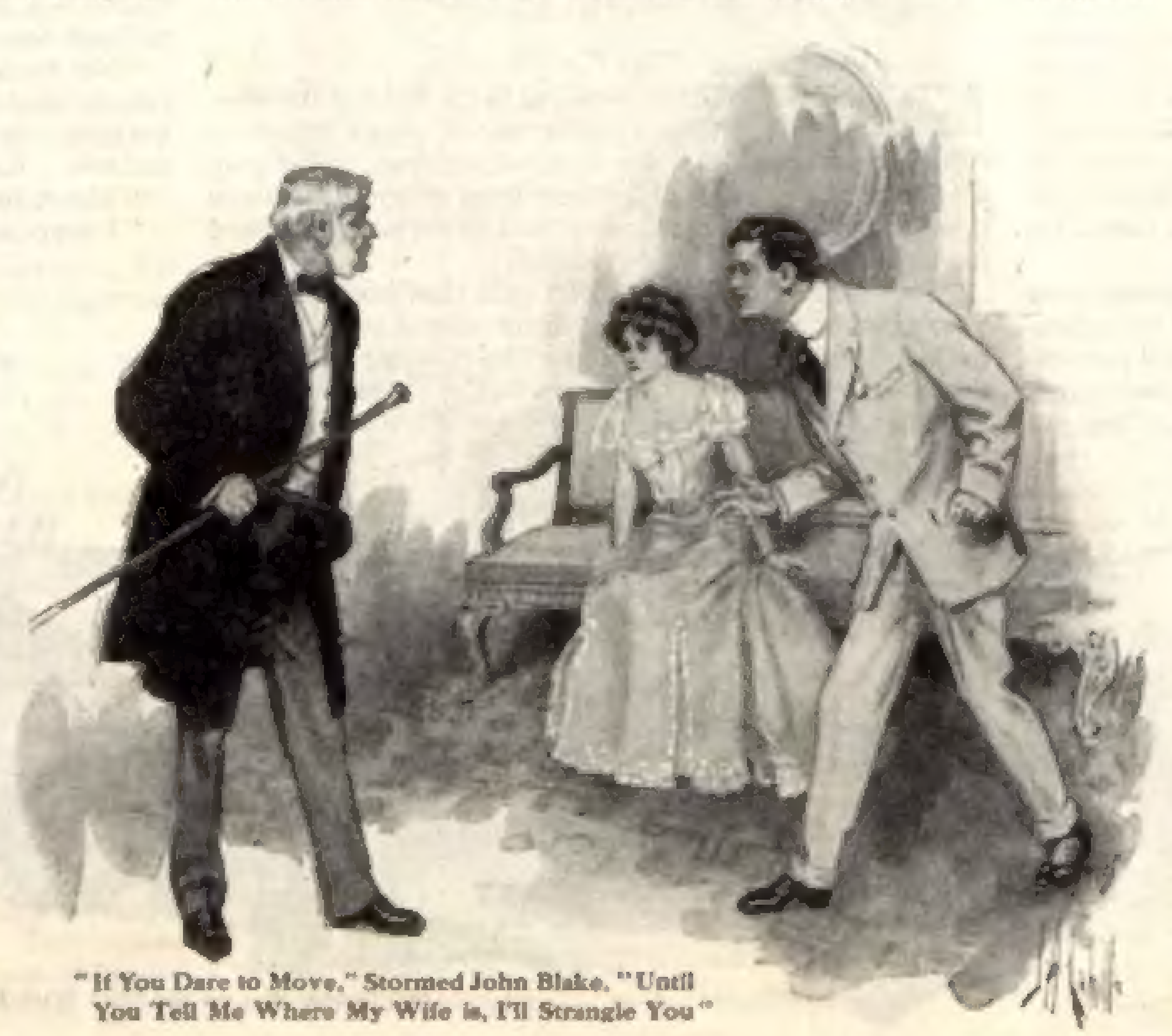
And then their trunks, hers large and his small, made their thumping entrance. The porter crossed to the window and raised the shade, crossed to her trunk and undid its straps, dried his moistened brow—and waited. Marjorie thanked him and smiled. He smiled and waited, drying his brow industriously the while. No village blacksmith ever had so damp a brow as he. She sympathized with him in the matter of the heat; he agreed—and waited. He undid the straps of John's trunk; he moved her trunk into greater proximity to the window and the light; he carried John's trunk into the sitting-room; he performed innumerable feats of prowess before her. But she only smiled and commended in an unfinancial way. Finally he laid violent hands upon his truck and retreated into the hall, swearing, as became his age, more luridly than the bell-boys.

Once more Marjorie looked out into the street for a while and began to plan the exact form of greeting with which she should meet John. It already seemed an eternity since she had parted with him. She drew the pretty evening dress which she had chosen for this first and most important evening from its tissue-paper nest in the upper tray of her trunk. Its daintiness comforted and cheered her, as a friend's face might have done, and under its impetus she found calm enough to rearrange her hair, and, with many a shy recoil and shy caress, to lay out John's evening things for him, as she had often laid out her father's. How surprised, she smiled, he would be. How delighted, when he came, to find everything so comfy and domestic. Surely it was time for him to come. Presently it was late, and yet he did not come. She evolved another form of greeting: he did not deserve comfort and domesticity when he did not set more store on them than on a stupid interview in a stuffy office. He should see that an appointment with old Nicholson could not be allowed to interfere with their home life; that, simply because they were married now, he could not neglect her with impunity.

She practiced the detached, casual sort of smile with which she would greet him, and the patient, uninterested silence with which she would listen to his apologies. Then, realizing that these histrionics would be somewhat marred by a pink negligee, she struggled into her dinner dress.

It was then seven o'clock and time to practice some more vehement reception for the laggard. It went well—very well. Any man would have been annihilated by it, but there was still no man when half-past seven came.

Quite suddenly she fell into a panic. John was dead! She had heard and read of the perils of New York. She had seen a hundred potential accidents on her drive from the ferry. Trolley, anarchist, elevated railroad, collapsed buildings, frightened horses, runaway automobiles! Her dear John! Her murdered, mangled husband! Passing out



"If You Dare to Move," Stormed John Blake, "Until You Tell Me Where My Wife is, I'll Strangle You" of the world even while she, his widowed bride, was dressing in hideous colors and thinking so falsely of him!

He must be brought to her. Some one should go and say something to somebody! Telephone Uncle Richard! She flew to the directory, which had interested her so little when the polite bell-boy of the itching palm had pointed it out to her, and presently she had startled a respectable old stockbroker so thoroughly and so hastily that he burst into his wife's presence with the news that John Blake had met with a frightful accident and was being carried to the hotel in the automobile of some rich gentleman from Paterson, New Jersey.

"Hurry down there at once," commanded Aunt Richard, who was as staid and practical as the wife of a stockbroker ought to be, "and bring the two poor lambs here in your car. Take the big one. They'll want plenty of room to lay him flat. I'll have the nurse and the doctor here and a room ready. Get there if possible before he does, so as not to move him about too often."

Meanwhile Mrs. John Blake, bride now of nearly eight hours, lay in a stricken heap upon the bed, bedewing with hot tears the shirt she had so dutifully laid ready for Mr. John Blake, and which now he was never more to wear. And Mr. John Blake, in a hurricane of fear, exasperation and bewilderment, a taxicab, and the swift falling darkness, fared from hotel to hotel and demanded speech with Mrs. John Blake, a young lady in blue with several handbags and some heavy luggage, who had arrived at some hotel early that afternoon.

His interview with old Nicholson had been short and satisfactory, and at about five-thirty o'clock he was at the Ruissillard inquiring for Mrs. J. Blake's number and floor with a confidence he was soon to lose. There was no such person. No such name. Then could the clerk tell him whether, and why, she had gone elsewhere. A slim and tall young lady in blue —

The clerk really couldn't say. Had been on duty for only half an hour. There was no person of the name of Blake in the hotel. Sometimes guests who failed to find just the accommodation they wanted went over to the Blinheim, just across the avenue. So the bridegroom set out upon his quest and the clerk, less world-weary than his predecessor, turned back to the telephone-girl.

Presently there approached the desk a brisk, businesslike person who asked a few businesslike questions and then registered in a bold and flowing hand, "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blake, Boston."

"My husband," she announced, "will be here presently."

"He was here ten minutes ago," said the clerk, and added particulars.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the slightly-puzzled but quite unexcited lady; "he'll be back." And then, accompanied by bags and suitcases, she vanished aloft.

"Missed connections, somehow," commented the clerk to the stenographer, and gave himself to the contemplation of "Past Performances" in the Evening Telegram, and to the ordinary routine of a hotel office for an hour or so, when, to prove the wisdom of the lady's calm, the excited Mr. John Blake returned.

"There must be some mistake," he began darkly. "I've been to every hotel ——"

"Lady came ten minutes after you left," said the genial clerk. "Front, show the gentleman to 450." And, presently, John was explaining his dilemma to Gladys, the pretty wife of his cousin Bob. "She is somewhere in this hotel," he fumed; "and I'll find her if I have to search it room by room."

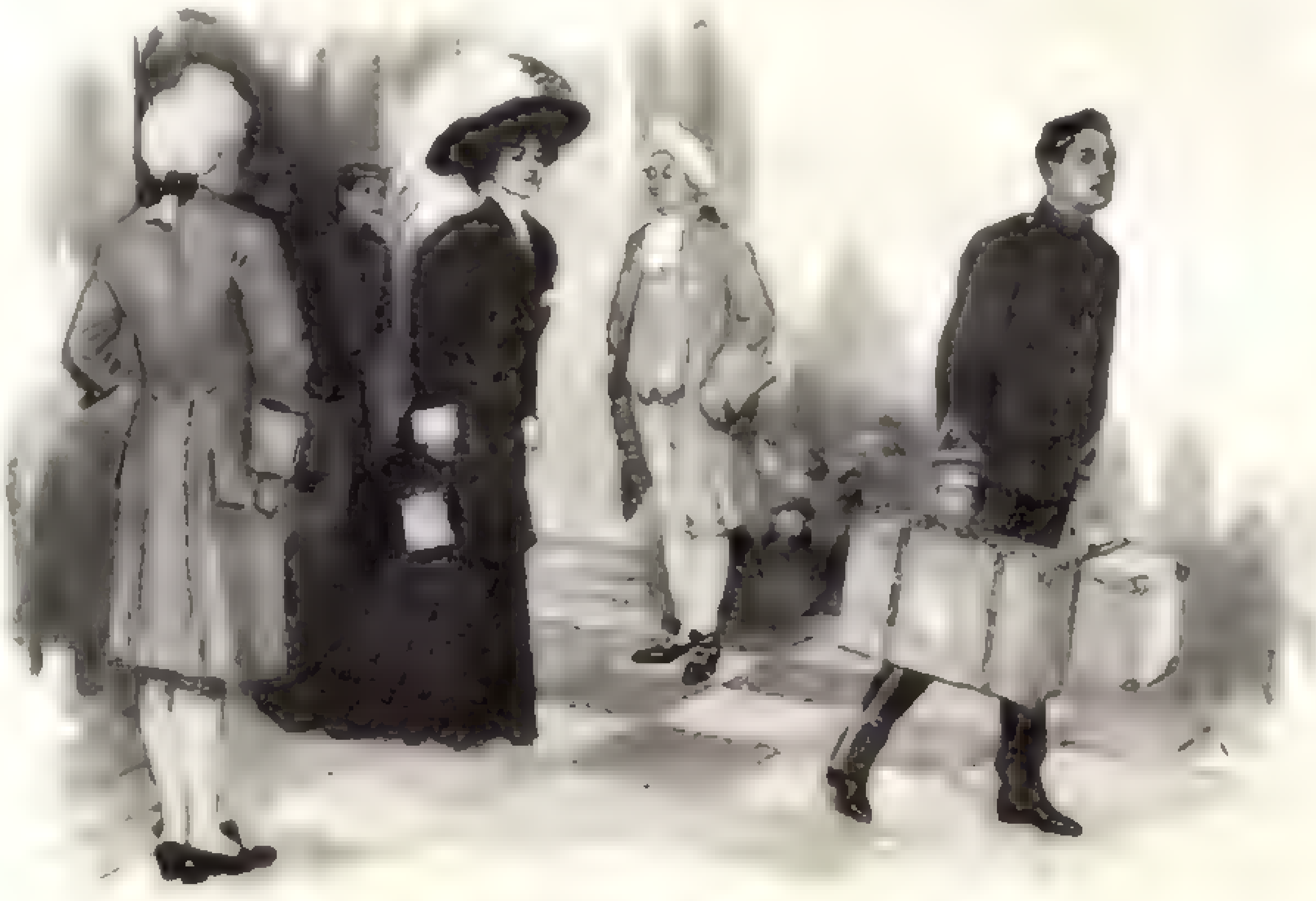
The office was hardly quiet after the appearance and disappearance of Mr. John Blake, when the clerk and the telephone-girl were again interrupted by an excited gentleman. His white whiskers framed an anxious, kindly face, his white waistcoat bound a true and tender heart.

"Has Mr. Blake arrived?" he demanded with some haste.

"Just a minute ago," the clerk replied, and was surprised at the disappointment his answer caused.

"I must see him," cried the old gentleman. "You needn't announce me. I'll go right up. I'm his wife's uncle and she telephoned me to come."

"Front!" called the clerk. "This gentleman to 450."



She Wondered Innocently Whether John had Telephoned About Her

At the door of 450 he dismissed his guide with suitable largesse and softly entered the room. It was brightly illuminated and Uncle Richard was able clearly to contemplate his nephew of eight hours in animated converse with a handsome woman in evening dress.

"I think, sir," said the woman, "that there is some mistake."

"I agree with you, madam," said Uncle Robert, "and I'm sorry for it."

"But you are exactly the man to help us," cried the nephew; "we are in an awful state."

"I agree with you, sir," repeated Uncle Robert.

"You *must* know how to help us," urged the nephew. "I've lost Marjorie."

"So I should have inferred. But she had already thrown herself away."

"She's *lost!*" stormed the bridegroom. "Don't you understand? Lost, lost, lost!"

"I rather think he misunderstands," the handsome woman interrupted. "You've not told him, John, who I am."

"You are mistaken," replied Uncle Robert with a horrible suavity; "I understand enough. That poor child telephoned to me not twenty minutes ago that her husband was injured, perhaps mortally, and implored my help. I left my dinner to come to his assistance and I find him—here—and thus."

"Twenty minutes ago?" yelled John, leaping upon his new relative and quite disregarding that gentleman's last words. "Where was she? Did she tell you where to look for her?"

"So, sir," stormed Uncle Robert, "the poor, deluded child has left you and turned to her faithful old uncle! Allow me to say that you're a blackguard, sir, and to wish you good-by."

"If you dare to move," stormed John Blake, "until you tell me where my wife is, I'll strangle you. Now listen to me. This is Mrs. Bob Blake, wife of my cousin Robert. She's an old friend of Marjorie's. We had a half engagement to meet here this week. Bob is due any minute, but Marjorie is lost. There is only one record of a Blake in today's register and that's this room and this lady—when Marjorie left me at the ferry she was coming here, straight. I've been to all the possible hotels. She is nowhere. You say she telephoned to you. From where? From where?"

"She didn't say," answered Uncle Robert, shamefacedly, and added still more dejectedly, "I didn't ask. She said in a letter her aunt received this morning that she was coming here. So I inferred that she was here."

"Then she is here," cried Gladys. "It's some stupid mistake in the office."

"I'll go down to that chap," John threatened, "and if he doesn't instantly produce Marjorie I'll shoot him."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," his uncle contradicted; "the child appealed to me and I am the one to rescue her. I shall interview the manager. I know him. You may come with me if you like."

Down at the desk they accosted the still-courteous clerk. Uncle Richard produced his card, and, before he could ask for the manager the clerk flicked a memorandum out of one pigeonhole, a key out of another, and twirled the register on its turntable almost into the midst of the white waistcoat.

"The lady has been expecting you for hours, Mr Underwood," said he. "Looked for you quite early in the afternoon, so the maid says. Register here, please. Quite hysterical, she is, they tell me, and the maid was asking for the doctor—Front! 625!"

Uncle Richard's face, as he met John's eyes, was a study. The telephone girl disentangled the receiver from her pompadour so that she might hear without hindrance the speech which was bursting through the swelling buttons of the white waistcoat and making the white whiskers quiver.

"I know nothing whatever about *any* lady in *any* of your rooms," he roared, greatly to the delight of the bell-boys. "I know nothing about your Underwood woman, with her doctors and her hysterics. I want to see the manager."

"If," said the telephone maiden, adjusting her skirt at the hips and shaking her figure into greater conformity with the ideal she had set before it—"If this gentleman is 2525 Gram., then the lady in 625 rang him up at seven-thirty and held the wire seven minutes talkin' to him and cryin' to beat Sousa's band. All about her uncle she was talkin'. I guess it was him, all right, all right. His voice sounds sort of familiar to me when he talks mad."

But John had neither eyes nor ears for Uncle Richard's wrath. He snatched the key and the paper upon which the supercilious clerk had inscribed, at Marjorie's embarrassed dictation, "Mrs. Underwood, West Hills, N. J. (husband to arrive later), 625 and 6," and, since love is keen, he jumped to the right conclusion and the open elevator without further delay.

An hour or so later the attention of the clerk and the telephone girl was again drawn to the complicated Blakes. A party of four sauntered out of the dining-room and approached the desk.

"I'll register now, I think," said John. And when he had finished he turned to the star-eyed girl behind him.

"Look carefully at this, Marjorie," he admonished. "Mr. and Mrs. John Blake. *You* are Mrs. John Blake. Do you think you can remember that?"

"Don't laugh at me," she pleaded; "Gladys says it was a most natural mistake, and so does Bob. Don't you, Gladys and Bob?"

"An almost inevitable mistake," they chorused mendaciously, "but," added Bob, "a rather disastrous mistake for your uncle to explain to his wife, the doctor and the nurse. He'll be able for it, though; I never saw so game an old chap."

"And I'll never do it again," she promised. "People never do when they've been married a long, long time, and I feel as though I had been married thousands and thousands of years."

"Poor, tired little girl," said John, "you have had a rather indifferent time of it. Say good-night to Dick and Gladys. Come, my dear."

A Musical Town

THEY were talking of the strange names of many of the interior villages of Indiana and John McCutcheon told the story of Wes Burnett.

Wes belonged to the band and played the trombone, or slip-horn as Kin Hubbard insists it should be known. Wes sent up to Chicago and got a new trombone. He was very proud of it and went to the village tinsmith to get a case made for it.

The tinsmith fixed up a nobby case and painted it black. Then he painted on it in white letters: "Wes Burnett."

Wes looked it over and insisted that the name of the horn should be put on, also, and when the decorations were complete the legend was: "Wes Burnett—Trombone."

The band went to Lafayette to play one day, and a stranger noticed Wes' case. "Say, friend," said the stranger to Wes, "why don't you finish that?"

"Finish what?" asked Wes.

"That address on your horn case."

"How?"

"Why, put on 'Indiana,' of course."

CONSIDER THE LOBSTER

Why the American People Should Learn to Chew

By EMERSON HOUGH

YOUR son, born day before yesterday, is, without doubt, the most remarkable example of human progeny that ever happened. Only this morning he sat up in bed, looked you straight in the eye, and said —— Never mind what he said. It is more important to inquire what he would say if he should sit up in bed and look you straight in the eye fifty years from today. What will your boy be saying to his boy when he is as old as you are now? One does not like to cast cold water on your son, but really we ought to see about a few things that are going to happen to him.

Professor Metchnikoff says that, if the boy takes care of himself, he ought to live to be one hundred and fifty years old. We might better call it fifty years; in short, your son cannot by any possibility live to be more than fifty years old, unless he shall entirely reconstruct his idea of eating. Long before he is fifty years old, if matters run on in America as they are now running, there will be nothing left for him to eat. Recently Horace Fletcher has come to the front with his economic theory that human beings do not, after all, need to eat, but only to chew. While one could make a bright, sparkling remark about this eschewing of food, we will let it pass, and simply state that nothing could be more opportune than Mr. Fletcher's arrival at this time of our national history.

When they get in trouble down at Washington they send for the gloomy and pessimistic James J. Hill, and he makes it worse. According to Mr. Hill, fifty years from now we shall be each year just $664,000,000 short of having bread enough to eat here in America, without shipping a kernel of wheat abroad. This statement does not interest your new baby today, but it may fifty years from today.

The Vanishing Foodstuffs

YET here in America we used to have things to eat. We always supposed that wheat would grow somewhere out West. True, the daily papers have been advising us to eat less meat, since it has grown so high priced, and to use more fish and eggs along with our potatoes and rice—in short, to learn to be Chinese and Hindus here in America. But eggs are very high this winter—hens got caught in a cold snap, the grocer says. And butter—well, Uncle Sam is going to look into the butter combine before long, when he gets through with some of the other combines. The old trappers say that when they got snowed in at any time in the mountains they and their horses used to live on cottonwood bark. We might live on cottonwood bark. But Mr. Pinchot, United States Forester, tells us there isn't going to be any more cottonwood bark, because it is all made up into boxes now.

We might eat fish. Everybody knows that a fish diet is grateful and comforting, and everybody knows that it comes from the ocean, and that the ocean is so large it cannot by any possibility be exhausted. Lobsters, bluefish, codfish, shad, salmon, oysters, clams, crabs—why, those things come from the *ocean!* Of course—why—er —that is to say—*of course!* That is what we have always thought. But suppose we were mistaken?

Without throwing any hortatory or didactic fits, let us sit down, and in the light of a calm and dispassionate reason consider the chance case of the lobster. Charles Lamb tells us how mankind first discovered roast pig, but no one knows who ate the first broiled lobster. He must have had nerve, for although in some respects the lobster resembles the lily of the field, in that it toils not, neither does it spin, the resemblance ceases there, and there is no more forbidding object in animate Nature. In the front end the lobster stingeth like an adder, yet none the less out of its mouth may come forth wisdom if we care to listen.

The Bull Market in Seafood

IT IS astonishing how little we really know about lobsters. For instance: does the lobster carry its main mitt on the port or starboard side? Are lobsters rights and lefts? Does the male or female have the larger claw? Does a lobster walk backward like a crawfish, or forward like a human being? How many legs has a lobster on each side? Since you could not answer half these questions, perhaps you could not tell how many lobsters there are today as compared with the census of ten or twenty years ago.

You ate your first lobster soon after you came to the city, about the time you had your first dress suit. That was the evening you and Eloise had your first little supper together at the café—and you had lobster, just one, cut in halves, with one portion of celery on the side, and some tartare sauce in a small, china bowl. You had read about this in a society novel, but being from a prairie State you didn't know how to eat a lobster, and neither did Eloise. As you hesitated, each waiting for the other to make the first break, your eyes met, you blushed, and she giggled; and so they were married. Which brings us to the first paragraph of our story. The main point, however, is that your lobster went clear across the platter, and cost fifty cents. Today a half-portion in the same restaurant would cost seventy-five cents, and the lobster would not go more than two-thirds of the way across the platter. Lobsters began to get too high priced for you and Eloise a good many years ago. Ten years ago Uncle Sam thought the lobster was doomed to extinction.

What most troubled Uncle Sam regarding the lobster was the fact that all human beings like lobsters, and all lobsters like each other. Of the twenty thousand eggs in one lobster "settin'," some grow faster than others. The larger little lobsters eat the smaller little ones, world without end. It was Doctor Ward, of Brown University, who discovered that, by keeping the water in his Rhode Island hatching pens continually agitated, the big little lobster could not get a fair hold on the small little lobster, and so could not eat him. That was one of the great scientific discoveries of the world. By virtue of that discovery your son may have a chance to eat a half broiled fifty years hence at, say, five dollars a portion. To be legal, a lobster now needs to be nine and a half to ten and a half inches in length, over all, New York Yacht Club rules of measurement. In fifty years, the load-water line will probably be somewhat less. It takes six years to raise a legal lobster, and ten years would be better. In the eyes of the American people, ten years is a long while to wait for anything. It will not be long before James J. Hill will turn his pessimistic eye upon our shrinking lobster.

Of course, in this case, the lobster is but a text. Itself palatable, it can tell us a few unpalatable truths, one of which is that we must reconstruct all our notions which have run to the effect that the ocean cannot be exhausted. The truth is that the ocean has been exhausted. We Americans, even this early in our history, may just as well settle down to the notion that we have got to learn how to farm both the soil and the sea. We are just beginning to know how to farm either the soil or the sea, but, had we not done something in the latter regard, lobsters would be worth five dollars today, and all other seafood in proportion.

Masses of figures are not necessarily convincing, but they look wise and important. To be painless as possible, we may say that we have ninety-five to one hundred million dollars invested in our fisheries, and that we do about sixty million dollars' worth of business in seafood each year. Out of compliment to Henry Cabot Lodge, of the United States Senate, who has always been touchingly interested in the welfare of the codfish, we might say that Massachusetts alone does a business of six or seven million dollars in seafood each year. In 1904 that State alone marketed two hundred and thirty million six hundred and forty-five thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds of edible things from the sea. That is not a record year. But today your boy is paying Massachusetts more money than was formerly paid for two or three times as much food of the same quality. Moreover, although Massachusetts fishermen take illegal lobsters, and waste clams and oysters, it is your boy who settles for all that, whether he lives in Massachusetts or Nebraska. Refrigeration and transportation make seafood interesting in the Rocky Mountains today; and for this reason Denver has a right to ask what Gloucester is doing.

The Bad Outlook for Butte and Denver

THE Nutmeg State the other year turned out about thirty-eight million pounds of seafood. That meant a falling off in almost all species of sea fish, but, according to the Government report, the outlook "remained encouraging." That is to say, it remained encouraging to Connecticut; because in two years the total value of the catch had increased one cent a pound, raw material. How about Denver? At that time Maine was facing the end of her lobster supply. How about Butte, Montana? The census-takers of Rhode Island, where the palladium of the lobster is enshrined, reported great reduction in the fisheries, although many more lobster-pots were in use. Virginia may be the Mother of Presidents, but Rhode Island is the Mother of Lobsters—this with no reference, personal or political. The point is found in the dry columns of the Government report, which says: "The falling off in product, however, has been almost counteracted by the increased price per pound, 2.44 cents per pound." If it costs your son today 2.44 cents per pound increase to buy chips in this lobster game, what will it cost him to buy blue chips fifty years from now in a real supper for Eloise—with one portion of celery on the side, and a very small amount of tartare sauce in a china bowl? It gives one a cold chill to think of that ticket fifty years from now. Your son will need a wheelbarrow along to carry coin enough for the cashier.

That is the real lesson of the lobster. It is that 2.44 cents per pound which makes the stinger in the phrase "almost counteracted." The American people have to make that up somewhere and somehow, in a country where the tax on living is already becoming insupportable. Moreover, all our statisticians, when throwing hortatorial and didactic fits, figure only on the present ratio of supply and demand, and not on that *accelerated* demand which is continually coming to the front in American history. A good engineer builds his culvert big enough not only for the average rainfall, but for any possible flood. Our economists, however, look at the past of our country and not its future. And so it is very probable that we cannot understand the quick and horrible pinch which will catch this country some time through this accelerated demand for wood, for water, and for things to eat.

What is your boy going to eat fifty years from today? The answer is that he is not going to eat. There will be no eggs, because his estimable papa took down the family shotgun and killed the sitting hen on her nest. It is no answer to say that under the benign influence of a protective tariff we are all going to have money enough in the future to pay the future prices. Some one has to produce, and it is only the land or the sea which can offer production. The rich could buy horseflesh in the Paris siege, yet all the horseflesh, and all the rats besides, did not make meat enough to feed the people.

The Disappearing Bivalves

TO RETURN to our lobsters. Had the Government not steadily planted lobsters for years we should not have one left today. Almost the same might be said of oysters. We ate thirty-one million bushels of oysters last year, which means nothing if we do not glean from it the fact that at this rate we soon shall have no oysters to eat. If the Secret Service of the Fisheries Bureau had not been studying the private life and personal habits of the oyster, a half-dozen raw on the half would cost us now a dollar, and in fifty years they would cost your son a dollar apiece. In the Chesapeake country, from 1880 to 1897, oysters decreased 31.6 per cent, and from 1897 to 1904 they fell off 39 per cent. We do not need to go to the stars for the answer.

Take the clam. There are many different species of this curious and interesting personality—fit to serve as a corporation emblem, without soul and without speech. Yet not even the close-mouthed clam, buried deep in the soft muck of our remotest shores, has been safe from the rake of our human investigations. We have eaten him in uncounted millions, big clams, little clams, long necks, little necks, univalves, bivalves, all sorts of valves. The austere man of the Scriptures and the oysterman of the Atlantic seaboard have reaped where they have not sown. We ate two million bushels of clams last year, and it was not a good year for clams. In fifty years a half-portion on the deep will cost your boy and his Eloise at their first lunch, say, two or three dollars a plate. They would not be able to get them for a hundred dollars a plate if Uncle Sam had not meantime taken to farming the sea.

The mortuary tables of the codfish market might afford us food for thought, at least. We can't do so much in planting codfish, although we take a great many million codfish eggs and restore them to the deep. We ate a trifle of eighty-five million pounds of codfish last year. That means very little, unless we shall remember that the codfish of Massachusetts fell off a million pounds in one year not long ago, and that last year Alaska shipped several carloads of codfish to New England. That did not trouble Massachusetts, because she sold her decreased catch for three-quarters of a million dollars more than the larger take of the previous year; but it ought to trouble us. Who paid for that increased price? It is not considered good form to rob a baby; yet it was your baby paid that increased price. There are different ways of looking at politics and commerce, when we stop to think of it.

That was only one item. Hake fell off six million pounds that year on the Atlantic Coast, but the total money received was two hundred thousand dollars more than the full crop formerly brought. Your baby paid that. The humble scup fell off one-half in total supply that same year, but the total price received for scup that year was twenty per cent larger than during the preceding year. It was your baby paid for that. We are told that seafood makes about five per cent of all the food we eat. If that five per cent is halving in quantity and doubling in price it is easy to see that Mr. Fletcher got here just in time.

Just to continue in our cheerfulness, take the case of the soft-shell crab. We only began to eat this insect in 1873, at which time there was only one firm in New York and one in Philadelphia which handled crabs. The fisherman then got about a cent apiece for crabs, and when they went to sixty cents a dozen he was tickled to death. In thirty-five years crabs have gone up to just the price which you and Eloise paid for them the other night when, for the sake of the old times, you stopped downtown for supper after the theater.

Wiping Out the Shad Family

HOW about shad? We all like shad; yet if Uncle Sam had not planted shad we could not have one today at any price. Roe shad are best to eat, and shad roe is good. You have eaten millions and millions of little shad that never swam a swim. Men are willing to pay any price for shad, and as to taking them in the spawning run, the answer is: "We cannot get them at any other time." This is the same sort of American intelligence which assures us that the best way to get chicken is to take a rest over a rail-fence with the family shotgun and blow the head off a sitting hen, because she is easy to sneak up on under those conditions. We have always blown the head off the sitting hen, the sitting lobster and the sitting shad; so why not continue in that amiable practice?

Uncle Sam has planted some three thousand million young shad in his time, and it would seem that this ought to make some amends for the shad roe eaten by yourself and Eloise. It might, had it not been for that accelerated demand. All sorts of fishing appliances multiplied along the mouths of the shad rivers, so that almost the entire run of shad was taken. The toll of the sea is enormous, and the provision of Nature to meet it is enormous, but here the balance of Nature was violently thrown out of plumb. The unrestricted fishing wrought its own destruction. The mouths of the rivers were simply clogged with nets, so that few fish could get up stream. The extinction of the fisheries is threatened, because not even Uncle Sam can plant enough eggs to restore the balance of Nature. The hatcheries cannot use the shad at the mouths of the streams, as the roe taken there is not yet ripe. The spawn takers depend on fish caught farther up the stream; but of late the salt-water fisheries have so completely accounted for the shad run that now the take of eggs is millions where formerly it was hundreds of millions. Ten years ago we got over two hundred million shad eggs from the Susquehanna, over seventy million from the Potomac. In 1906 we got just two hundred and forty-two *thousand* eggs from the Susquehanna, and the Potomac fell down to thirteen million—round numbers, because they are round eggs. Last year we did better, but, putting on our most roseate spectacles, it is difficult to be gladsome regarding the future of the shad.

Time was when the great coastal plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas got much of their wealth from the sea, the great seines scooping in countless millions of shad and herring. The longest seine in the world was formerly operated on the Potomac River. It was nearly two miles in length, or, to be exact, ninety-six hundred feet, and it was customary to haul this seine, by steam, twice each day. This seine has taken one hundred and twenty-six thousand shad in one season. The Fisheries Bureau formerly got its eggs at this hatchery. Not long ago the year's catch fell to three thousand shad, less than used to be taken at one haul of the seine! After having been run for more than one hundred years this fishery was discontinued. That is your little lesson in regard to shad.

Not long ago, at a banquet in Washington, a friend of mine sat next to that great and good friend of the laboring man, Joseph Cannon. A waiter passed a tureen of terrapin to the latter, and that gentleman, with a simple turn of the wrist, extracted most of the terrapin from the tureen and placed it on his own plate. There arose then a hoarse whisper from the head waiter, addressing the unfortunate tureen bearer: "I *told* you not to pass the terrapin to him with the *big* spoon in it; he *always* does that!" This is a true, a simple, and a wholly American incident. Let us not criticise the Speaker of the House. We also have always done that. The tureen has been before us. We have always helped ourselves without regard to others. For this reason Uncle Sam is now studying terrapin with all his might and main, and if he did not there would be little hope for Uncle Joe at the next banquet.

True, according to Government report, the lack of terrapin supply also is "almost compensated" by the rise in price. But do the abilities of the rich properly set the pace for the average man of America? Is this question of living in America, after all, simply a matter of the devil take the hindmost—a mad scramble, governed by purely selfish greed? Will not a newer and wider thought be obliged to concern itself with the average welfare of the average man? Ask the lobster about these things. Any lobster ought to know the answer.

What is true of the lobster and the shad is true of the bluefish, of many sea fishes upon which we have long counted. Of the three or four dozen species on which we rely for food but few are propagated by the Government, and of these few it is now becoming difficult to get any propagating stock. The finish will be quicker for those species which cannot be propagated at all. Your son cannot go West, and it will not be worth while for him to go fishing. Fifty years from now he can, perhaps, look through the café window from the street, and see the son of some millionaire of today—grown rich from reaping where he has not sown—eating seafood, or, perhaps, even eating bread. Which side of the window do you want your son to occupy? Can you be sure that he will occupy the inside? How, then, about the average welfare of the average man? Have you ever thought of politics and commerce in just this way before?

The Vanishing Salmon Crop

THESE are unpleasant things to say or think. Politicians detest reformers. Financiers despise muckrakers. Commercial men have no use for alarmists. The man who is not willing to drop into the pace of today, who is not willing always to agree with us, always is disliked. Let us alone: that is the good old American cry. Give us just one more chance at that sitting hen! That was, perhaps, the doctrine of China, of the crowded corners of Europe, at one day of their history. In China, now, when a child dies they thank the gods. When a daughter is born they weep. Why? Ask the lobster.

For the sake of being additionally cheerful let us suppose that you had canned salmon today, if you are an American, or tinned salmon, if you are an Englishman. Besides its pink contents, the can or tin tells a story perhaps not so roseate in hue. We have been getting from the Pacific Coast about four million cases of salmon annually, some two hundred million pounds. That meant forty or fifty million salmon each year, at least, and, including waste and leaving out the prevention of propagation implied, it may have cost fifty thousand times fifty million salmon—no one can tell how many. As the animal life of a salmon run is a thing beyond estimate, so has the destruction of that life and the frustration of that life also been a thing beyond estimate.

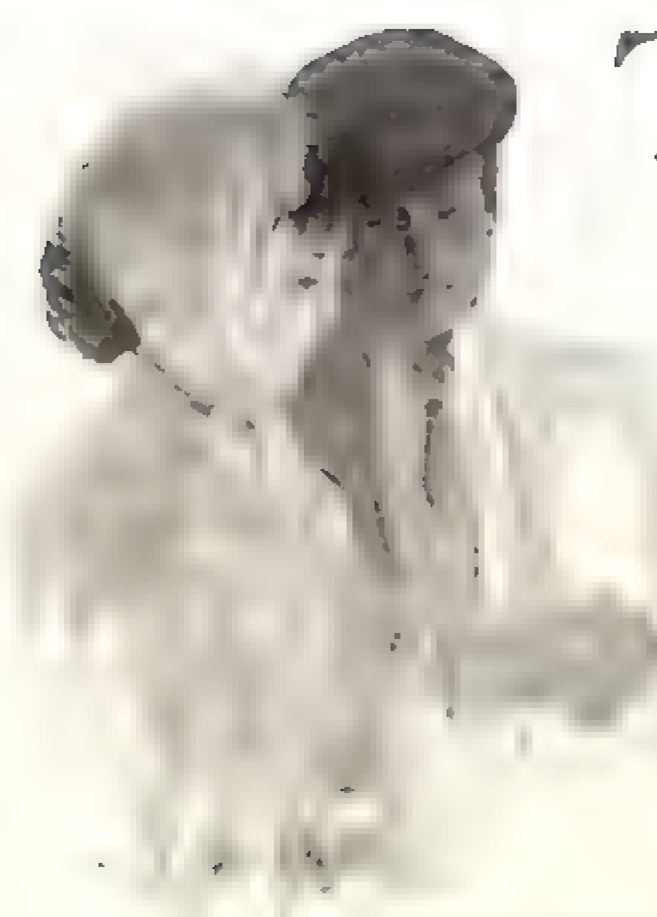
Net result of this state of affairs: last year the salmon hatcheries on some streams could not get any eggs for hatching. That means that each such stream is going barren, and barren forever, because salmon return only to the stream which bore them. Even the packers admit now that but for the State and Government hatcheries there would not be a cannery running today on the whole Pacific slope. The shamelessness of the Western salmon fisheries is fit to go hand in hand in general unholiness with the American lumbering operations. As to all this waste, your baby paid for it. Once I saw fifty thousand salmon thrown overboard and

(Continued on Page 29)

THE TWISTED FOOT

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY



"The Superscription's Gone," David Stammered

VII

"TO SPEAK with me?" Miss Dekker's voice, though troubled, was quiet and friendly. "Then shall we walk toward the house, meanwhile?"

Later, David recalled how, as her white figure moved out of the leafy shadow, the veranda lights, that streamed across the glossy tops of little garden shrubs, caught the dusky radiance of her hair; and how, behind them both, her native girl came, tall and lithe in a white *kabaia*, like a slave contentedly following some gentle princess. Yet now, as they two first walked together, David saw nothing but her face beside him, her head and shoulders above the shrubbery, as though she advanced through a low mist, or made a luminous circle in the gloom by the mere light of her countenance. The silver locket, holding the truth, had not held that light, and life, and magical reality.

"I can guess," she added; and this time her voice trembled. Speaking, she glanced up at him, with eyes large, quiet, and yet uncertain, as though ready for the best tidings or the worst. "I can guess, for there is only one subject that a stranger could come to tell me about. He sent you? You are a friend of his? Tell me, where is he? How can I get to him?"

They halted in the path, eying each other directly, for a moment, like old friends. David was prepared to find her beautiful, but not so radiant and regnant, all in plain white, yet crowned with a dusky splendor of shining hair. He was prepared to know and to be known, but not to have her go straight to the heart of his errand. More than all, he was prepared to pity her; but not to feel this great wave of pity that swept away all his foolish, unadmitted hopes, and left him heartily ashamed and sorry. Disloyal to the other man, he had been disloyal to her; now let him serve humbly, with his best service.

"No," he began, "I was not sent, exactly. Your—he and I couldn't be called friends, but—he—you see ——"

Her eyes, though lustrous and dilated in the obscure light, looked straight through his confusion. Her face—quickened with the clear spirit which had met his, in the glare of that strange morning aboard the *banca*—now grew slightly pale.

"Come, tell me true." She faced him with steady courage. "Is he still —— Speak out; be frank with me; for I've looked everywhere, asked everybody; and after failing here, again, coming here on another false hope—why, the best thing is the truth. Tell me, as though you *were* his friend—and mine."

By sudden consent, they walked on together through the glistening alley of leaves. The mournful, ululating song of a mountaineer floated to them through the darkness, close at hand, from a neighboring spur across a deep gulf. Dull and heavy, a hollow log, smitten in some *campong* far below, boomed out the hour in seven strokes.

The veranda lay desolate in all its whitewash, except that under the farthest lamps three fat men in pajamas, and a barefoot lady, sat playing bridge in Dutch.

The girl paused, with one foot on the steps.

"Oh, please!" she begged vehemently.

"I have something of his to give you," David slowly replied. "One thing must wait till later, but this other ——" He fumbled inside his tunic, and drew forth the silver locket, which he held out, as one might surrender a talisman. "I brought you this—from him."

The girl put one hand quickly against a pillar. Her eyes were not dark, but very blue, as David saw before he turned his own aside and waited.

"His locket!" she whispered, with a little sob that left David more shaken than if her finger-tips, on the pillar, had been the hand of Samson. "He never would have given —— Tell me, were you with him, when—at the time?"

"I was," said David, staring hard at a clump of white lilies which he did not see.

"Was it—is it a place where I could go?"

David shook his head:

"An island—very far from here."

The song of the mountaineer, descending in the night across the gulf, came to them in snatches, like a tremulous call. As though listening, the girl stood with her face averted

"I'm glad you were there," she said, contending for the mastery of her voice. "Very, very glad. It brings him nearer, somehow—and then—there's something in your face—something that's good to see there, and makes me so glad he had *you* then."

David, silent and guilty, felt a return of the old envy. That other man, in his grave, possessed quietly forever what all the living could not win by all their struggles. Her grief was very calm, but of the calmness which outlasts time and chance.

The wailing singer in the dark had passed below and out of earshot, round some jutting edge, before she spoke again.

"I must go in." Her lips were trembling as she turned once more to David. "For a while—I must—be alone. Later, we shall talk." She beckoned to the slim native girl, who stood patiently beside the clump of lilies. "Oh, and you said—there was something else of his for me?"

David raised his hands toward the breast of his tunic, but lowered them, with a sudden, vague reluctance.

"Tomorrow, please, by daylight." He faltered, then found his excuse. "It's only a small packet. Not this evening? I think—I think *he* would rather have it so."

He caught from brimming eyes a swift, unexpected glance, full of comprehension, or discovery, or gratitude. Above him, however, on the edge of the veranda, she paused as in perplexity.

"Tomorrow? But tomorrow I shall be leaving." She spoke wearily, as though details no longer mattered. "The train starts at early daylight, I believe. In Batavia, Mrs. Cartwright joins me—poor woman, I've tired her out! And you see, our passage is taken for Thursday."

David felt a sense of relief.

"Then," said he, "if I may come to Batavia? Before your ship sails ——"

The well-known face, crowned with shining hair, maintained a last failing show of courage.

"You are very kind to me," she answered; then, beckoning the servant with a quick, fierce motion: "Come, Chatra!"

The brown girl, simpering, brushed past him on the steps. Left alone, David stood looking out upon the vast night, where, alike in their blackness, the established hills and the downward-pouring clouds cut strange gores from the starry substance of the heavens. Behind him, at their cards, the players held a sputtering argument, with great gusts of laughter. But, without caring to see or hear, David remained rapt in wonder that the shuttle of flying chance had woven the loose thread of his life, for once, into serviceable stuff. He had fallen overboard at midnight, had seen a light from shore, and heard a dog bark. The poor Amazon, Mary Naves, won by a nod and a smile or two, had overheard and treasured, for a few days, the name of this station in the hills. And here, following so frail a clew of accidents, he had come to deal the heaviest blow to the last person in the world. . .

"To her." And remembering how eagerly he had climbed this mountain road, he could have groaned at his own baseness. "Well," he ordered himself grimly, "you look after her till Thursday. Your best, too."

To see that her property was safe, he plucked out of his tunic and scrutinized in the bright light of the veranda her small, oblong packet.

The Manila wrapping and the neat blue and white twine of Japanese fibre showed intact the three words written in the hut, as plain as though written yesterday: "For Miss Mary ——"

"She gets *you!*" was his scowling apostrophe. "She gets *you*, safe and sound, aboard ship, and no fooling!"

Perhaps it was the stir of his own fancy; but as he slipped the packet home he seemed to hear a rustle, instantly cut short, among the tall stalks of the lilies where Chatra, the brown maid-servant, had lately stood. Beyond doubt, one of the great white chalices was swinging drowsily.

He strode over and thrust his rattan through and through the stalks, like a rapier. It struck nothing; and on the farther side nothing appeared but solid shadows, flung from clump to clump of mountain greenery.

"Humph!" he growled. "Mooning again! Nerves—old woman's trick!"

A card-player, proud of his English, called jocosely:

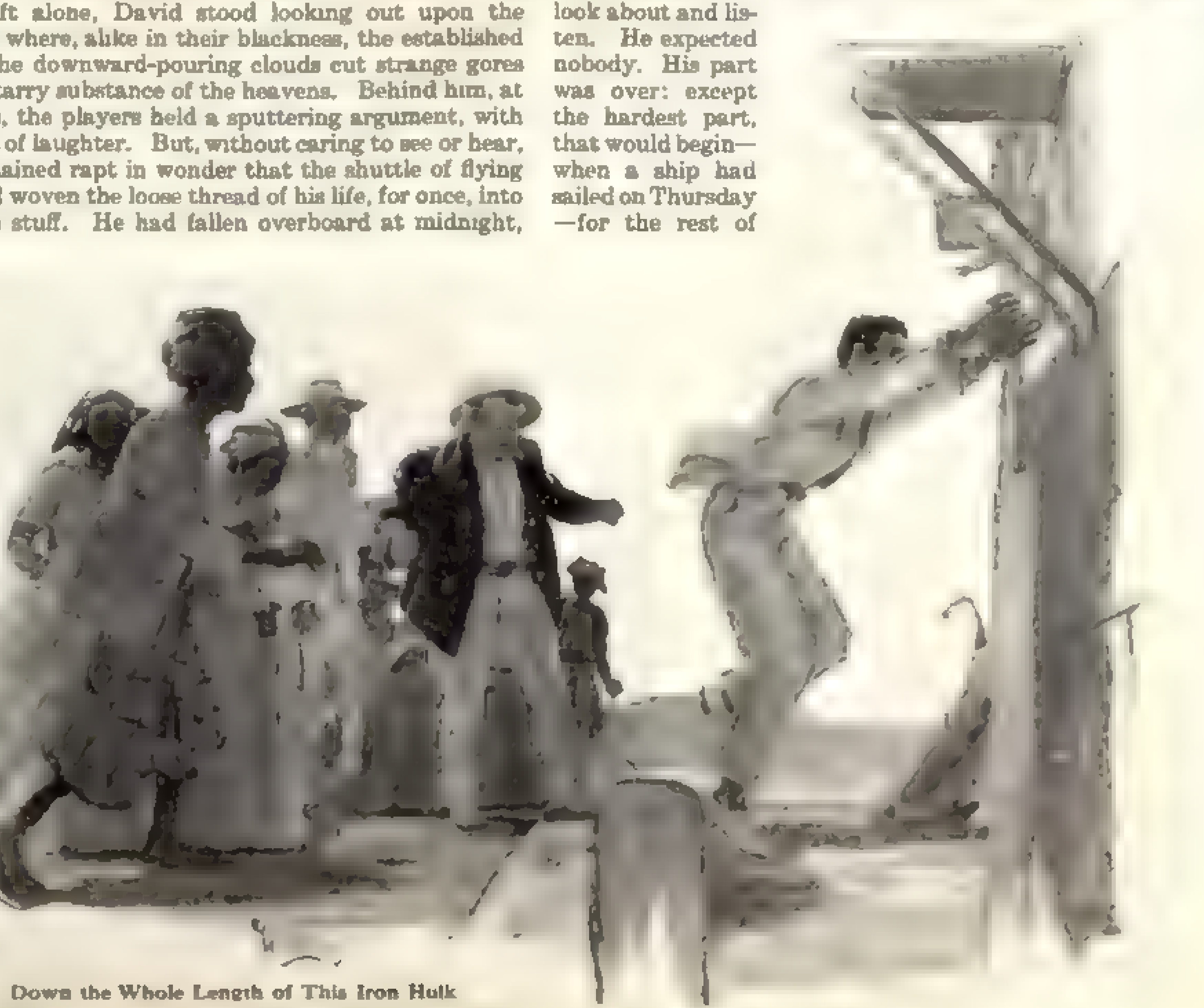
"Aha! A snake, not?"

"No," said David briefly; "a granny-not."

"*Zo-zo!*" The burly Hollander nodded ponderously, well pleased with so technical a report.

But David was far from satisfied. Dinner, with its dearth of talk and heaping abundance of rice, passed dolefully enough; the evening more dolefully, although the Dutch gamesters, who had shod themselves for the dining-room, unshod themselves once more and made the empty veranda echo with their jovial altercation. Long before they were quiet the light went out behind Miss Dekker's screen. And at last, alone, and weary of the long wait before tomorrow's journey, David entered his bare little room reluctantly.

Reluctantly: he wondered at that, as all the evening he had wondered at a strange uneasiness which made him look about and listen. He expected nobody. His part was over: except the hardest part, that would begin—when a ship had sailed on Thursday—for the rest of



Down the Whole Length of This Iron Hulk There was Only One Thing to Chase and Seize his life. No; this, tonight, was different—and disquieting. Once he caught himself glancing through his open door, at the lilies, the ambush of green leaves and white chalices.

"Nonsense!" Part in anger, part in bravado, he snatched out the dead man's packet and tossed it on the table. With it fluttered something else; the page from Punch skimmed half-way across the floor, unfolded, and lay flat to show its grisly red surcharge.

"Oh, will you?" David swooped after it, and in a sudden passion of defiance tore the paper to shreds. "There, then!"

He flung them into the corner, as though canceling some bond or breaking a sinister compact. She, at least, would never see or know that thing.

But the vague insecurity came flooding back upon him. He went to the door, even, and hearkened to the stillness of the great mountains. Nothing stirred but the white smoke of night-clouds beginning to steal down through the garden. He remembered listening so in the door of the hut, that other night.

"What rot!" He wheeled, returned grumbling, and stolidly prepared to sleep. An early start tomorrow, and with her—enough to think about; and Thursday—that also was enough for one lifetime.

Tonight there was no thin oval of silver to slip beneath his pillow, with the packet; but grasping this last treasure the more tightly, he lay down with it, fist and all, under his head.

From tangled dreams he woke now and then to ask himself, in drowsy, blank regret, what disaster was impending. "Oh, yes, Thursday." And muttering, he slept again.

The windows glimmered in two wide, misty squares, the crowing of gamecocks rose thin and scattering from villages below the clouds, when he finally woke to some new trouble. Packet and fist lay safe under his pillow. Not Thursday this time, he discovered. Something else was heavy and irksome, like paralysis. He tried to turn over, and failed. Vexed, and somewhat frightened, he strained hard, and managed to raise his head enough to look along his disobedient body. The light was only a thin darkness; or he must be slow at waking; or—no, the thing was real.

He saw a brown knee bent above him, a brown, muscular calf, and, planted on his chest, a brown, splay foot, with the great toe spread like a torn thumb.

David lay quite still, but could not regain the conviction that he was asleep.

The twisted foot moved slightly. It was no incubus, then, but flesh and bone; for though it shifted, David felt no change in the weight or force which held him flat in bed.

From over by the table there came the scratching of a match, the tinkle of a glass chimney, and then streaming lamplight. And now, fully awake, David saw that the foot and calf and knee belonged to a vigorous, living body—a body in coat and rolled-up trousers of tawny khaki; a body surmounted by the huge, red turban of a Sikh, from below which, however, scowled a broad, vicious face—the head in a red cloth which last night had overcome poor Miss Naves. It was the face, also, of the savage with the yellow hair, the head-hunter in the *banca*.

The fellow was hauling taut a cord of brown *areng* fibre, the last end of a rope passed around the bed in several turns, over and under.

"Aha, by Jove!" said a quiet but exulting voice. "You are awake? It is Capitan Gullivair among the little piggoties! Ha-ha! Capitan Gullivair waking. Quite so!"

"What the devil!" Raging in his bonds, David turned his face toward the lamp.

The speaker, in white jacket, red sash and bright-patterned skirt, wore, atop his mottled *ikat*, the little gilded bowl hat of a coachman. His face, alert, suave and bold, was that of the yellow man who had steered the *banca*. It had the true half-breed color, too pale for Asia, too swarthy for Europe. And David, seeing this truth for the first time, saw why the voice could be Rosario's.

"Please, Mr. Bowman! Not speak so loud." The coarse, humorous lips, pouting out a cigarette, appeared over the lamp-chimney, and at once blurred behind a red spark and a streamer of smoke. Then, swinging gracefully into the long chair, and twitching his gay skirt around his legs, the intruder settled down to smoke, lazily.

"Not so loud, because"—his soft eyes held a gleam of humor, as he talked slowly, between puffs—"because, if you try to make noises, and boister, so that people wake up adjoiningly—well, see!—Kulo!"

The twisted foot was lifted from David's chest. The head-hunter eyed his master, nodded his great, red turban at some sign, and from a wooden sheath in his belt pulled out the short, wavy blade of a Javanese kris, bronze-green with age. This in hand, he perched on the edge of the bed.

"You see!" continued Mr. Rosario, from the chair. "It is purely local vernacular weapon, but my Kulo is—ah—jolly good at that—ah—that sort of thing. So all I ask, dear fellow, is not to speak a bit loud."

David, with his head twisted over on the pillow, grew sick of the continual, watching smile.

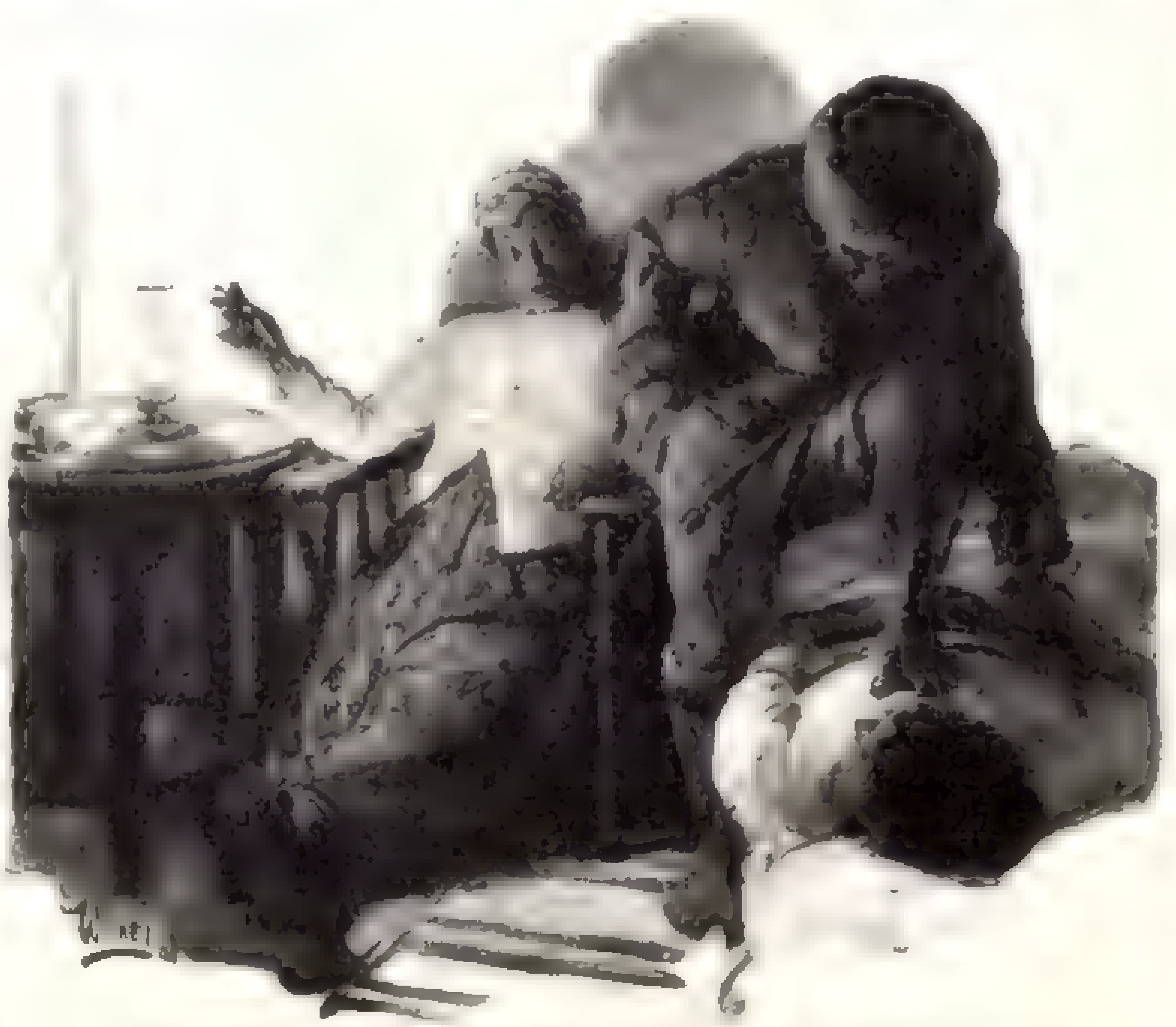
"Well," he said at last, "what do you want?"

"Aha!" The other nodded approval.

"That is very sensible remark, by Jove, now! I knew you would be sporting man. And that is why I must adap'—ah, must adop' this method. You know, Kulo does for me all—all that sort of thing, because I am physically timid man. I envy you people so much! I would say, admire: so I take this—ah—means to give you the fairplay, by Jove!"

David gave an impatient laugh.

"Oh, yes! I understand." Mr. Rosario waved his cigarette in deprecation. "But if I had *not* been fair sportsman, my Kulo could have—you know—without waiting for all the bally rope. And *then* we could do as we liked. Instead, see, I sit here talking to you."



"Not So Loud, Because, if You Try to Make Noises, and Bolster, So That People Wake Up Adjoiningly—Well, See!—Kulo!"

"Great pleasure," said David.

Rosario laughed silently, a long shaft of blue vapor stealing from his open lips.

"Now *that* is why I like you," he rejoined earnestly. "You are so gruff and—ah—droll. When we met, in the *banca*, it was deuced hard, I say, not to be talking to you. But you took me for pure native, and I was glad you thought so; because ——"

"Because," put in David, eying him coldly, "you were then going to kill another man."

Rosario held up a graceful, brown hand.

"Ah, now," he argued plaintively, "that was poor Kulo's mistake. He was to snatch and run. But he is only savage, and—ah—lost his head. When he fears he hates. It is—it is aboriginal fashion. Aha, quite so! That time, see, he did not even snatch. He heard your noise too quickly. He still thinks you are *anito*—what is the word again?—ghost. He says you are strong as the devil. Ha-ha!"

The half-breed rose, lighted a fresh cigarette over the lamp, and sank back in luxury.

"Kulo is faithful," he said. And at his words, the great turban rose to the edge of David's vision, and lowered. "Jolly faithful beggar, yes! But full of—ah—quaking superstition. You saw him bolt for Grisseh yesterday? Pure funk, at something. Ah, my word, what trouble he has given me!"

"His feet, now." The speaker uncrossed his legs under the *sarong*, and wriggled his own shapely toes in the lamplight. "Kulo's feet, they are marked men. I say, 'Hide them, hide them, Kulo'—but, by Jove, he cannot put them in his pocket, now? Ha-ha! Of course, he stays behind me. You did not see them in the *banca?* No fear! But people see them on shore, and they are interesting specimen of *fa—wing*, that comes from climbing bare-feet up clay mountain-path, in the rains. Ah, my word, they have given me trouble!"

The edge of the bed creaked. The head-hunter, restless at so much talk, grunted.

"You hear him?" said his master, and replied curtly in gutturals. "I told him, 'Not yet.' Poor Kulo, he hates you. He is so—ah—rudimental."

"He's not chattering, like you," said David. "Come, what do you want?"

The half-breed grinned, and began fumbling in his red sash. Presently he rose, and, with a scrap of paper between his brown fingers, came across to the bed.

"Can you read lying so?" he inquired pleasantly, and held before David's eyes the torn half-sheet of a letter. "The light is bad."

It was strange to see, on this soiled fragment, the same handwriting as on the packet hidden under the pillow. By squinting hard, David could decipher the words:

. . . and have begun to make myself felt in these wild parts. What I'm getting for *you*, dear little old girl, is a set of the most perfect matched pearls to be found, graduated from little to big, for your necklace, like the old coral thing you . . . a pretty penny, but . . . because you are the only one . . .

David looked up, without compromise, into the broad, smiling face of his captor.

"Well?" he said. "Why didn't you steal the whole letter?"

Mr. Rosario, with easy dignity, folded the paper inside his sash, retreated, and sat down again by the lamp. His face, all at once, grew stolid.

"Now you see," he said, in a hard voice. "We have talked enough. You call me thief, and all that. Very well. My mother, like Kulo's, was a girl in the *olag*. My father, he was a Goanese. Well? I am nothing—yet. But I am jolly tired of the brown men's world—where you roast by day, and shiver over a little fire all night, and wish for the morning again. Now, white men play at the crickets, and stay all happy. So will I, by Jove! But first comes the money, for that is *their* world. Well!"

He dashed his cigarette on the tiles, and stamped it out with his bare foot.

"Now, I know pearls." His voice, though subdued, grew still harder. "Kulo, he knows, for his hair is—ah—bleached with diving for me. We fought that man who is dead now, and some of his we got. Now I want the others, his best. Where are they?"

David made no answer.

"Of course," Rosario drawled. "You are physically brave, and—ah—therefore obstinate and damn silly." He bounced out of his chair, and came quickly but silently to the bed.

"Where are they?" Once more he waited; then made an angry sign. "Kulo!"

The savage reared his turban, and, gripping his kris, held the wavy, green blade in readiness. The white of his eyes widened suddenly, and his breath came shorter.

"I gave you the fairplay," said his master slowly. "Now, where?"

From the villages below the clouds rose the hollow strokes of the time-logs, beating five o'clock.

David, though still dumb, could not take his eyes from that green blade, in shape like a tongue of flame, and seeming to quiver. And thus, before his fist could tighten, the half-breed's hand whipped under the pillow, and out.

"Aha, quite so! It is the same writing."

Rosario went skipping back, held the packet under the lamp, shook it and listened, weighed it in his palm, and sniffed the red wax of the seals—all with a stealthy grin, now at his prize, now at David. "Aha! I had a jolly good guess where, you see."

Tucking the packet into his sash, he became very brisk and cheerful.

"Now, my dear chap, our business is all finish." He twitched his gay skirt, and straightened the little gilt bowl on his head. "It has struck five, and we—ah—must be off. Now see: Kulo has put up his knife; I treat you kindly, when I might have snobbed you—ah—slogged you in bed! All because I like you."

He picked up from the table a short cylinder of bamboo. "Of course, you do not follow us from here. Now I

(Continued on Page 27)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 30, 1909

Mythology Outdone

SOME gods, we know, favored the Greeks, and some the Trojans. But we do not recall any case where the same gods, to the same heroes, spoke words of blessing in one ear and of damnation in the other; with one hand helped and with the other hindered; at once showered laurels and cobblestones; armed the breast with impenetrable brass and in the same motion delivered a paralyzing jolt between the shoulder-blades.

So far as we are aware, therefore, mythology contains no exact analogy of the present blissful and excruciating position of the Standard Oil gentlemen. The Supreme Court denied the Government's petition for a review of the famous twenty-nine-million-dollar fine. The decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals, reversing the lower bench and practically annulling the fine, thus stands impregnably, and the company may congratulate itself that, if it did accept rebates, it cannot be punished appreciably. But, almost in the same breath, the same Supreme Court canceled the injunction against New York's eighty-cent-gas law. Therefore, Consolidated Gas stock—commonly called a Standard Oil property—dropped thirty-five dollars a share, and delighted New Yorkers calculate that the company will have to pay them rebates on their old gas bills to the aggregate of nine million dollars.

Of Consolidated Gas there are eight hundred and thirty-four thousand shares outstanding. If this decline of thirty-five dollars a share correctly represents the change in the company's position which was wrought by the decision, then, as any amateur mathematician can see, the loss was something over twenty-nine million dollars—thus offsetting the gain in respect of the big fine. We imagine the Standard Oil gentlemen, therefore, turning to their Gems of Poesy for appropriate sentiments coupling thorns with flowers, sweet with bitter, sunshine with rain.

The Supreme Court's refusal to review the big fine is, of course, regrettable. The decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals, which is thus left to stand as the law's last word on the subject, erects a rather flimsy barrier against rebating. We shall be happily disappointed if there is not now a revival of activity in that piratical line.

The New Boy in School

CHINA today is the new boy in school. It is tolerably well settled that he will stand a great deal of bullying. But is there a point at which he will fight, and, if he does fight, will he lick somebody? Such, in substance, is the rising Far Eastern question. Judging by experience, one may steal his apples and put pins in his seat with impunity; but durst one pull his pigtail? This problem Western diplomacy is anxiously revolving.

The other day, Yuan Shi Kai was dismissed from several important Chinese offices. The consent of the Powers had not been asked. Therefore, diplomatic circles were agitated. Should China be permitted to dismiss a premier or should China's shins be kicked and the premier be put back?

Must China, like Japan, lick some European nation before international polity will treat the country as competent to work out a destiny? General Kuropatkin, for example, seems to think so. "The twentieth century," he writes, "is bound to bring a terrible conflict in Asia between Christian and non-Christian races." He thinks Christian nations should, therefore, forget minor differences among themselves in order that they may be prepared to stand together and shoot China into a proper state of grace and enlightenment.

The chance of a terrible conflict, for the purpose of keeping China in the leading-strings of Western diplomacy, would be brighter if war nowadays were merely the kingly sport that it was to Charles XII and the Great Frederick. But even in Russia, as General Kuropatkin himself testifies, the people object to fighting when they have nothing at stake. No Western people have any true interest in meddling with China.

Sauce for the Gander

IN ASKING why the Attorney-General has not prosecuted the Steel Corporation for absorbing the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, the Senate scores notably. That transaction obviously belongs in the same category with the Northern Securities case, with the control of the Southern Pacific by Union Pacific, which the Government is now attacking, and especially with the Tobacco Trust case, in which a decision favorable to the Government was handed down by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in November last.

The organization of the Tobacco Trust is like that of the Steel Corporation. Like that concern, it has absorbed various companies which were independent and competing. The decision against the Tobacco Trust says "every contract and combination in restraint of competition" violates the Sherman law. The Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was one of the most important competitors of the Steel Corporation. That its absorption by the corporation was "in restraint of competition," therefore contrary to law, can scarcely be doubted.

That this absorption was harmful to the public we do not in the least believe. The Sherman law—which, as Judge Lacombe points out in the Tobacco Trust decision, would prohibit "two individuals who were driving rival express wagons between villages in two contiguous States" from joining forces and operating a single line—is a foolish measure, and ought to be modified.

It is a fair question, nevertheless, whether the Department of Justice ought to prosecute some combinations under that act and refuse to prosecute others which stand in the same relation to it.

An arbitrary system of immunities and punishments, depending upon personal inclination, is generally condemned by social philosophers.

The Case of Cuba and a Colony

CUBA is again in the hands of a government of her own choosing. It is to the highest interest of the United States that she shall remain in that condition.

The conduct of this country in respect to the island is sometimes foolishly commented upon as though it were the result merely of excessive generosity. That view is not sound. Enlightened selfishness would have dictated exactly the policy which has been pursued. In holding Cuba as a colony we should gain nothing and lose much. Since 1899 our trade with Cuba has increased over threefold, or by a hundred million dollars. Meanwhile, our trade with the Philippines has increased barely fifteen millions. To Cuba we sell about six times as much as to the Philippines; from her we buy over eight times as much—over nine-tenths of it paying duty. Our trade with Cuba has increased quite steadily throughout the period. Our trade with the Philippines has grown very little the last four years. To British Hongkong we sell as much as to our own colony.

Even if we were in the position of Germany and Italy, with a population of about three hundred to the square mile (against our twenty-four), colonies would be a debit, a liability rather than an asset. More than five million Germans and nearly three million Italians have found room to expand in by emigrating to the United States. Neither commerce nor emigration follows the flag unless the flag happens to be in a place which would have attracted commerce and emigration, anyway. More citizens of the United Kingdom have emigrated to the United States than are to be found in Canada or Australia, although those countries have great natural attractions.

The Fake of Good Old Winter

"AND none of you will bid the winter come to thrust his icy fingers in my maw, . . . nor entreat the North to make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips and comfort me with cold," complained King John—which shows that, to a man who is dying of poison, winter may be very acceptable.

Formerly, cold weather was supposed to conduce powerfully both to health and virtue, simply because it was disagreeable—on substantially the same principle that fever patients were subjected to agonies of thirst and the Sabbath made a day of impenetrable gloom. Our forefathers, believing it was good for people to be miserable, naturally set great store by frostbites and chilblains. To be congealed, to become a huddling lump of iced jelly, with solid marble feet, was a state which they celebrated. Thanks to fuller statistics, we now know that midwinter is less healthy than dog-days, and crime rises as the thermometer falls.

It is a well-known fact that the so-called temperate zone is really temperate only in the southern part. The farther north you go the more intemperance you find. Owing to circumstances which need not be reviewed at this time, people inhabiting the frost belt have had the biggest say in the world for a long while. They have insidiously cultivated a notion that morality and blizzards go together; that virtue rather depends upon being half frozen half the year. We venture to casually mention, however, that the Mosaic law was not written behind a steam radiator; the founders of the great religions of the world lived in genial climes.

Around the blazing hearth zero weather is still admired—by guests who do not have the coal bills to pay. The poet still sings to the storm king; but, if he can possibly arrange it, he goes to Pasadena or Palm Beach to do it. Winter, in short, is an affliction.

The City of the Future

A SCIENTIST, discussing harbor improvement in a statistical manner, observes that "a very modest estimate for the end of the present century would make Chicago a city of ten million inhabitants." By an estimate quite as modest, based upon the experience of practically all American cities, we may say that the Chicago of the year 1999 will have created wealth to the amount of at least twenty billion dollars, and will be at her wits' ends to get hold of enough money to pay her policemen and sweep her streets.

Nothing else known to man creates wealth as rapidly as a modern city. Hardly anything else has so much trouble to get enough money to keep house with. The simple accumulation of inhabitants, operating automatically, will raise the rental value of real estate manyfold. The descendants in the second generation of two small children, now at school in England, may, in 1999, be drawing every quarter in rent from certain downtown lots more money than their grandfather paid for the fee of the lots. Neither they, nor their parents, nor their grandparents may ever have set eyes on those lots, or exerted themselves by so much as the lifting of a finger to enhance their value, or even be definitely aware whether Chicago is in the United States or in Africa.

The value of real estate in New York has increased about three billion dollars in ten years. The city itself did that just by growing. It will continue to do it as long as it continues to grow. Meanwhile, its own income, derived from taxes on this real estate, has increased twenty million dollars, or less than one per cent of the increased value which it has created. Incidentally, while the value of personal property in the city has doubtless doubled, the value of the personalty which is assessed for taxation has actually declined.

Fixing the Price of Gas

IN MARCH, 1906, after an extensive investigation conducted by the present Governor of New York, the legislature fixed eighty cents a thousand feet as a reasonable price for gas in Manhattan. The company, of course, appealed to the courts, and the case was referred to a master in chancery in July, 1906.

The master spent nearly a year taking testimony, which, with the accompanying exhibits, finally, filled fourteen printed volumes, comprising about ten thousand pages. The company claimed that it was entitled to earn dividends on twenty-four million dollars of "franchise value" and seven million dollars of "good will," besides the value of its tangible property. Allowing most of the company's claims, the master found that eighty cents a thousand feet was too low. In December, 1907, the United States Circuit Court reviewed the master's report and substantially confirmed it, enjoining the enforcement of the eighty-cent rate. According to the court's figuring, at eighty cents a thousand the company could earn but little over five per cent upon its just capital, and he thought it entitled to earn six per cent.

Now comes the Supreme Court, nearly three years after the passing of the act, reversing the Circuit Court, and finding that the company has not made good its claim that the eighty-cent rate is confiscatory. It cancels the injunction, therefore, but gives the company permission to apply to the court later, if actual experience has demonstrated that eighty cents is too low a rate to yield a reasonable return. The New York Legislature, with all the material facts before it, carefully studied the whole question. The court should never have undertaken to set aside the legislature's conclusions, unless actual experience had demonstrated that the rate was unjustly low.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Sedulous Scandinavian Securer

POSSIBLY, if Knute Nelson had stayed in Norway they would have made him king, but he didn't stay. Instead, he came to the land of the free and the home of the brave, and what he has done since that time in the way of garnering office and the emoluments thereof is sufficient to give any king who ever sat upon a throne a rush of blood to the head. King of Norway? Tush! tush! The Honorable Knute is the Champion Sedulous Scandinavian Securer. He is the eye that never sleeps. He is always on the job, and always with a job.

Every time our fellow-Norskies think of the Honorable Knute they give three long skoals and their blue eyes dim with tears. They take the little Olsons and Nelsons and Johnsons and all the other sons and show them the corrugated likeness of the Honorable Knute and tell them to go and do likewise. Think of it! He lit in these United States in 1849 and, after fighting gallantly through the Civil War, took a long running jump into the Wisconsin Legislature in 1868, and since that day has been on the spot, always. Is it any wonder his fellow-countrymen and their descendants are proud of him?

Running an inquiring finger down the record we discover that Knute first went to Chicago and then removed to Wisconsin, where, after he was admitted to the bar in 1867, he immediately began sedulously to secure. In 1868 and 1869 he was a member of the Wisconsin Legislature, which is not so bad for a young man just getting into the law. Then, in 1871, he moved to Minnesota, where the securing was better. Since that time he has secured regularly and with great honor, and now they are talking of making him chairman of the Rules Committee in the Senate, to succeed the Honorable Philander C. Knox, who goes into Mr. Taft's Cabinet.

Shoebrushy in General Tone and Effect

Always prompt, Knute did not hesitate when he got to Minnesota. Arriving, as has been said, in 1871, he turned up as county attorney of Douglas County in 1872 and held on through 1873 and 1874. Then, feeling the need for better things, he became a State Senator and stayed there until 1878. His talents made him a Presidential elector in 1880, a place with no particular profits, but with much glory; and in 1882 he took another glory place on the State Board of Regents. Simultaneously, he was elected to the Forty-eighth Congress as a Representative, and remained in the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses. In 1892, after a short breathing spell, he was elected Governor of Minnesota, and his grateful constituents reëlected him in 1894. Then, in 1895, he went to the United States Senate and he has been there ever since, with reëlections in 1901 and 1907. He will be Senator until 1913, anyhow, and probably as much longer as he wishes, for Minnesota has the Nelson habit, and far be it from Knute to break it.

The Trade-Mark of Minnesota

VERY few of our statesmen have pushed the clouds away so often and so successfully as Knute. If you think he does not know the exact value of being a Scandinavian in Minnesota, please forget it, for he does. Also, if you think he is not a politician from the ends of his stubby toes to the top of his square head, please forget that, for he is. Moreover, do not entertain any doubts about his ability, his integrity, his resourcefulness, his rank as a Senator and his strength at home.

Knute Nelson is a sort of a trade-mark for Minnesota. Statesmen come and statesmen go from that fine North State, but Nelson goes on forever. To be sure! They can't stop him!

You see, the Scandinavians hang together. You may talk about other nationalities in our body politic being clannish, but they are mere unorganized crowds when it comes to comparing them to the big, blond fellows who have played so important a part in the upbuilding of the Northwest.

"Who shall we nominate for county judge?" asked the county chairman in Minnesota of his committeemen.

"Ole Olson."

"Who for county clerk?"

"John Johnson."

"Who for county treasurer?"

"Pete Petersen."

"Sheriff?"

"Swan Swanson."

"Constable?"

"Jim Jones."

Perplexed, the chairman looked around. "Why Jim Jones?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the proposer of Jones, "we've got to do something to catch the American vote."

Now, that is the kind of a constituency behind Knute Nelson. They are for him and he is for them. He knows them and they know him. Nelson? You bet, born in Norway, too, and glad of it, and garnering, garnering, garnering all the busy years.

If Knute would let his whiskers grow he would look like a Viking, who, so far as pictorial representations at hand can show, were hirsutely inclined. All of our leading Vikings, the chaps who sang the sagas and discovered America before C. Columbus was even dreamed of in sunny Spain, had long beards and long hair and were great hands at the oars. When you take a look at Knute you can imagine him a Viking, all but the whiskers. No self-respecting Viking would wear a brannigan like Knute's. He would have been put out of the union if he had. The Nelson brand of whiskers is unique in the Senate. Uncle Shelby Cullom has something that resembles it, and the Tearful Teller also sports a few bristly hairs in somewhat the same manner.

Nelson's are in a class by themselves. They begin at the lower hypothenuse of the inframaxillary and extend in a straight line to the corner of the mouth, continuing, substantially in the manner set forth, around the chin and to the other hypothenuse of the other infra. They are carefully rounded, individually virile and fine, and shoebrushy in general tone and effect. And above them is a long, thin, compressed upper lip that shuts snappily down, thereby giving the Senator a fierce look that extends upward to the lids, where it is incontinently routed by the twinkle in the Nelsonian eyes.

The Gentlest Viking of Them All

YOU take a look at the Viking—all but the whiskers—and you say: "Gosh, what a fierce man!" Then you take another look and mutter to yourself: "Well, I guess he ain't so gosh-almighty fierce, at that." Nor is he. The Honorable Knute is as gentle a Viking as ever demanded economy in the appropriations for all States except Minnesota.

He is chairman of the Public Lands Committee in the Senate and has a wide and comprehensive knowledge of the public domain, its needs and the needs of the people who homestead it. He is just as conservative as he looks. You never hear the Honorable Knute raising his voice for the mere pleasure of raising it. When he says anything he has something to say. Moreover, he is as earnest as he is serious, which means that he is earnest from early morn to dewy eve and through the stilly watches of the night. He is squat and square, heavy-shouldered and short-necked. When he gets up you expect to hear some solid stuff, and you do.

Still, the Senator is not one of those stubborn statesmen. He knows the game of give and take. No man could remain in office all the years he has, even if born in Norway and living in Minnesota, unless he was a diplomatist, and Nelson is just that. He is acquainted with the wiring in and wiring out of politics, and when plums fall you will generally find Senator Knute is at the exact spot where the fruit is dropping thickest and ripest, tucking a few choice specimens away in his jeans.

His specialty is horse-sense. Odd as it may seem, there is not so much horse-sense in the Senate that it is burdensome. You can get logic—there—or what passes for logic—and eloquence, and law until you are black in the face, and interpretations of the Constitution that would give John Marshall the pip, but horse-sense is rare. Thus, when Senator Knute exhibits some of his he gets an audience, for, as is the way of mankind, even the person who has not horse-sense thinks he has and hastens, always, to compare his horse-sense with the horse-sense exuded by others, cheering vivaciously for the sample that is being shown, by way of making himself think his is just as good.

Horse-sense?

Just take a look at those jobs he has held and ask yourself if any other kind would have held him all these years with those skoal folks up North.

The Swedish Peril

"AND what," inquired an anxious seeker after truth of J. Adam Bede, who comes from Minnesota, where there are many Scandinavians, and who may thus be supposed to know all about modern Scandinavian affairs—"And what was the reason Sweden and Norway separated?"

"Well," replied Bede, "I'll tell you. It was this way: As you very well know, all the people in Sweden study and practice Swedish massage. It is a national accomplishment. The consequence came to be that everybody in Sweden became a masseur and there was nobody left in the country to massage. Thus, the Swedish massage artists moved over to Norway and insisted on massaging the Norwegians, and that settled it."

"Settled what?"

"Why, the Norwegians positively would not stand being massaged by a lot of Swedes and they just up and seceded."

The Curus Hawgs

"THEY'S some parts of that Arkansaw country where the hills is steeper than all git out," said Gib Morgan. "Steepest I ever see.

"Why, I was comin' along one day an' I run inter a drove of hawgs. I noticed they all had slits cut in their ears. I was kinder curus about it an' I stopped to see what the slits was for.

"Simple enuf. I was tellin' you the hills was steep there. Well, them hawgs was on to it. When they had to come downhill they just put one of their hindlegs through a slit in an ear and rough-locked themselves down the hill. Talk about smart hawgs and steep hills! Giddap."

The Personal Issue

BROWN has been head bellman at the Arlington Hotel in Washington for many years. A few days before election a man who knows him well asked Brown what he thought of the coming struggle between Taft and Bryan.

"Well," said Brown, "I hope there will be a change of Administration. This crowd has been in twelve years now, and the people who come here know as much as I do. If we get a change we'll have a lot of new people coming and it will be a good thing for me.

"So far as the general effect on the country is concerned, if Mr. Bryan is elected," concluded Brown, "I haven't gone into that yet."

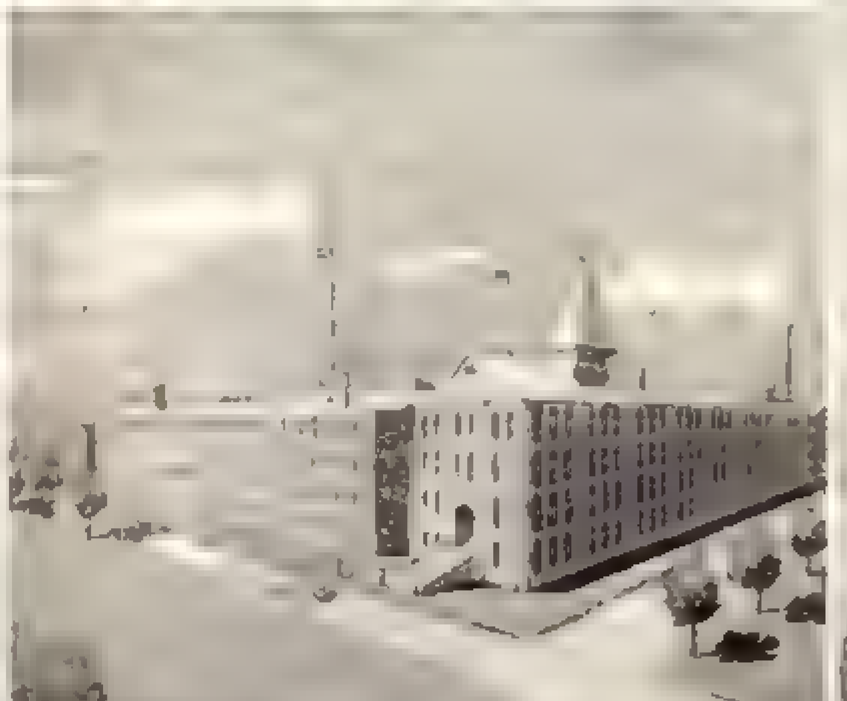
The Hall of Fame

¶ Cardinal Gibbons is so small and slight that he does not look to weigh more than 115 pounds.

¶ Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican National Committee, used to be a golfer and could easily get in form again to qualify for the Taft Golf Cabinet.

¶ Joseph Pulitzer, editor and owner of the New York World, spends most of his time at sea in his big yacht, Liberty, and carries a few tons of private secretaries with him on each voyage.

¶ Senator Knox has a fine Cabinet name for signing purposes. He will sign "P. C. Knox," which is easy. The three preceding Secretaries of State had easier ones, though. They signed W. R. Day, J. Hay, E. Root.



The new Ingersoll-Trenton factory at Trenton, N. J., devoted exclusively to making one watch only.

The New Ingersol

The Best Seven Je

PROBABLY every "POST" reader knows that the Ingersoll
it is built upon the principle of greatest service to the gre
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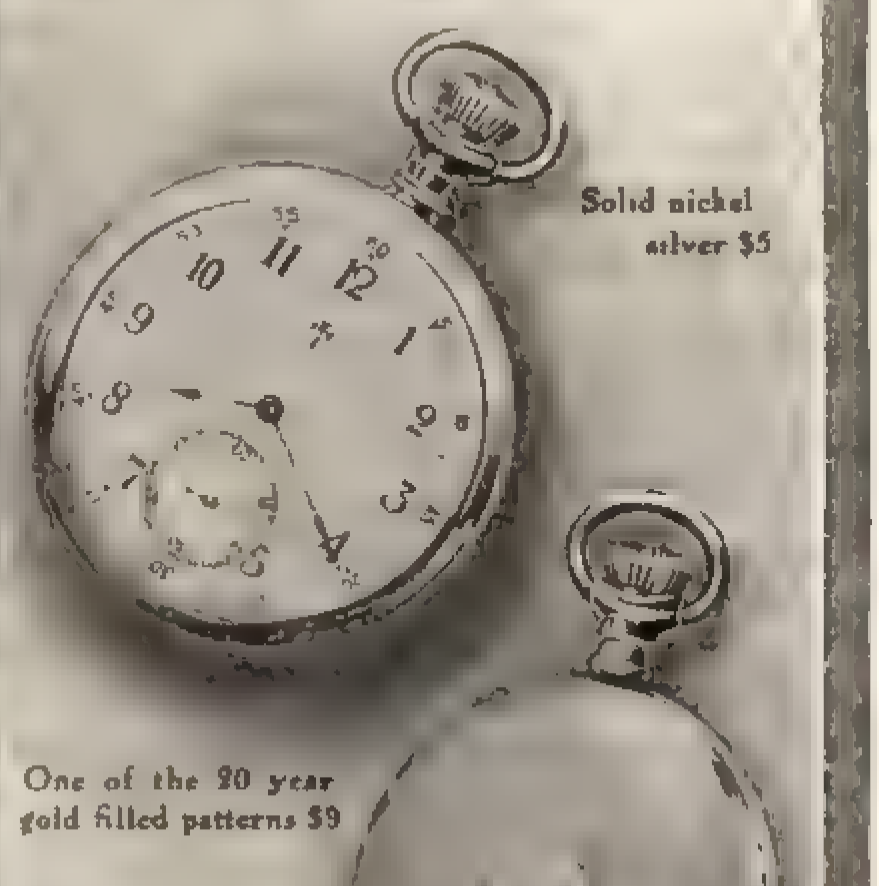
is simply a reproduction of this *success* and *ideal* and *metho*
for sensational results—and so we ask you to read on—our st

Seventeen years ago the Ingersoll Watch entered a field barren of watches for the every-day man. Nearly seventeen millions have been sold, largely to those who would otherwise have remained watchless.

The new "I-T" enters a field wherein high grade watches are sold at almost prohibitive prices because of antiquated and illogical systems; the ten great factories for the most part make movements or "works" only, sending out their product incomplete; each makes from six to thirty different sizes and kinds in relatively small quantities and at correspondingly high costs; nearly all have forsaken the models of popular demand for the extravagantly jewelled ones which pay exorbitant profits; all are selling without any guarantee to the purchaser, notwithstanding the high prices obtained,—a real *guarantee* for *five years* as placed in each "I-T" being an unknown and unheard-of thing; all are struggling to minimize the

NEW INGERSOLL-TRENTON

Illustrating several of the cases



Ⓣ The Ingersoll-Trenton—Its Mark Ⓣ

Remembering that the American people to-day are buying more Ingersoll Watches than all others combined, you will understand our faith in concentration and specialization on one model. When you realize that every high-grade watch has nearly 150 parts, involving over 3000 operations in manufacture, you will see that when some factories multiply this by 25 or more different models they carry a load of detail and complication that makes economical production impossible

Concentration on one watch means simplification, doing one thing, becoming expert at it, and doing it well; cutting out non-essentials and delivering **value**; for instance, some factories spend several dollars per watch elaborately decorating the movement which adds neither to accuracy nor durability.

Again, a factory making only one watch depends entirely upon that watch for its success. It has no costlier movements to hold back its best features and workmanship for. It can afford to and **must** put its most careful work and improvements into its one watch.

Factories making many grades find it expedient to slight their moderate priced goods in favor of their extravagantly jeweled, most profitable models. But in the "I-T" are combined all of the improvements and real workmanship known to fine watch-making. Consequently it contains important features found only in the highest priced of other makes, which cannot be described in this space.

The above explains why there has never been a really high-grade 7 jewel watch and why the "I-T" is by all odds the world's best 7 jewel product.

Many jewels do not make a fine watch; they should be used only to protect the points of friction and wear. In every fine watch there are five such active points of friction and it takes 7 jewels as bearings to protect them. These are in the "balance" and "escapement" (the parts that you can see moving) and they make 432,000 motions every 24 hours and do need jeweling. But the other parts turn slowly, like the hands, only once a day, hour or minute. What excuse is there for applying jewels to bearings where there is so little wear? The 7 jewel "I-T" has all the practical accuracy and durability possible in any high-grade watch. **Compare it at your jeweler's with the whole field of watches and see what YOU think.** "I-T" merits are easily recognized.

Design and **workmanship** are the true marks of the superior watch. The best watches in the world are of a type known as the "bridge" model, and the "I-T" is of this type.

Most 7 jewel watches are of the "plate" model like the Dollar Watch, and even those in the bridge model are not properly made and finished because then they would be as good as the many-jeweled ones and would spoil their sale. The "I-T" is the best designed bridge model ever made. It is a wide-open-for-inspection design that cannot cover up poor workmanship, and always preferred by jewelers and experts. Note the illustration.

Workmanship means the care with which the wearing parts are made, finished and polished, and determines both **durability** and **accuracy** in a fine mechanism like a watch. In the "I-T" watch there is so little friction and wear that it uses the **lightest mainspring** of any watch of its size, yet is so carefully made and so easy running that from this light spring the balance wheel receives sufficient power to give it that full, strong, regular beat or "motion" denoting **exceptional accuracy.**

In the "I-T" there is a new patent stem-wind device, the best in **any** watch, which disposes of the most frequent of all causes of repairs in watches.

The "I-T" watch is sold only in the special "I-T" cases, of which there are three grades—solid nickel, 10 year and 20 year gold filled.

About Gold Filled Watch Cases. Here you, the buyer, as well as the jeweler, are at a disadvantage. You can't tell how much gold is in a case or how long it will wear. This has bred a condition which leads a trade paper to characterize the case industry "as rotten a branch as there is in all the jewelry business." Of the dozen case factories all but two or three put out goods stamped "Guaranteed" "5" "10" or "20" years, knowing that they have only gold enough to wear half or quarter of the guaranteed period, but figuring that people will forget or will not trouble to insist upon their rights. Any jeweler can verify this. Dealers place little reliance upon the guarantee stamp except those of the two or three honest makers. The "I-T" ten year cases contain about **double the gold value** of any other ten-year case. The twenty-year cases are distinctly superior in finish and appearance to any other cases on the market. Both will give actual wear for the full guarantee period or will be replaced free. No such cases can be bought on other watches at the "I-T" prices.

The vital importance of completing a watch at its factory, casing it, timing and adjusting it under the conditions of actual use with all of the facilities and system that only a factory possesses is fully explained in our booklet and this method gives the new "I-T" a material advantage over watches marketed by ordinary methods.

Price List The "I-T" movement is cased in three grades of cases. In time-keeping qualities, of course, all are the same.

In solid nickel silver open face case, screw back and bezel - -	$5.00
In 10 year gold filled open face, case engine turned or fancy engraved in several patterns. -	$7.00
In 20 year gold filled open face, screw back and bezel case, plain polished engine turned or fancy engraved	$9.00

Same in jointed back case $10.00; 20 year Hunting case, plain or fancy, $11.00.

The prices of "I-T" Watches are plainly published, preventing over-charge. They are sold only through *responsible* jewelers who receive them direct from the factory, saving you wholesalers' profits. They will not be sold by tricky or trashy stores or those demanding excessive profits. Any responsible jeweler in your locality can supply them, or if he will not, they will be sent express paid on receipt of price.

Booklet For those who would be posted on watches and judge them intelligently we have published an "I-T" booklet, full of interesting information. Mailed free to those requesting it.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., "Watch Makers

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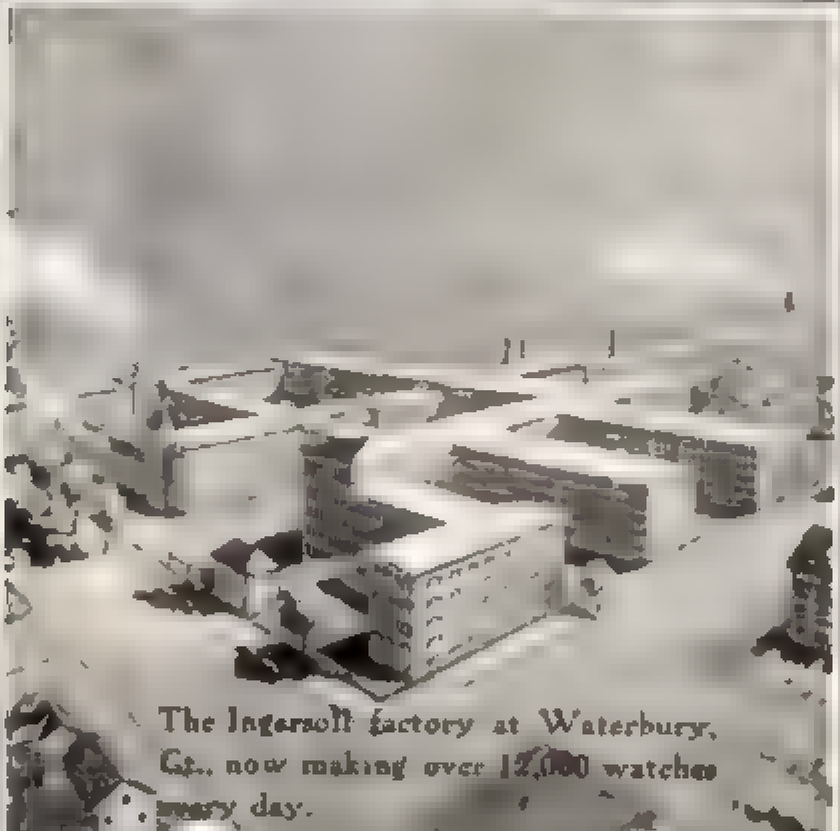
The Ingersoll factory at Waterbury, Ct., now making over 12,000 watches every day.

Dollar Watch is the great popular watch success of the world;
test number and its method is specialization on one perfected
—yes, *three* million in 12 months; the new Ingersoll-Trenton
' on a higher plane, and in a field equal in its opportunity
ry is full of interest:—

sales of seven-jewel watches (which reach, or should if properly made, the practical limits of perfection) and forcing sales of high priced ones which few would buy if they knew the hair-splitting differences between them.

The Ingersoll organization is equipped to make high-grade watches at popular prices, and will: **1st:**—Specialize and concentrate on one model only, producing it in enormous quantities and at enormously reduced costs by systems known only to its organization. **2d:**—Make the best seven-jewel model in the world by giving it every essential of the higher-priced goods of other makers. **3d:**—Never make a watch except complete in its case, adjusted, timed, and regulated ready for the wearer. **4th:**—Sell its product at prices that meet popular demand. **5th:**—Supply a strong, plain guarantee with its high-grade watch as it does with its dollar one. **6th:**—Protect its patrons against frauds in watch cases as well as shams in fictitious movement prices.

The Ingersoll Watches and Their Utility

The Ingersoll watch through its sturdy reliability has become an accepted feature of American life. Everybody knows it by name and millions know by experience that it is a better time keeper than the bulk of watches sold at several times its price.

Some of our most eminent Americans rely upon it to guide their active hours. Hosts of business men and others in the ordinary walks of life find that it answers their every requirement. Our children are taught to tell the time by it and it is their trusted companion through the school days. It is almost invariably a feature of every outing trip, and is carried by those whose occupations expose a watch to rough usage, danger of theft or loss. Travelling men feel safe with it; doctors, out all hours of the day and night, prefer it; electricians and those working on electric cars and around dynamos use it because it is non-magnetic; in the mills and in the mines of the country it is the standard time; many a bugle call in the U. S. Army is sounded on Ingersoll time; in our Navy it is the adopted mate of many tars on every ship; in the fields, on our farms, in our schools, everywhere one turns he will find this watch doing useful service for the people.

Postmen, policemen, teachers, and others with whom punctuality is imperative, carry Ingersoll watches, not because they are low-priced alone, but first because they keep time and then because they are genuinely economical.

It is today the greatest example of the purchasing power of a dollar and though universal as its use has become, people have not ceased marvelling at an age that can produce so much for so little. Compared to any other thing that a dollar will buy it looms large in value. In this watch is found the most extreme demonstration of the American instinct for dispensing with the unnecessary and enlarging upon the essential.

Here is a watch that does almost all that those costing a hundred times as much can do. In what other field could such a showing be made? No human being can time his movements so precisely as the dollar watch performs, and for all the average needs of mankind it is sufficient

Ingersoll watches are as well known in Europe as at home. They fill a universal need and are sold throughout civilization.

There are pauper-made watches abroad which sell for less than the Ingersoll but they fall so far short of the real purposes of a watch that Ingersolls are ordered for export at the rate of several thousand a day.

In this country, too, there are imitations, yet they are so lacking in the reliability which distinguishes the original that they never become known, and only serve to mark the stores that seek a few cents extra profit at their patrons' expense, and to teach the people to look for the name on the dial of the genuine.

"Ingersoll"

is always stamped on the dial of the genuine

Ingersoll Watches

notwithstanding plausible explanations to the contrary by some dealers who substitute.

Other Ingersoll Watches

Besides the Dollar Watch there are three other Ingersolls, all of the same grade of movement as the dollar watch, equally reliable as timekeepers, but placed in solid nickel cases.

The Ingersoll "Yankee" is the well known dollar watch. Price	**$1.00**
The Ingersoll "Eclipse" is the same size as the dollar watch, but has several styles of case. Price .	**$1.50**
The Ingersoll "Junior" is a small, thin model men's or boys' watch, unusually stylish and attractive in appearance. Price	**$2.00**
The Ingersoll "Midget" is the ladies' model and is a dainty, little watch for women, girls and small boys. Price	**$2.00**
The Ingersoll "Universal" is the dollar watch in a neat, square metal case, making it into a paperweight, a desk or traveler's clock. The watch is removable for pocket use. Price	**$1.25**

All Ingersoll watches are stem-wind and stem-set and all are made in nickel finish, gun-metal finish and gold plate finish.

Ingersoll watches are sold by some 60,000 dealers in this country. There is no town so small but what some enterprising store handles them, while in the cities they are a feature of attractive window displays on every hand.

They will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by us if there is no dealer in your locality.

A printed guarantee accompanies each watch and the prices are always given on the box labels. Our booklet "P," giving full descriptions, will be mailed on request.

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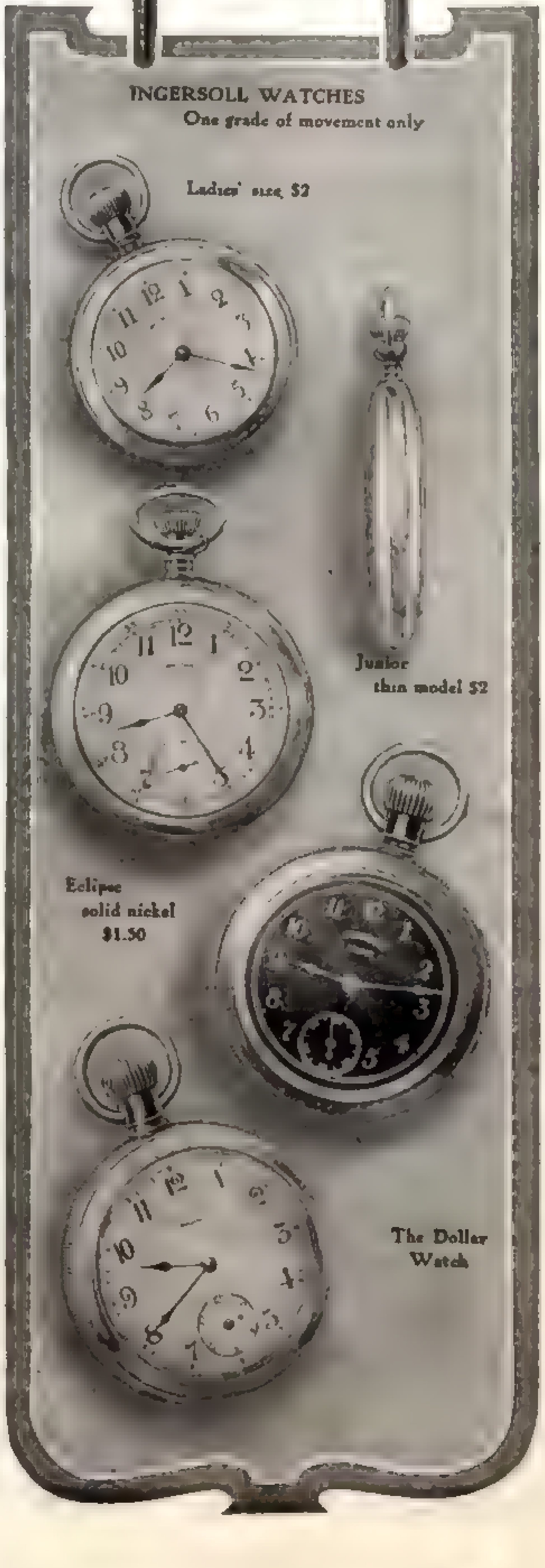


THE BUYING END

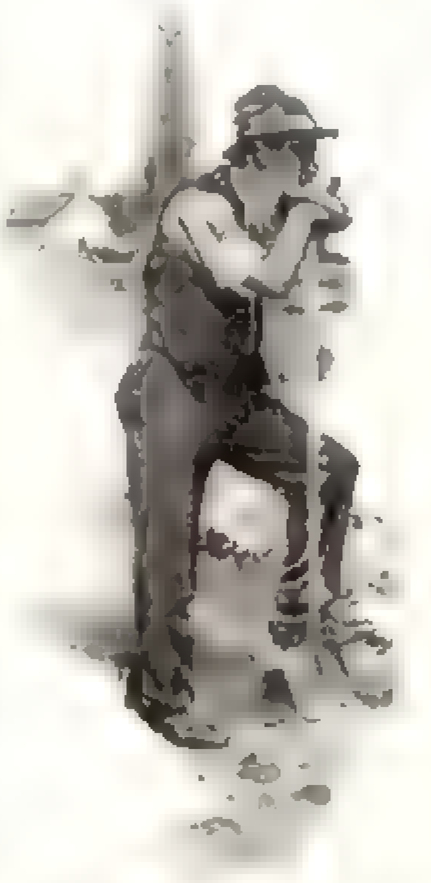
Buying as a Poker Game

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS V. WILSON

A GREAT amusement enterprise had been laid out on paper. Capital was behind it. The projectors had settled upon a site that was, in many ways, the only practicable location.

Problem: To purchase that site, get it at a reasonable price, get it for immediate occupancy.



The Market Gardener Saw Skyscrapers at the End of Each Row of Celery

The land needed embraced some dozens of acres that had been farms five years before. Its actual value was not high. But the real-estate promoter had already been that way, buying out some of the farmers, and teaching everybody to expect fine things in the near future. Here were two acres devoted to garden truck. At one corner a farm dovetailed in, still intact. Another two-acre plot, held by a small speculator, had already been marked out in regulation twenty-five-foot lots, though the trolley line might not be extended in that direction for years. Everybody was hanging on for the unearned increment. The farmer wanted suburban prices. The market gardener saw skyscrapers at the end of each row of celery. The man with the baby subdivision was set on edge by any stranger wandering on to his property, who looked like a purchaser.

A veteran real-estate man undertook to buy this site for the amusement syndicate. First he sent in a single agent, who worked quietly for a month, ascertained who needed money badly, and acquired two or three sizable plots near the center of the site. The transfers were no sooner made than word got abroad among owners. Purchasers had come! Names of Wall Street magnates were whispered mysteriously. Prices soared in an afternoon—up—up—up! They went beyond reason, and still each owner was afraid to sell for fear that values might go higher. Then the veteran appeared in person and took the principal owners into his confidence.

The Genial Lie

"Of course," said he, "you gentlemen understand why we want this property?"

"We've heard that Harriman or Morgan intends to transform it into a country estate," said the owners.

"Well, you shouldn't believe all you hear," the real-estate man said dryly. "Harriman nothing! This is going to be the largest and finest negro burying-ground in the United States."

That genial lie fell like a bomb among the owners. The agent already had enough land to start his mythical cemetery. Prices dropped as quickly as they had risen. Everybody hurried to sell before they went lower. In a week the syndicate had its site.

When it comes to purchasing under conditions like these, or buying anything for which there is competition, the methods are virtually those of a brisk poker game. Everything is fair, as in war and love. Shrewdness and secrecy are the weapons of some buyers, others carry on their deals in perfect openness, but every condition must be turned to advantage.

Directly after the panic, in the fall of 1907, two great railroad systems entering Chicago purchased land for new stations. In one case the company had quietly bought up the easiest parcels on its proposed site, and before prosperity vanished had acquired about thirty. There were nearly sixty more. The last was bought in before the panic month had ended. Presumably the financial stringency played an important part in closing deals.

"See!" croaked the agents to obdurate owners. "We offered fair prices. You wouldn't sell. What happened? Why, the bottom has fallen out of the United States—that's what Look at the runs on banks! Look at the interest asked for loans! In another week you won't be able to get money anywhere, at any rate. *Now* will you sell?"

They sold

The other railroad's purchases were all effected during the crisis, and evidently in consummation of a well-laid plan for taking advantage of the country's next commercial chill. In six weeks, more than twelve hundred separate realty holdings were bought in. Half a hundred agents invaded the proposed site one evening, buying tenements and shanties of small owners at panic prices. Several factories were secured at the same time because of pressure put upon owners by the money stringency.

Some years ago a railroad company needed an addition to its right of way through a certain Eastern city. The land comprised a dozen parcels. Had owners suspected that the railroad company wanted it they would instantly have raised demands above reason. The company intended putting some new buildings on this addition, and the contractor who made the successful bid on structural work effected the purchase.

A youngster in the contractor's employ was sent to get acquainted with these owners. He passed himself off as a college graduate starting life on moderate capital, ambitious to become a great manufacturer, and seeking a factory location. He was a very hopeful kind of "broiler," believed in the future of that city, and was anxious to settle in that neighborhood. But it must always be remembered that his capital was limited. If he could get his site at a reasonable price, well and good. If not he must seek elsewhere.

In the end he had the owners bidding against one another for the privilege of selling him a site, and at the proper moment all the parcels were bought in at competitive prices and transferred to the railroad.

Buying in competition is by no means all sharp practice.

One of the most spectacular real-estate operators in this country is a man whose deals and methods are about as free from small trickery as real-estate deals can probably ever be. The first operation he conducted, as a young man resolved to push himself into notice, was the purchase of a site now occupied by a great bank. For years realty brokers, investors and business men had tried to buy that site, only to give the project up. There were so many little owners of the many little odd-shaped plots making up that half-block, so many scattered heirs with interests in the rookeries used as saloons, so many old settlers in the records, dead and buried years ago, with dead and buried claims, who might come to life if a rich corporation took title to the whole thing, that everybody had given up the attempt to purchase and consolidate it Among others were the officers of the bank housed there today. The only comfort for any one who wanted this site was the reflection that nobody else could acquire it.

There Trotted at His Heels Abraham Rosen, Whose Practice was Strictly in Police Courts

This young operator, however, left a real-estate firm with whom he had learned the rudiments of his business, and set out to get that site for the bank. It was the hardest task in town, and would attract attention. If he got it for the bank he would interest powerful local capitalists.

And he did it. Little mystery or sharp practice was used. The job was accomplished by sheer hard work and endless patience. Every cloud on the record was taken up and cleared away. He traveled thousands of miles, running down obscure heirs, getting quit-claims from persons on the Pacific Coast, in Texas, in Canada, who had never known anything about the property. He raised old settlers from their tombs and got quit-claims before they dropped dead again in astonishment. He got it by months of work, and from that time has had a following of investors who finance any deal he undertakes.

The Value of Absence

His operations are confined to important business property in a few large cities. It may be a site for a bank, a theater, a hotel, lying in the course of the city's development, but dormant. Half a dozen prospective purchasers have their eyes on it, have made offers and are waiting for the owner to come down to their price. This operator acts on the very sound belief that desirable real estate is *never* going to be any cheaper—its tendency is always upward. So he purchases at the owner's price and later sells at a profit to one of the prospective purchasers who was waiting for the price to come down. This simple plan of campaign he has followed again and again. Yet human nature in real-estate deals seems to be such that, were he to operate a hundred years on the same lines, there would always be somebody to pay him more than he paid the original owner, as a consequence of unwillingness to pay the owner that much in the first place.

One story related of this man concerns an auction sale of a piece of business property of such magnitude that it was thought one corporation in that city had a clear field. No other concern could swing such a deal, apparently. But, on the afternoon before the sale, this operator visited the president of the company.

"What is it worth to you to have me stay away from the sale tomorrow?" he asked. "I think it's worth about twenty-five thousand dollars myself."

"It is worth exactly nothing to us," was the testy reply.

Next day the property was run up until the president had bid two million and twenty-five thousand dollars. All competitors had withdrawn. This was about the price the corporation meant to pay.

"Do I hear any further offers, gentlemen?" asked the auctioneer, poising his pencil and glancing around. "Two million and twenty-five thousand dollars! Two million twenty-five! Two-twenty-five, two-twenty-five—going—going—going—go ——"

"Twenty-one hundred thousand!" said a new voice at the rear of the room. The president turned angrily. It was the operator.

"Two million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars!" bid the corporation man sharply. And there were no further bids.

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"Sold!" announced the auctioneer, and by that single bid the operator had tacked a hundred thousand dollars on to the price of the other's property.

Competitive buying seems bound to run toward secrecy, complexity, roundabout methods. For in such deals it is plain human nature to want to hand the judge a cigar, or take one of the jury outside a moment and whisper in his ear. By the same token it is often plain, good sense, when methods grow altogether too complex, to introduce a little simplicity and open dealing.

In New York some years ago a new magazine along original lines made a conspicuous commercial success. Within a year, naturally, it had imitators. Only one of these, however, was a dangerous competitor. A nondescript periodical belonging to a cheap, little publishing house had been eating up profits from other business for several years.

When the new magazine began to boom this publishing house turned its nondescript into an imitation, with the policy of giving more of the same kind of articles and stories, in precisely the same dress, for about half the price.

The Power of Spot Cash

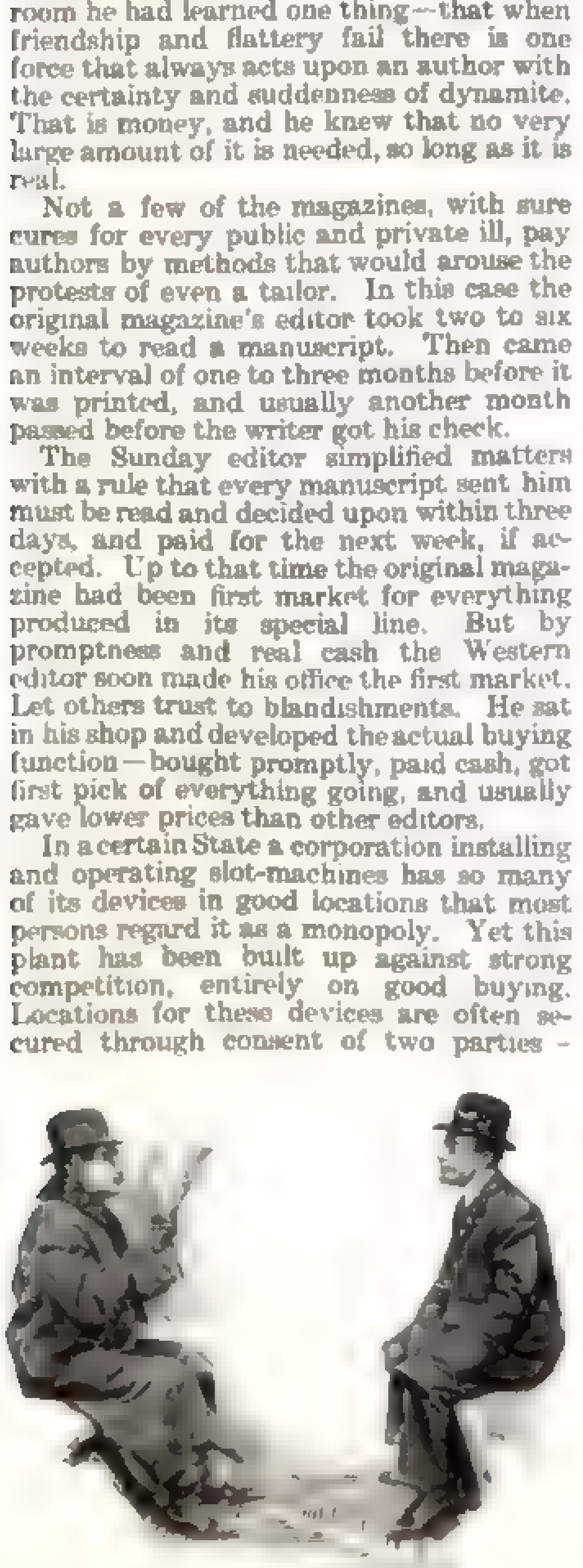
Now, when it comes to the competitive buying of manuscript, magazine editors certainly work hard. In this case every sort of blandishment was employed to persuade writers for the original publication to turn their best work in the direction of the imitations. Editors would send warm notes flattering an author, take him out to lunch, unfold vast plans in which he was the center, puff his work, trust that they would grow to be friends—in a word, carbonate him

The cheap, little publishing house put its imitation magazine in charge of a seasoned Sunday editor from the West—perhaps because he was cheap, too. This newspaper editor had no experience in "author-chasing," as it is done in the cultured East. But during long experience in the Sunday-room he had learned one thing—that when friendship and flattery fail there is one force that always acts upon an author with the certainty and suddenness of dynamite. That is money, and he knew that no very large amount of it is needed, so long as it is real.

Not a few of the magazines, with sure cures for every public and private ill, pay authors by methods that would arouse the protests of even a tailor. In this case the original magazine's editor took two to six weeks to read a manuscript. Then came an interval of one to three months before it was printed, and usually another month passed before the writer got his check.

The Sunday editor simplified matters with a rule that every manuscript sent him must be read and decided upon within three days, and paid for the next week, if accepted. Up to that time the original magazine had been first market for everything produced in its special line. But by promptness and real cash the Western editor soon made his office the first market. Let others trust to blandishments. He sat in his shop and developed the actual buying function—bought promptly, paid cash, got first pick of everything going, and usually gave lower prices than other editors.

In a certain State a corporation installing and operating slot-machines has so many of its devices in good locations that most persons regard it as a monopoly. Yet this plant has been built up against strong competition, entirely on good buying. Locations for these devices are often secured through consent of two parties—that of the tenant of property as well as its owner. The head of the company's purchasing department is a man who works chiefly through his intimate knowledge of leases and contracts pertaining to that particular business, and keeps track of everything happening in his State. He is also a pretty shrewd hand when it comes to judging people.



As He Rode Downtown the Buyer Sat Opposite

Some of the most desirable locations belonged to a great estate. This buyer and his principal competitors approached owner and agent, again and again, with offers to lease. The owner invariably referred the matter to his agent, and the agent absolutely refused to listen to proposals. In time he became absolutely deaf, blind and dumb on the subject, so persistent were the various buyers. After about a year they all gave this agent up—all except the buyer for the largest concern. When his competitors drew back before the landlord's man as an insurmountable obstacle, this buyer proceeded to use the obstacle as a stepping-stone.

His first move was to persuade a dozen of the landlord's tenants to enter into contracts. Thus a few machines were actually installed, and he had documents to show that his company paid rentals for the privilege. These installations, of course, were wholly irregular. But the buyer had found a place to rest one foot, as it were.

Then, with the contracts, he went after the agent in earnest. Every morning for two weeks, when the latter stepped out of his home, there was the buyer, asking if he cared to talk business.

As he rode downtown the buyer sat opposite, and asked him again when the agent got to his office. At night when the agent stepped out, there was the buyer again, thoroughly pleasant about it, and far too big to be thrashed

"Look here!" exclaimed the agent finally; "why do you dog me around in this way?"

"I want to do business with you," replied the buyer. "I've *got* to do business with you. My job depends on it. That's one reason."

"What's the other?"

"This—that you are not getting the best revenue out of your employer's property. Here are contracts showing that we pay to your tenants, every month, money that ought to come to your office."

Cornering the Agent

That made the agent wince. Had the buyer said as much to the owner, personally, the latter would undoubtedly have told him to go to Hades. The agent would have told him the same thing were he the owner of the property he managed. But the buyer virtually showed where he was unfaithful to his trust. Asking him into his office the agent looked over the contracts. At the bottom of the packet was a list of other properties the slot-machine company wanted, together with a table of yearly rentals offered. The aggregate income was about the agent's own salary.

"H'm," he reflected. "This proposition has never been brought up in quite that way before."

"What are your objections to letting us have these privileges?" asked the buyer. "Our machines are not gambling devices, but sell merchandise and give amusement."

"We object to them because they're so infernally ugly," said the agent.

"Suppose we get into a cab, go round and see those installed, and find out just how ugly they really are," was the suggestion.

Next day contracts were signed for all privileges listed

The buyer's relations with that agent have since been so pleasant that frequently in closing a deal on his own account the agent asks the buyer to draw the lease. Not long ago he asked him to draw a particularly strong lease against the buyer's own company, and the buyer did so. In his actual buying methods, contracts and leases play a vital part.

The knowledge he has gained of instruments covering his company's business did not come out of law books, but has been learned chiefly through drawing contracts to meet specific conditions, and then having them confirmed or reversed by the courts. He has learned law by bumping his head against it.

Let him effect one deal with a large landlord or agent, and he has not only made friends, but spiked the guns of competitors after similar privileges. For when leases are being drawn he covers his own company's side thoroughly, and then steps over on to the seller's side of the bargain, indicating where weak points have been left in clauses, showing how to strengthen them, and making the bargain equitable. The seller is impressed with this fairness. The buyer has really given nothing away—indeed, a lease clear and strong on both sides will be a safeguard against misunderstandings and litigation in future. The person who really suffers in such cases is the seller's attorney. For it is virtually suggesting that the latter doesn't know how to draw such an instrument. The buyer is tactful, however, and makes it plain to the seller that this is an obscure branch of law that no general practitioner has occasion to study.

One of the Cousins Handed Him His Favorite Cigar

About the same tactics are followed by this buyer in dealing with an overbearing seller. Occasionally a privilege is bought of some landlord or agent of small views, who hedges the bargain about with unreasonable restrictions. To refuse to meet such demands would probably throw the privilege to a competing company. So the buyer first compresses his own side of the bargain into two brief clauses, and quickly crosses over to the seller's side, helping him make tight and simple the dozen clauses *he* wants. When the seller's own clauses have all been written into the contract the buyer suggests others that had better be added for the seller's benefit. Some are unreasonable, others ridiculous. There is a certain equity to be maintained in such agreements. The buyer's purpose is to make the contract top-heavy on the seller's side. That sort of seller is usually a litigant, anyway. If he takes the contract into court it shows about twenty things the buyer has been asked to do for the seller, against only two services the buyer has asked the seller to perform.

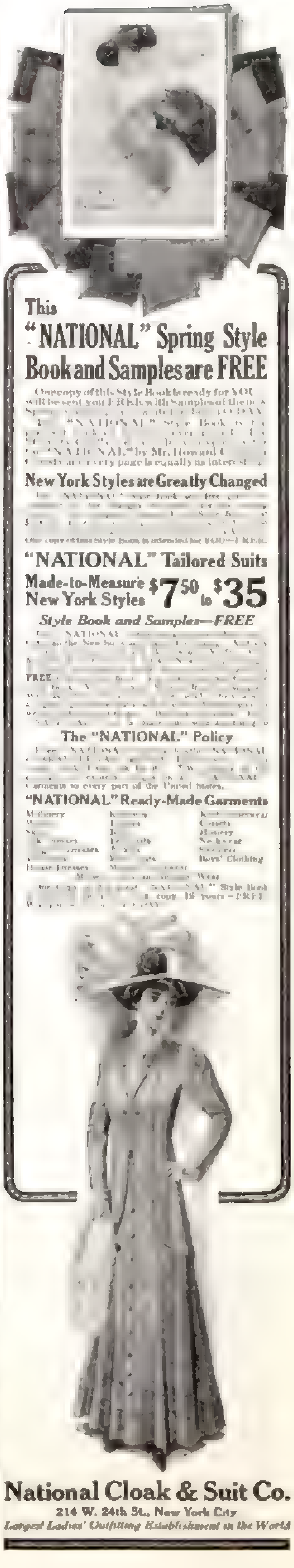
"You have manifestly sought every advantage," says the court to the seller, reading the stuffed contract, "yet have given the defendant little or nothing. Why, this contract is infamous! And now you have the hardihood to ask the law to help you grab more!"

Poker Applied to Business

Buying on poker principles covers a wide range of commodities, and touches human nature on many sides. It involves not only slot-machine locations, but the purchase of vast interests, and often the purchase of men, as in the historic fight for control of Northern Pacific, when the stock was run up to a thousand dollars a share and much of it was taken over by Harriman and the Hill interests from obliging "shorts," who sold it before they had it, and delivered shares for one-quarter what they paid themselves.

But in this sort of buying, as in many others, the bargain is by no means the whole thing. Deliveries may be more important. When Harriman held a clear majority of Northern Pacific he still failed to control the road. As buying pure and simple his strategy left nothing to be bettered. But Uncle Jim Hill, who is said to have spent that "Blue Thursday" buying new motive-power, had control of his directors as a practical railroader, and his directors did not deliver the goods.

A manufacturing concern had a general manager whose development of its organization had attracted wide attention in the whole industry. His contract was about to expire. Several other concerns tried to



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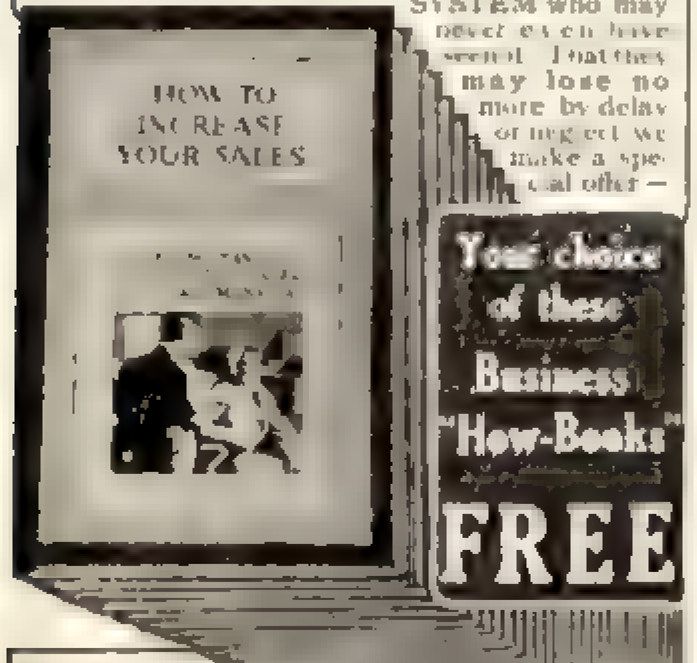
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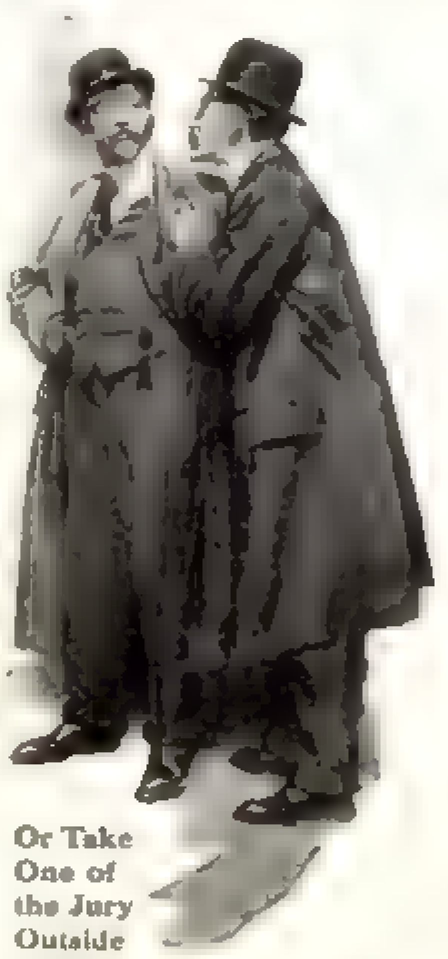
hire him at better salary. But loyalty held him to the old job

One of the most dangerous competitors of his company was a smaller concern owned by seven Hebrews—three brothers and four cousins. Their business, inherited from father and uncle, was solid and prosperous, but needed modernization. They considered it so important to engage this general manager that all seven members of the family came to the city where he was employed, spent a day in preliminaries, and then asked him to a conference. He was received in the "Imperial" suite of the best hotel. One of the cousins handed him his favorite cigar, the brand of which had been carefully ascertained. Then a brother complimented him on his genius, and a cousin stood at his elbow with something that they had found out he liked to drink. Then another brother delicately showed how there was not much room for him to grow any more in his present job, and a cousin outlined possibilities for growth with their concern. One after another, with the persuasion of their race, they worked upon him. The conference lasted all afternoon and terminated with an offer of so much money that the manager dared not refuse offhand. As he hesitated the door opened, and there was his wife to say that they could not afford to refuse such an opportunity. Then followed a magnificent dinner of the things he liked to eat, and finally he was won over.



Or Take One of the Jury Outside a Moment and Whisper in His Ear

As soon as consent had been given he was turned over to Cousin "Solly," who had done little thus far except tell a funny story occasionally during the conference. Solomon was the hard bargainer of the family. He would close the deal.

"Now, Mr. Harding," explained Cousin "Solly" cordially, "you need only sign the contract tomorrow—just a formality. You won't even need a lawyer. Out of compliment to you we have engaged Robinson, the biggest Gentile lawyer in the city. He is at your service, too. Can you be in his office about eleven?"

When the manager entered Robinson's office next morning, however, there trotted along at his heels the most diminutive Hebrew lawyer he could find, Abraham Rosen, whose practice was strictly in police courts.

"Dear, dear!" protested Cousin "Solly" in genuine dismay. "Why have you brought this man?"

"Well, you people are doing things up for me in the best style, retaining Robinson," said the manager. "I thought the least I might do was to hire a Hebrew lawyer as a compliment to you."

"But this man is nobody. It would hurt Mr. Robinson's dignity to appear with him in a case!"

The matter was compromised by permitting Rosen to sit in the room while the contract was read over. The little Hebrew shyster, outwardly immovable, was really swelling with pride. The honor of appearing in a transaction with the mighty Robinson delighted him. Furthermore, he knew that practice is built by giving your client's opponent a sound drubbing, so that next time he goes to law he will hunt up the attorney who beat him.

Robinson read the contract in a light, genial way, and little Abraham Rosen said not a word until it was finished. Then he rose in his place like a bantam cock, and, with the intensity of a practitioner who fights in the lowest courts for two-dollar fees, protested clause after clause. It was a battle of the swordfish and the whale. When Rosen got to the end of his modifications of the contract Robinson declared that he could not permit his client to sign such an agreement.

Eventually the signatures were attached, however, and then, quite as an afterthought, Cousin "Solly" brought up one final condition that had been overlooked. This was the pivotal condition of the whole, long bargain, however, and restricted the new manager in a number of ways. With his own hand the great Robinson wrote a new clause at the bottom of the instrument, and both parties signed it, the Hebrew attorney making no comment whatever.

"See here, Rosey!" complained the manager, once outside. "Why did you let them ring in that last clause, after fighting all the others? It ties me hand and foot."

Little Abraham smiled ironically.

"Don't let that worry you, Mr. Harding. Don't pay any attention to it. That won't hold."

"Won't hold?"

"Naw! At the bottom, there, it's a separate contract, ain't it? And it won't hold in court. No consideration named!"

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of papers by Mr. Collins upon the work and qualities of the men who do the buying for big businesses.

Waterless Garden Truck

UNLIMITED quantities of fresh vegetables have been served on board our battleships during the cruise of the fleet around the world. It is a new experiment undertaken by the Navy Department, and has proved successful beyond all that was hoped for it.

To speak more accurately, the vegetables are not really fresh, but are practically indistinguishable from the newly-gathered garden products, when cooked. They are packed in a water-free state, being deprived of every particle of their natural moisture.

This is accomplished, however, not by evaporation, in the ordinary sense, but by a newly-invented process.

Evaporation deprives vegetables not only of their water, but also, to a large extent, of the volatile essential oils and ethers which have so much to do with their flavors.

The method adopted in this case consists in shredding the cabbages, carrots, beets, or what not, spreading them on trays, and running them on cars into a tunnel, through which dry air is kept continually passing

This air is first deprived of its moisture by passing it over calcium chloride. When, at a temperature of only moderate warmth, it is drawn through the tunnel, it literally sucks the water out of the shredded vegetables, reducing them after a while to a condition of absolute dryness. No change in the flavor of the vegetables is produced, such as would be occasioned by high heat. Thus they retain in effect all of their original freshness, and when they are wanted for use it is necessary merely to restore the water, incidentally to the cooking.

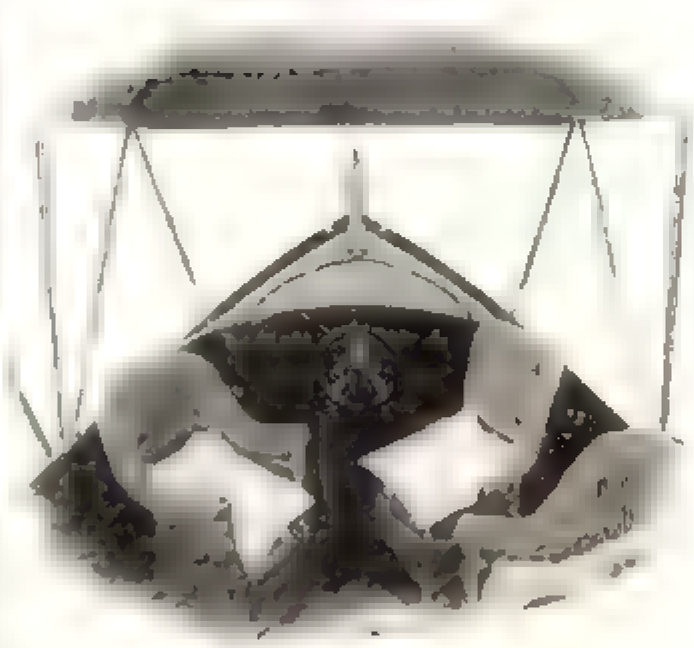
The green vegetables prepared in this way were found, when cooked, indistinguishable in taste from fresh. Onions were slightly tough, and potatoes had not quite the proper flavor, though excellent for hash. With these two exceptions, the water-free products were quite beyond criticism in respect to color, appearance and flavor.

Soup greens, put up in a mixture as such, were especially good. Cranberries seemed to be in no way different from the fresh article.

Apparently, vegetables in this water-free state will keep indefinitely, in tin boxes with screw tops. According to the figures given by the Navy Department, one pound of water-free spinach is equal to eighteen pounds of fresh spinach. One pound of carrots equals ten pounds of fresh, of cabbage fifteen pounds of fresh, of onions fourteen pounds of fresh, of potatoes seven pounds of fresh, of cranberries eight pounds of fresh, and a pound of soup greens is equivalent to twenty-two pounds of the fresh product.

The invention of this process will mean much to seamen.

Looking Forward



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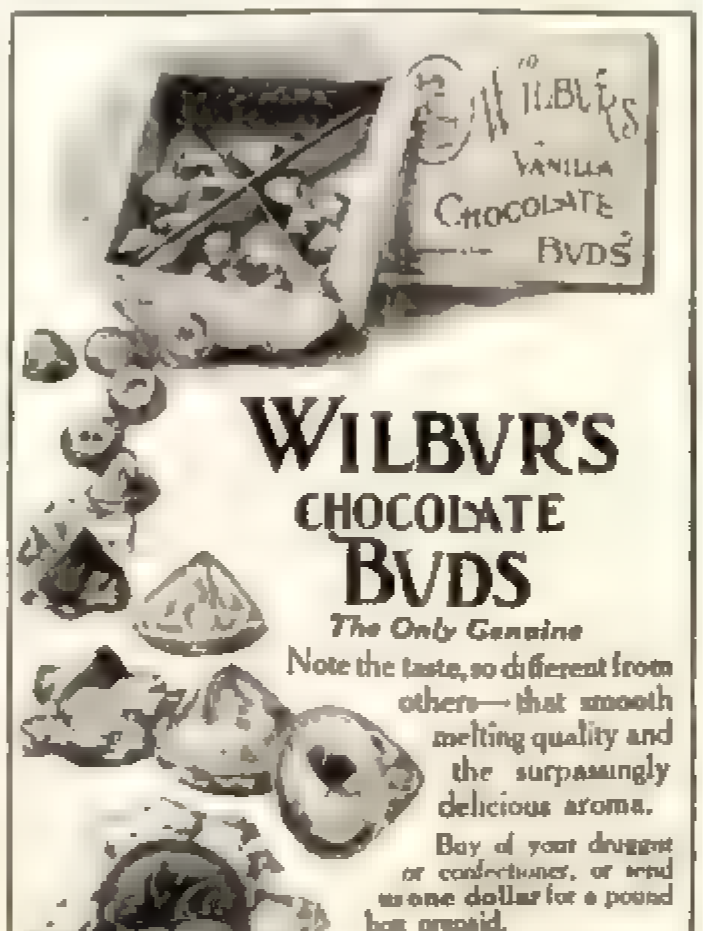
Looking Aft



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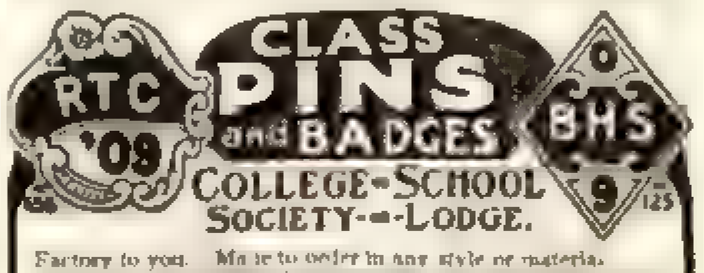

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HAVING A BULLY TIME

(Concluded from Page 4)

the President in ten-minute wrestling bouts. For a time every likely, thick-necked friend who called at night was invited to allow the President to practice the half-Nelson and the toelock and the strangle-hold on him. Some did, to their subsequent stiffness of neck and general disability of person for a day or so.

About this time there was a season of single-stick. General Leonard Wood was his opponent. The President's shortness of sight made him an easy mark for Wood, who chased him all over the White House. At the White House reception on January 22, 1903, the President was obliged to shake hands with his left hand because Wood had bruised the right one with a misdirected crack.

Presently, Professor Generoso Pavese, an Italian master-at-arms, came to town, and the President enlisted him and took some fencing lessons. It was not long until Mike Donovan, the fighter, arrived. He and the President were old friends. They put on the gloves together at intervals for some weeks, and, later, J. J. Dwyer, a catch-as-catch-can wrestler, undertook to show the President some new wrinkles in that game. Boxing and wrestling bouts were frequent in the White House during 1902, 1903 and 1904, but there has not been so much of it in the past four years, although now and then the President puts on the gloves with one of his aides. When Lee Ferneciari, an amateur lightweight champion boxer, called, he and the President had a long discussion of the benefits of boxing and illustrated some of the blows, squaring off in the Cabinet room to the exceeding interest of about twenty visitors who were waiting to be received.

Golf on the Black List

Hitachiyama, the Japanese champion wrestler, was summoned to the White House and gave an exhibition in the East Room, and Hackenschmidt and Gotch both displayed their prowess there. Champion athletes were always received with *éclat*, visiting baseball teams given the glad hand, visiting champion prize-fighters patted on their red brawn, and a conference was held with the leading football coaches of the big colleges, when changes in the football rules were discussed and urged Meantime, the President made several hunting trips, two or three times for bear and mountain lions, and several times for wild turkeys and smaller game, in near-by Virginia. He would stop a discussion of state affairs any time to talk sport with any visitor competent to talk about it, and he constantly wrote letters and made speeches urging fair, clean sport. The only outdoor or indoor sport he will not indorse or play is golf. He has said he considers that an old woman's game.

The President likes to talk of himself as an author. He holds writing to be his true profession and statemanship as an incidental occupation which he pursues through force of very agreeable circumstances. Thus, he is particularly partial to authors and writers. He dotes on them. About every special writer in the country has been invited often to the White House, and, likewise, about every editor, particularly every magazine and periodical editor.

There is no more adroit man in the world. If he has a special visitor coming he informs himself about that special visitor. If an author is to arrive he acquaints himself with that author's books. A man who had written several novels was summoned one day. He came away in a daze. "I found," he said, "that the President knew more about modern Greece, which was the locale of two of my books, than I did, and that he was perfectly familiar with all my characers. I wish I knew whether he read the books for the sake of the books or because I was invited to luncheon." Dozens of other authors have had just the same experience. The President has read their books. He knows all about them, and can discuss their plots and arguments in a most convincing manner. Apparently, he has read all the literature of the country. And there comes another question: Where does he find time to do it, with all his other employments?

All is fish that comes to the President's net. Rough riders, cowboys, scientists, authors, foreigners, inventors, statesmen, publicists, philanthropists, muck-rakers, correspondents, financiers, merchants, lawyers, judges, politicians, engineers, doctors, actors, actresses, dancers, hunters, naturalists, architects—everybody who is worth while, sooner or later, comes under his observation and is called to exchange views or to hear them, mostly, for the usual visitor gets little opportunity to do any exchanging.

The great luncheon and dinner epoch began soon after the President went into office, in the fall of 1901, when he had Booker T. Washington at dinner and thereby kicked up a dust that has not settled yet in some parts of the country. As showing the President's close information on the most trivial subjects, he heard at once that the Seeing-Washington cars were pointing out the White House as the "Booker Washington Café," and he stopped it, bang! Booker Washington has been at the White House frequently since he dined there, but never again at table, nor have any other negroes been entertained, although many of them have attended the public receptions. Following Washington came the long procession—in addition to the people who call every day just to be handshaken or on business—the long procession of men with appointments and men invited to come; and when the list is considered the question again arises: How does he do it all? Really, no person may be said to be of much account in this country who has not eaten at the White House. And, in addition to these guests at informal dinners and luncheons, there is the round of state dinners and Cabinet dinners and the other dinners the President attends, to say nothing of the receptions and functions, which all take time.

Yet, these things are incidental in a way, for the President's chief occupation, when you come to look at it carefully, seems to be writing letters. He is the most scribacious President we have ever had, the greatest letter-writer in public life. Paying no attention to his voluminous messages and other state papers, more lengthy and more numerous than ever before in the history of the country, the President's minor correspondence would tax all the waking time of a man of ordinary habit. He writes letters constantly, to everybody, on every subject, and they are not short letters, either. No contingency can pop up that has not its accompanying letter or letters by the President. He, apparently, prepares for all sorts of future happenings by writing letters that will be pat when the time comes. He writes long letters to his friends and longer letters to his enemies. He touches on every topic and seems constantly to be on the lookout for subjects so he may fire off a letter to somebody. The public and private papers of Theodore Roosevelt will need many volumes when they are compiled. The output of words is enormous. And, coming back again to the inevitable, looking at his official duties which are many and various, his time spent in relaxation, his time spent in entertaining, in public functions, in receiving people, in many other ways, when does he find time to write so much? That is another of the marvels.

Being All Things to All Men

Further, and in the same line, he is a speechmaker who loves to talk. He makes speeches on every available occasion. He always talks at the dinners he attends—that is, the public or semi-public dinners. He never lets a function get by without a few remarks. He addresses Mothers' Congresses and Convocations of Governors with equal facility.

He dropped in on the last day of the Tuberculosis Congress and said he could not let the scientists get away without addressing them, and when he went to the recent view of Saint Gaudens' work at the Corcoran Art Gallery he felt impelled to say something. He has happened around casually and similarly forty times while he has been President and made speeches. No delegation gets away without some counsel and advice. It is all one with the President whether he is talking to Butte miners or the International Law Association. He makes a speech. And it all takes time.

He likes the theater and goes frequently. Moreover, he has the stars come to the White House. He likes to meet them. When Zangwill produced his new play last fall, the President invited Zangwill to luncheon and suggested some changes in the lines. He has had Genée up to dance for him and he has received other stage celebrities. He is the best sort of an audience. His mind works like chain lightning. He sees the point of a joke before it is half pronounced. He likes comedy and laughs uproariously, but he also dotes on plays that teach a strong moral lesson, for one of his best holds is teaching moral lessons, being a good deal of a preacher at times. And all this takes a few hours out of an evening, now and then.

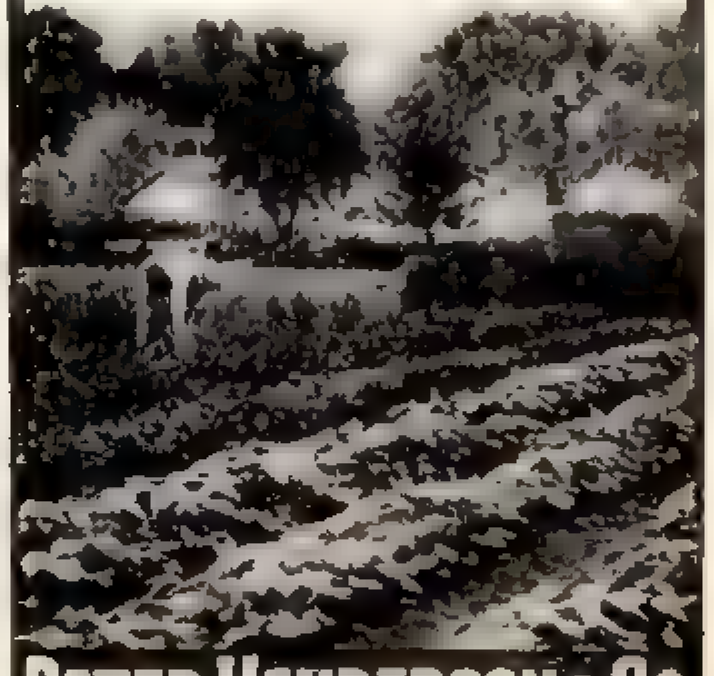
The District of Columbia and the city of Washington are his especial charges. When the electric-light plant chimney got to smoking a time ago—it always does smoke, but this time the President noticed it—he wrote a letter to the commissioners calling their attention to the smoke that was dirtying the White House wash, and ordered it stopped. He urged the district attorney to get a jail sentence for a druggist who was convicted under the pure food and drug law. He ordered the old Sixth Street railroad shed torn down. He demanded an investigation when an apartment house that was building fell down, and he ordered all the dogs of the District muzzled for six months. His eye is on the municipal affairs of Washington every minute.

Naturally, he has been in close touch with all the departments of the Government, but his principal care has been the Navy. He has been, practically, Secretary of the Navy since he has been President. He has had six nominal Secretaries in his seven years, but he has directed everything and has conducted the department. He takes a hand in arranging the details of uniforms for all branches of the service. Once he saw a naval officer on the street wearing his service blouse and civilian trousers. He lighted on that scared officer like a ton of bricks, and next day issued an order, or had one issued, ordering all officers in the service to wear their uniforms, telling them how to wear them. He chided a slouchy high-school cadet one day.

Crowding Out the Idle Moments

He delights Germans by talking German with them and Frenchmen by conversing with them in French. He talks Dutch to Hollanders and has a smattering of Italian. He talks to Indians in the sign language, goes to the musicales and teas, hobnobs with his friends of his ranching and rough-rider days, had Jack Abernathy give a moving-picture show in the East Room of how to catch wolves with the naked hands, supervises the flag-raising on the White House, sends pictures of himself and letters to fathers and mothers of large families, gives up a good deal of time to playing with his smaller children, receives all the round-the-world walkers and chaps of that kind, strolls over to the National Museum and examines bear skulls, and, by the way, establishes a species, plants trees, always has some house guests, drops in frequently of an evening on Senator Lodge or Secretary Root or some others of his cronies, takes week-ends in Virginia, tests firearms, talks for hours with men who have hunted in Africa, watches a professional rat-catcher catch rats in the White House basement, tosses a coin with Senators Kittredge and Gamble, of South Dakota, to decide a contest for appointments, watches Eli Smith's Alaska dogs work, opens expositions, leaves "In God We Trust" off the coinage and writes voluminously about it, studies natural history and brands "Nature fakers," gets photographed very often, studies Gaelic and old Irish songs, and does five hundred other things, all of which take time.

Meanwhile, he is reasonably busy being President of the United States and all which that implies, officially, and he is healthy, hearty, rugged and clear-eyed. Nothing in which he can mix comes along without his mixing in it. If he cannot mix in it, he mixes, anyhow. He goes down in a submarine or climbs a tree, uplifts the farmers or swats Bryan with equal facility. They call him the Little Father. He is more than that—he is the Whole Durn Family.



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YOUR SAVINGS

How Money Grows

MARK TWAIN once said that "the lack of money is the root of all evil." Therefore the proper antidote for evil is an abundance of money. If most people stopped to realize how money grows there would be much more saving and consequently much more prosperity in the world. Despite the fact that the most universal of all desires, perhaps, concerns the accumulation of money, there is less system employed in conserving it than almost anything else. There are some impressive facts about the growth of money which should be a stimulus to saving and a genuine first aid to wealth. This week's article will be given up to an explanation of them.

A very common fallacy among people who do not save is the belief that to make money it is necessary to have a considerable sum of money to start with. This is a costly mistake. The keynote of all saving and, incidentally, of all investment was sounded by Benjamin Franklin when he said: "Money makes money, and the money that money makes makes more money." This maxim applies to *all* sums of money from a penny up. No sum is too small to save. When you come to trace some great self-made fortunes to their sources you find that the men who amassed them realized at a very early age that pennies were worth saving. This habit stuck when the dollars came, and this is one reason why they kept their fortunes. Although few men get rich by saving alone, most rich men who did not inherit their wealth were able to take advantage of big opportunities because they had saved money.

How Nickels Become Dollars

The habit of saving is easily acquired and, once started, can readily be made a matter of daily routine. For example, if you live in a comparatively small place and have been accustomed to ride to your office or place of work, try to walk on fine mornings and so save the five cents represented by the fare.

One good plan is to get a small bank and drop in the nickel *before* you start out. Then you won't have it in your vest pocket in case you feel like yielding to the temptation to ride.

The sums to which so humble a piece of money as five cents will grow are astonishing. Five cents saved every day (and this means an average of $1.50 a month) will amount to $182.50 in ten years. If placed in a savings-bank that pays four per cent interest it will earn $40.06 in interest. Thus the total sum of money represented by the simple saving of five cents a day, a single carfare, will be $222.56 in ten years. Ten cents saved each day, or three dollars a month, will amount to $365 in ten years. At four per cent it will earn $80.36 in interest and will aggregate a total of $445.36 in ten years. Fifteen cents a day, or four dollars and fifty cents a month, will amount to a total of $668.18 in principal and interest in ten years; twenty cents a day, or six dollars a month, will roll up to $890.99 in principal and interest, while twenty-five cents a day, or seven dollars and fifty cents a month, will mean the sum of $1113.75, or enough to buy a thousand-dollar bond and have a little nestegg to start with again.

Watching a Dollar Grow

With little larger sums the results are even more imposing. Thirty cents a day, or nine dollars a month, at four per cent interest will amount to $1336.59 at the end of ten years, while forty cents a day, by the same process, will reach $1782.16. Fifty cents a day, set aside in the same way, will increase to $2227.73 in ten years. It is worth while keeping in mind, in this connection, that you can start a savings-bank account with one dollar.

Now let us take a dollar and "watch it grow." One dollar, deposited in a savings-bank that pays four per cent interest, will amount to $2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. But one dollar, deposited *every* year for twenty years, will amount to $30.97. This is progressive compound interest.

Many people who work for wages can save one dollar a week. This sum, saved each week and deposited in a savings-bank that pays four per cent interest, will amount to $1577.70 at the end of twenty years. The interest earned is $537.70. The amounts to which it grows at various stages are interesting. At the end of one year it will have earned seventy-eight cents interest; at the end of five years it will represent a total of $286; at the close of the tenth year it will be $634.64, while at the termination of the fifteenth year it will amount to $1059.64.

The Dollar-a-Week Plan

Take the deposit of one dollar a week and carry it further. If it is continued regularly for thirty years every dollar deposited will become $58.38. In other words, the fifty-two dollars deposited each year will become three thousand dollars. For every dollar deposited, two dollars a week may then be taken out without impairing the principal, which has doubled.

One dollar a day, put into a savings-bank that pays four per cent, will amount to $1967.98 in principal and interest at the end of five years, and $4455.74 at the end of ten years.

It has been figured out that a man, having deposited five dollars a week every week in a savings-bank for twenty years, can draw out six dollars a week at the end of that time and still leave for his wife and children at his death all the money that he deposited and a surplus besides.

Fifty dollars placed in a savings-bank every year will amount to the following sums at the end of twenty years: at three per cent interest it will aggregate $1383.38; at three and one-half per cent interest it will grow to $1463.42; at four per cent it will reach the sum of $1548.46; at four and one-half per cent the total will be $1639.15, while at five per cent it will reach to $1735.96.

In saving every penny counts. Therefore it is interesting to point out that a deposit made monthly in a bank paying interest at the rate of three and one-half per cent, the interest beginning at the beginning of each month, is more profitable than if four per cent is paid and the interest began the first of every three months, or quarterly. On a deposit of three hundred dollars, deposited in installments of fifty dollars in a bank paying three and one-half per cent interest, the interest beginning the first of every month, the total amount at the end of six months would be $308.04. On the same sum, with interest at four per cent beginning quarterly, the total would be $302.50.

The important fact to be kept constantly in mind about the growth of money is that it will not grow *unless it is first saved, and then saved regularly.*

Saving Seamen Rich at Fifty

In this connection it is, perhaps, of interest to point out a saving lesson which has been prepared by the Bureau of Navigation for the enlisted men of the United States Navy. The calculation is based on a supposition that a man will remain in the navy for thirty years. This means that he must enter when he is eighteen and leave by legal retirement at the age of forty-eight. It is also supposed that he will have enough ability to be promoted to be a petty officer at the end of four years and be raised to be a chief petty officer at the end of eight years.

On this theory the navy statisticians figure that, if a sailor saves half of what he earns, and puts it in a navy or other savings-bank that pays four per cent interest, he will have coming to him at the end of thirty years of service exactly $23,923 in cash. He may then retire on three-fourths pay for the rest of his life, which means that Uncle Sam will pay him $1163.28 each year as long as he lives. The income from what he has saved, together with his retired pay, will give him a total income of about two thousand dollars. He is also free to take a position in civil life and add to his income in this way.

Of course this calculation is made for ideal saving conditions, but it shows what

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This is an excellent time to purchase investment securities. Careful analysis of financial conditions indicates that the trend of prices will probably continue upward for some time to come.

We own and offer at net prices, subject to prior sale, a variety of high grade Municipal, Railroad and Public Utility Bonds which we have investigated and recommend. We shall be pleased to mail descriptive circular to any investor.

Ask for Circular E-27

N. W. HALSEY & CO.
BANKERS
NEW YORK, 49 Wall Street
PHILADELPHIA, 1429 Chestnut Street
CHICAGO, 152 Monroe St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 424 California Street

"Little Clinchers" defy the ice

No matter how slippery the road or how steep the hill they'll carry you over it safely.

You should have "Little Clinchers" on your winter shoes, and see that the old folks have them on theirs. Half a minute for adjustment—no nails, screws or rivets. Invisible. Comfortable. Durable.

Keep them on indoors—snap the heel plate under instep and the spikes will be entirely out of the way. Floors and carpets are safe.

"Little Clinchers" are better than accident insurance. Steel, with specially hardened points.

At your Hardware, Shoe or Department stores. **25c a pair**

Or, postage free, by

Standard American Sales Co.
12 A East 23d St., New York City

Dealers write us for prices.

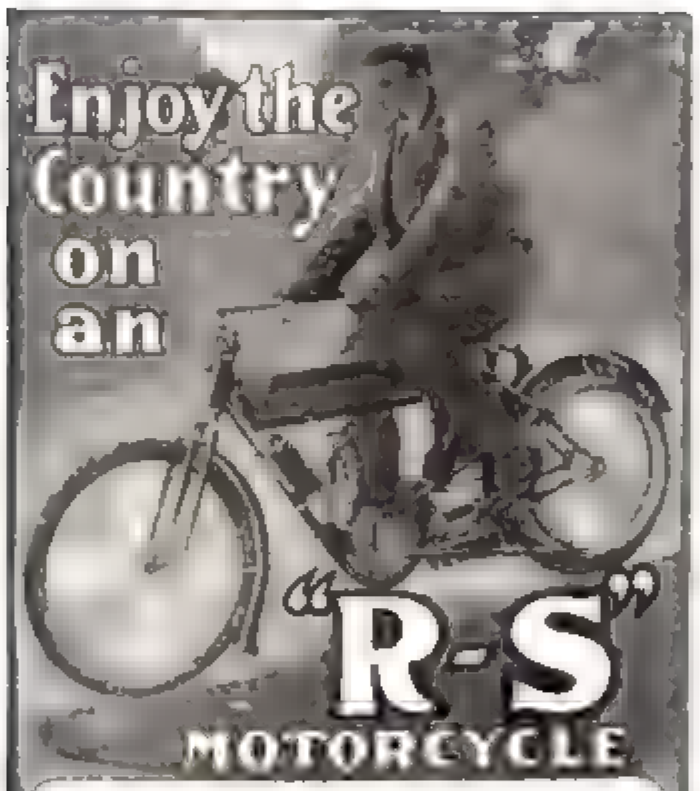
6% interest allowed on $100. deposits, and 5% on smaller sums. $2,000,000 of Approved First Mortgages, held in trust as your security. 18 years in business—not a dollar loss to depositors. Write for "The Nimble Sixpence"—it tells of our plan—it's interesting.

Ga. State Savings Ass'c'n., 175 York St., Savannah, Ga.

6% INVESTMENTS 6%

Money yielding less than 6% can be safely invested in our first farm mortgages. Please write for descriptive list of securities and booklet "E." Established 1883.

E. J. LANDER & COMPANY
GRAND FORKS, N. D.



Do you realize that, on a pint of gasoline, this strong, able machine carries you from 18 to 20 miles across country and mountains at a speed of from 5 to 50 miles an hour?

The 1909 "R-S" models are built with the center of gravity even lower than previous models, insuring greater stability, and permitting the rider to touch the ground with both feet when in the saddle. Motor under absolute control without taking hands from grips

The "R-S" is also famous as being the first real Mechanical Intake Valve Motorcycle, and is exceedingly simple in construction and easily adjustable.

Write for our illustrated catalog giving all particulars. Address Dept. P

To Dealers: Where we have no representative we have a proposition to live agents that is worth seriously considering. Write us.

READING STANDARD CO., River Street, Reading, Pa.

Sharpen Your Own Blades

No more Blades thrown away—no more trouble or expense sending them away to be sharpened! The luxury of a smooth, pleasant shave—every time—assured by

The Rotary Safety Razor Stropper

This little device will sharpen any standard Safety Blade perfectly, and is [illegible] needed by every Safety Razor user in the country. To operate simply fix the blade in the holder [illegible] device and press gently against the roller strop. A few turns of the handle makes the blade keener—better than new. Sharpens the [illegible] blade in two minutes. Is simple and durable. The sharpening roller is covered with the finest Razor Strop made. The frame of metal in handsome nickel finish. Price complete, only $1.50. At all dealers. If yours cannot supply you, write us.

WERNER & COMPANY
203 S. Canal Street Chicago

PARIS GARTERS

25 and 50 cents at dealers or direct if he is out.

No Metal can come next the wearer

Nature has made the masculine leg flat on its inner front surface. From this point all stocking support should come.
PARIS is *the only garter shaped and fitted* in harmony with nature's plan. *(guaranteed to satisfy).*

A. Stein & Co., 159 Center Ave., Chicago

BROKEN-DOWN ARCH OR WEAK INSTEPS CAUSE RHEUMATISM, LAMENESS and TENDERNESS of the feet, also legs, knees, and backache, and possibly deformity. The

C & H ARCH INSTEP SUPPORT

will prevent all this.

50c. PER PAIR

Your Dealer or by Mail. Give size shoe. Men's or Women's.

Shadow view showing steel arch through leather top

The C & H ARCH SHANK CO., Dept. E, Brockton, Mass.

PATENTS Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 47 years. Box C, Washington, D.C. Best references. Careful work. Terms moderate. Booklet Free. Write us.

results may be achieved by systematic saving and also how money grows.

This article on how money grows would not be complete without a reference to the savings of the French, who, as already pointed out in this department, are the greatest savers in the world.

According to M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the eminent French statistician and economist, the people of France last year saved one billion dollars. Some of this had to seek investment abroad. This extraordinary addition to the wealth of France gives that country the title of The World's Banker. The French people have saved in a single year one-seventeenth of the total banking power of the United States and one-forty-fifth of the total banking power of the whole world.

Taking M. Leroy-Beaulieu's figures for the total wealth of France, you find that it means eleven hundred dollars for every man, woman and child in the republic. This is little less than the *per capita* for the United States, where the average of wages is higher and where earning capacity is greater. It shows again the virtue of saving and the value of putting the savings out to work. Herein is the key to all wealth.

Condescension

MANY years ago, in a town of Massachusetts, the writer was present at a tea-party, given to Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, who was to deliver a lecture at the local lyceum. As the Bishop consumed tea, he prattled, and presently he said, with a bland aspect of sagacious complacency: "I always talk down to my audience"; and then he proceeded to explain that it is unwise for a speaker to overshoot the intelligence of his hearers. This listener was younger in the ways of this world then than now, but, as he listened to the Bishop, he was conscious of a suspicion that the lecture would prove to be a bore; and, on hearing it, he found that suspicion justified.

It is a mistake for any man, under any circumstances, to condescend toward his audience. All who listen, or who read, may not always understand all that is said or written. But almost everybody instinctively recognizes and resents an assumption of intellectual superiority, and, if the offense should happen to be aggravated by an assumption of moral superiority, coupled with an impartment of good advice, the resentment will be deeper and more decisive. The error that good people habitually make, in dealing with the rest of us who chance to be sinners, is the error of "talking down" to us in our fallen state, and making us somewhat too acutely sensible of their overwhelming virtue. The child who answered his mother's question about "wholesome food" by calling it "something to eat that has no taste," unconsciously glanced at one of the most salient peculiarities of human nature.

No healthful temperament can endure without impatience either the insipidity or the conceit of pretentious goodness. There is something in it that not only indicates vanity, but suggests hypocrisy. "When a man talks to me about his honor," said the poet Byron, "it is like a woman talking about her virtue—and I let him talk on." Byron was a sophisticated man of the world; but the unsophisticated mind also operates in precisely the same way. In the course of the first interview that the present moralizer ever had with that clever woman, Kate Field—an interview which happened about fifty years ago at a seminary for girls, where she was a pupil—Miss Field said: "There are two things that I detest: one of them is Orthodoxy, and the other is temperance." That feeling was only the revulsion of a sprightly temperament irritated by the dull decorum of pretentious respectability. Orthodoxy and temperance have their merits; but they are prone to become oppressive.

There is an old story about that renowned actor, the elder Booth, which tells of his reproof of a rough sailor. The man had been slow and rude in the performance of some one of his duties for the actor, who was a passenger aboard the ship, and Booth was vexed. "What are you employed for," he said, "and who are you?" "I am a thief," answered the sailor. Booth, with quick intuition, instantly felt that he had taken a wrong tone. "Give me your hand, comrade," he said; "I am a pirate." Whereupon the two men clasped hands and were friends in a moment.

—WILLIAM WINTER.

BOND
BOND
500

GUARANTEED BONDS

No. 1. The Company Back of Them

THIS is the first of a series of advertisements having a two-fold aim.

First—To explain the thoroughly desirable character of Water Works Bonds as an investment.

Second—To emphasize the exceptional desirability of such bonds when *guaranteed* by The American Water Works and Guarantee Company.

There isn't any *sounder* business on earth than that of supplying water to a thriving community. The raw material costs nothing—there are no manufacturing uncertainties—the demand is always steady and continually growing. It is a business that is not affected by panics or business depressions. People must have water—and they must have it all the time.

Hence a bond backed by the substantial plant and profitable business of a water supplying company is pretty sure to be a sound and profitable investment.

A water works bond *guaranteed* by The American Water Works and Guarantee Company is *sure* to be a sound and profitable investment.

The American Water Works and Guarantee Company is not merely a guarantee company in the ordinary sense of the word.

It actually *owns* a controlling interest in, and directs the operation of every plant whose bonds it guarantees.

It now owns and operates 40 water supplying plants in 17 different states, and its own capital and surplus of $4,000,000, together with the physical properties and business of these 40 prosperous plants, makes its guarantee sound and sure.

The American Water Works and Guarantee Company is a close corporation—its stock is not listed—none of it is for sale—it is owned and controlled by the *same men* who organized it 26 years ago—men who are at the head of large financial institutions in Pittsburgh, New York, and elsewhere, whose sound judgment and conservative management have made a success of everything in which they are interested.

The guarantee of such a Company *means something* to the man who has $100 or $100,000 to invest.

Bonds, guaranteed by The American Water Works and Guarantee Company, are issued in denominations of $100, $500, and $1000, and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. They are particularly desirable as an investment for savings and trust funds.

Write for illustrated Booklet and folder describing the several issues and giving full details.

Address Dept. H.

You will be interested no matter whether you have much money or little to invest

J. S. & W. S. KUHN
INCORPORATED
INVESTMENT BANKERS
Bank for Savings Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Branch Offices: Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia
JAMES S. KUHN, President WILLIAM S. KUHN, Vice-President L. L. McCLELLAND, Sec. & Treas.

BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, &c., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE. On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalog.

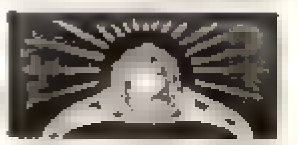
THE E. T. BURROWES CO. 15 L STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

If interested in BURROWES RUSTLESS FLY SCREENS, write for catalog 6.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1909 model. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1909 Models $10 to $27
with Coaster Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1907 and 1908 Models all of best makes .. $7 to $12
500 Second Hand Wheels
All makes and models, good as new $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We Ship On Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL
Tires, coaster brakes, parts, repairs and sundries half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. L-55, Chicago

Continental Touring School FOR YOUNG LADIES
Offers exceptional advantages for European study and travel. References given and required. For catalog address
Continental Touring School, 900 Flanders Building, Phila., Pa.



Arizona Ruby FREE
To Introduce Our Genuine Imported
Mexican Diamonds

We will send you FREE a Genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough with illustrated catalogue of GENUINE MEXICAN DIAMONDS and other gems. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine blue-white diamonds, stand acid tests, are cut by experts, and yet we sell at 1-40th the cost. Only gem of its kind guaranteed permanently brilliant.

SPECIAL OFFER. For 50c deposit as guarantee of good faith, we send on approval, registered, either ½ or 1 carat Mexican Diamond at special price. Money back if desired. Write today. Catalogue FREE.

MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO., Dept. B1, LAS CRUCES, N. M.

47 Varieties
of Farm Raised Land and Water Fowls. Stock and Eggs for hatching for sale in season. Send two cent stamp for my Poultry Book. Circular Free
HENRY PFILE, Box P, Freeport, Ill.

Cyclopedia of
APPLIED ELECTRICITY

Six volumes; 2,896 pages, 7x10 inches, over 2 000 special drawings, diagrams, photographs, tables, formulas, etc., supplemented with a series of practical test questions; bound in half red morocco and carefully indexed for ready reference.

All types of [illegible] are given [illegible] attention, every subject treated in the most comprehensive manner by [illegible] technical expert. This work is the most complete and practical Home Study instructor and reference work ever published equally [illegible] to the student and practical electrical worker.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO LOOK

We will send you a set of this great [illegible] prepaid express, without deposit [illegible] [illegible] Regular price is $36 00.

Important Subjects Treated

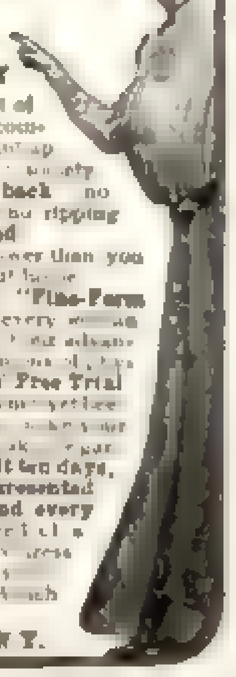
Electric Wiring — Electric Telegraph — Wireless Telegraphy — Theory, Calculation, Design and Construction of Generators and Motors — Types of Dynamos and Motors — Elevators — Direct Current Motors — Direct Driven Machine Shop Tools — Electric Lighting — Electric Railways — Alternating Current Motors — Electric Welding — Management of Dynamos and Motors — Power Stations — Central Station Engineering — Storage Batteries — Power Transmission — Alternating Current Machinery — Telephony — Automatic Telephone — Wireless Telephony etc.

Free ORDER AT ONCE and we [illegible] TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE [illegible] "WHO OWNS THE EARTH" appears in the February issue.

American School of Correspondence
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1-30-09

Fine-Form
MATERNITY SKIRT



Registered in U.S. Pat. Office

Of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother

Something new — only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance [illegible] — Always drapes evenly in front and back — no [illegible] no ripping [illegible] — Can be worn the year round [illegible]

Free [illegible] Fine Illustrated Book "Fine-Form Maternity Skirt" [illegible] Ten Days' Free Trial [illegible] wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented [illegible] refund every cent paid. Other Skirts [illegible] same guarantee [illegible]

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept 21 Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS The latest, most useful quick selling novelty ever put out is our

2-PIECE
DINNER
PAIL SET

Set [illegible] steel knife and fork with polished wood handles, brass riveted, [illegible] Every working man [illegible] at sight. Get it while it's new. Write today for special proposition.

D THOMAS MFG. CO., 17 Barney Block, Dayton, O.

THE BEST LIGHT

MAKES and burns its own gas. Produces 100 candle power light — brighter than electricity or acetylene — cheaper than kerosene. No dirt. No grease. No odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog. Do not delay.

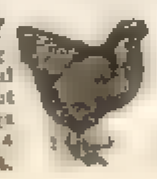
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, Ohio

Everything in Leather

Any size piece for painting, cut work, pyrography, tooling; or whole skins for table covers or wall hangers. Our big booklet "Fancy Leather Suggestions" and samples of 45 shades leather mailed for 15 cents postage. If interested in fancy work write

MARSHALL, SON & CO., 222 Purchase Street, Boston, Mass.

FOY'S BIG BOOK, MONEY IN POULTRY And Squabs. Tells how to start in small and grow big. Describes largest pure-bred Poultry Farm in the world and gives a great mass of useful information about [illegible] Mailed 4 cents. F. Foy, Box 12, Des Moines, Iowa.



Sense and Nonsense

A Woman's Wail

I cannot wear the old clothes
I wore a few months since;
They are not of the latest shades,
"Burnt custard," or such tints.
The waist-lines are not high enough,
The back breadth isn't flat;
I cannot wear the old clothes
And go with Mrs. Slatte.

I cannot wear the old clothes,
The sleeves are all too short;
My fur coat needs a shawl-shaped stole
Or something of that sort.
My pillow-muff should be a rug,
My hat a bulky dome;
I cannot wear the old clothes —
I'd rather stay at home!

I cannot wear the old clothes,
I need a whole new rig;
And though I'm plump and dumpy,
I do not care a fig.
I'll have a narrow, clinging skirt,
With knickers underneath;
I cannot wear the old clothes —
I've got to have a sheath!

— *Carolyn Wells*

A March Fantasy

Under the clear but wind-blown skies
I saw the round March moon arise,
Silver disk on an emerald lea,
And there it rested; while, drunk with glee,
Over and round it, all together,
The March hares chased for a flying feather.
A golden feather that blew and blew
Over and over and round it, too!
And the young-old, wise, little, merry-mad fauns
Laughed out under their buttony horns —
Shrieking, "Blow on, you folly-bright feather!
Run, Mad Hares, in the wild March weather!"

— *Clinton Dangerfield.*

A Hill Vagabond

Snakin' wood down the mount'ins,
Fishin' the little streams;
Smokin' my pipe in the twilight,
An' dreamin' over old dreams;

Breathin' the breath o' the cool snows,
Sniffin' the scent o' the pine;
Watchin' the hurryin' river,
An' hearin' the coyotes whine.

This is life in the mount'ins,
Summer an' winter an' fall,
Up to the rainy springtime,
When the birds begin to call.

Then I fix my rod and tackle,
I read, I smoke an' I sing,
Glad like the birds to be livin' —
Livin' the life of a king!

— *Louise Paley*

L'Envol of the Banters

When Earth's last hip has been banished, and the seams are all taken in,
When the stoutest woman is slender, and the fattest lady is thin,
We shall rest — and faith, we shall need it — let up for a minute or two,
Till the Master of all the Fashions shall set us to work anew.

Then those that are slim shall be happy, they shall sit in complacent ease;
And eat whatever they want to, and drink whatever they please.
They shall have real candies to munch on, till sweetness shall fairly pall,
They shall doze for an hour at a sitting, and never get fat at all.

And not a modiste shall blame us, and not a masseuse revile;
And no one shall bant for fashion, and no one shall starve for style.
But each, in a calm contentment, with no treatment to undergo,
Shall eat and sleep as she wants to, for the Goddess of Shapes as they grow.

— *Carolyn Wells.*

Most of the successful styles appear first in
ARROW
COLLARS

OLYMPIC 2¾ inches high
CARLTON 2⅛ inches high
15 cents each; 2 for 25c
In Canada 20c. each, 3 for 50c
ARROW CUFFS 25c. a pair

Cluett, Peabody & Co., 459 River St., Troy, N. Y. Booklet on Request

The Present, That
Made The Impression

"Here is the Christmas present I value most — a Cadillac Desk Table it is called — isn't it a beauty?"

"This is a *real* advantage to me — this desk-table — with the desk part closed I have a table — with the desk extended as you see it now I have a regular writing desk — with the place for pens and ink and inside for my stationery" —

"When I want to write I do not have to clear off books, papers, drop light — I simply extend the desk."

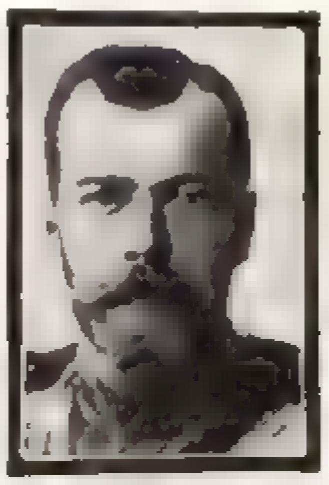
"Another thing, when the desk is extended, the desk or table doesn't 'wabble' nor does the table tilt over — the Cadillac Desk-Table is absolutely rigid — and the table is weighted so that it can't tip over — no imitation desk-table has a weight to keep it upright."

Cadillac
"Desk-Table"

The Cadillac Desk-Table is the *original* Desk-Table. It has passed through the experimental stage. It has no locks, nor other contraptions that characterize imitations. It is made in fifty different styles — in quartered oak — golden oak — mahogany — weathered or early English, dull — wax — or polished finish, for the home — for the hotel — the Y M C A — the study — the library — for any place that requires a table or a desk. You can see the Cadillac Desk Table at the better class furniture shops. Send for (Free) Book P. Drop us a postal, giving your name and address, and receive our handsome book P, illustrated with halftones showing *all* the up-to-date styles of the Cadillac Desk-Table. Please send today.

Address
The Cadillac
Cabinet Co.
Detroit, Mich.

SHAH ALI SHAH—Persia

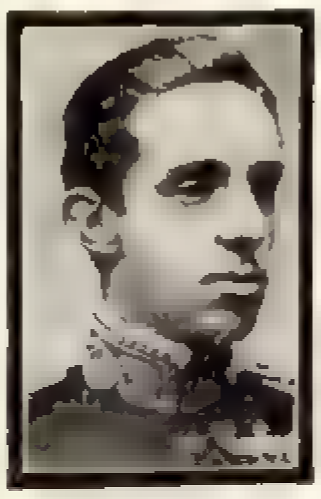

CZAR NICHOLAS II—Russia

KING MANUEL II
Portugal

EMPEROR CHUN—China

KING GUSTAV—Sweden

SULTAN ABDUL HAMID
Turkey


KING ALFONSO XIII
Spain

Rulers of the World

AND

Greatest Magazine in the World

This free introductory offer consists of a 24 Card Portfolio of the Rulers of the World and the Star Anniversary Issue of WOMAN'S WORLD, which contains the greatest list of contributors and interesting features ever published in one issue of a magazine. The cards show a photographic likeness of the heads of the 24 important governments of the world, short history when each became ruler, the flag of each country in actual colors, the principal products, industries, area, population, kind of government, etc. WOMAN'S WORLD is the greatest magazine in the world—greatest circulation (over two million subscribers), and greatest list of contributors, greatest reading value and greatest advertising medium. To further advertise the WOMAN'S WORLD we will send the great Star Anniversary Issue and the Rulers' Portfolio in colors FREE, as below.

CONTRIBUTORS TO FREE ISSUE

All of the following writers, actors, composers, poets, celebrities, cause workers and public officials contribute to the free Star issue:

JANE ADDAMS.
REX BEACH
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, Actor.
HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD
GEO. ADE.
FORREST CRISSEY, Advisory Editor Woman's World
GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.
EDWIN W. SIMS
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ANNE WARNER, author of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," etc.
CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM, author of "Jewel," "The Open Shutters," etc.
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JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.
ELSIE JANIS, Actress
FRANK L. STANTON.
WILBUR D. NESBIT
FRANK PIXLEY, Dramatist.
MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

RULERS' PORTFOLIO FREE

The following comprise the twenty-four countries and rulers in the handsome collection of Cards finished in many colors, which is offered free to introduce the WOMAN'S WORLD.

CHINA—Emperor Chun.
PERSIA—Mohammed Ali Shad.
NORWAY—Haakon VII
BULGARIA—Ferdinand
MONACO—Prince Albert.
TURKEY—Abdul Hamid.
BELGIUM—Leopold II
SIAM—King Chulalongkorn I
UNITED STATES — President Roosevelt
AUSTRO-HUNGARY—Francis Joseph I.
GERMANY—William II
DENMARK—Frederick VIII.
SERVIA—Peter I
GREECE—George I
PORTUGAL—Manuel II
ITALY—Victor Emmanuel III.
SPAIN—Alfonso XIII
GREAT BRITAIN—Edward VII.
NETHERLANDS—Queen Wilhelmina
SWEDEN—Gustav V.
RUSSIA—Nicholas II
JAPAN—Mutsuhito
MEXICO—President Diaz
FRANCE—President Armand Fallieres.

The photographs of these different rulers are the latest and obtained at great expense. Wouldn't you like to refer to the photograph of the King of Italy as you read how he went to Sicily at great personal risk when he received word of the Earthquake disaster overtaking his people there? Also of the President of France when you read of his being attacked on the street, of the new boy Emperor of China, of the successful Emperor of Japan, etc.? Wouldn't you like to know what the flag of each country looks like? This beautiful collection is interesting, useful and educational.

WOMAN'S WORLD

FEATURES IN THE FREE ISSUE

"WHITE SLAVE TRADE OF TODAY," By Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney in Chicago. An account of the White Slave traffic of today by the official who has already obtained the conviction of many hundreds of the miserable creatures engaged in this "business." Words of warning that should be read by every mother and father in America

"THE SINS OF SOCIETY," By Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, author of "A Little Brother of the Rich," exposure of the follies and sins of the fashionable rich

"HOMES AND NEAR HOMES IN THE FAR NORTH," By Rex Beach. This special story abounds with the rapid, moving-picture style of description, the surprising touches of nature, the soul-stirring pathos so characteristic of Mr. Beach's work. His serial stories for magazines bring him $10,000.00

"WOLVES THAT PREY ON WOMAN," By Jane Addams, of the Hull House, Chicago. Miss Addams is regarded by millions of thoughtful people as the foremost woman of America and is noted the world over for her untiring work for humanity. Every reader should read this warning article in the Star Anniversary issue of the WOMAN'S WORLD by Miss Addams.

"A WORD ABOUT WAYWARD GIRLS," By Mrs. Ophelia L. Amigh, Superintendent Illinois State Training School for Girls. "The girl who has once gone wrong will never go right. There is no use trying to bring her back to the straight and narrow path." Mrs. Amigh writes that this is what the world says, but she proves it is not the case

"WHY GIRLS GO ASTRAY," By Edwin W. Sims—a second "White Slave" article strictly from the viewpoint of the lawyer, who finds himself called upon, as an officer of the law, to deal with this delicate and difficult subject

"THE MOST INTERESTING THING IN THE WORLD." A fascinating symposium by George Ade, George Barr McCutcheon, Forrest Crissey and William Hodge.

"BINDING UP THE BROKEN-HEARTED," By Maud Ballington Booth, of the Volunteers of America. An original article telling some interesting facts and experiences of her work among the men and women in penitentiaries

"SHOULD GIRLS BE PERMITTED TO MARRY OLD MEN?" By Rosetta.

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Monopolized Metals

Only New Discoveries Can Furnish Competition in These Valuable Products

THE only important source of platinum is in the Ural Mountains, where the bulk of the mining for it is done by a French company. Whence it happens, oddly enough, that this indispensable metal, together with its valuable by-products, is produced almost wholly in Russia, dug out of the ground and refined by a French concern, and controlled for market purposes by a British monopoly.

Some platinum (likewise controlled by the London firm) now comes from Colombia, where there are valuable deposits which may undergo important development at a future day. The Spaniards in that part of the world used to collect it as a by-product of gold mining, and even went so far as to originate a theory that it was a form of gold. In the United States as much as three hundred or four hundred ounces are sometimes produced in a year.

Within the last year and a half there has been a surprising drop in the price of platinum, which has fallen from $41 to $23 50 an ounce, making it only a little more costly than gold. This has given encouragement to its employment by manufacturing jewelers. It is very handsome when used in tasteful combination with gold. Silversmiths give to their wares the "French gray" finish, now so fashionable, by electroplating the silver with a very thin coat of platinum. But the most noteworthy departure in this line is the setting of diamonds in platinum, which, while enhancing the lustre of those stones, has the great advantage that it does not tarnish.

Canadian Platinum Mines

In the neighborhood of Sudbury, Ontario, are found considerable quantities of an almost unknown mineral called "sperrylite," which is an arsenide of platinum. As yet, however, the deposits have not been worked for this metal. If they were so worked it would be an enterprise merely subsidiary to the business of mining for nickel, which is being conducted on a great scale in that locality by the one big company.

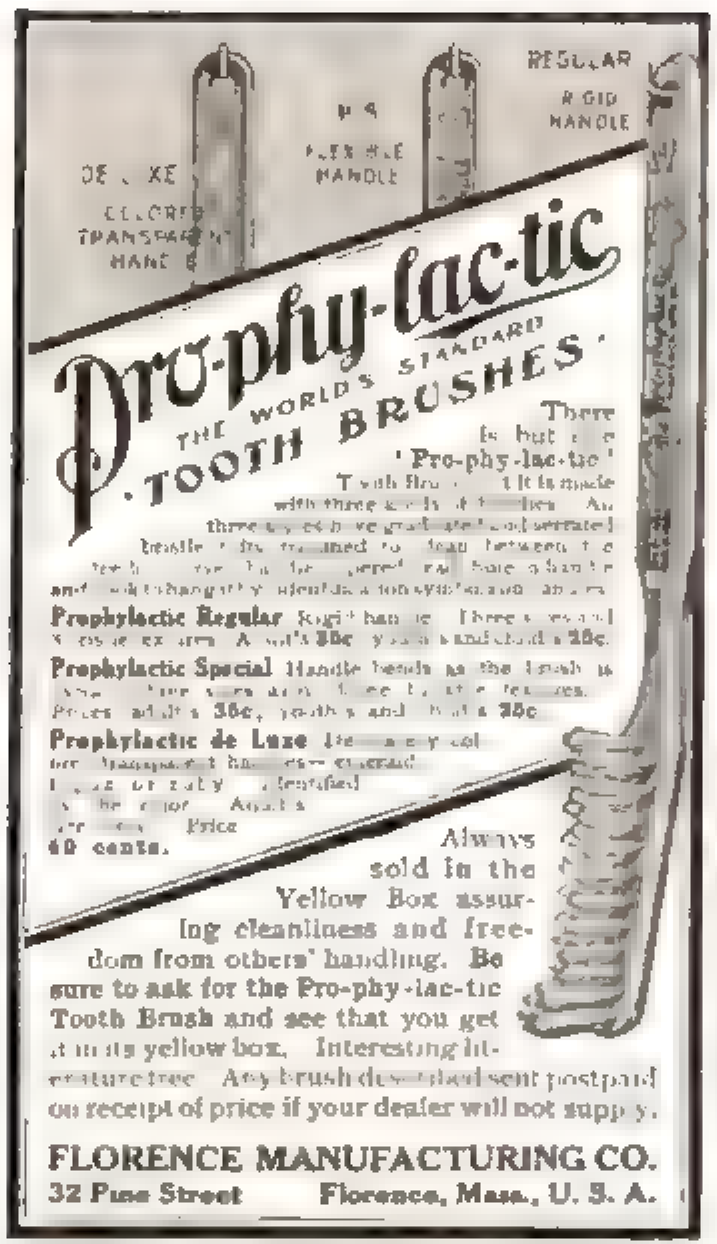
This company, a concern not widely known, possesses another very remarkable monopoly. It absolutely controls the nickel supply of the world. Not only does it own the immense deposits of nickel ores at Sudbury, but it is also proprietor of the nickel mines of New Caledonia, in the South Pacific, which are the only other important source of this useful metal.

In 1896 the consumption of nickel in the United States amounted to about four million pounds. In 1907 it was twenty million pounds, practically all of this enormous quantity being furnished by the one company, which gets from forty to sixty cents a pound for its product, according to the size of contracts. The concern has spent five million dollars out of its earnings in building, at Sudbury, one of the most complete smelting plants in the world, and in developing enormous power from the near-by river. Expert examination of the deposits, with the help of diamond drills, has disclosed a body of fifteen million tons of ore, as yet hardly touched, representing an average value of thirty dollars per ton.

The only productive nickel mine within the limits of the United States, at the present time, is at Fredericktown, in southeastern Missouri, where nickel and cobalt sulphides occur with lead ores. Nickel and cobalt are twin metals, as one might say, and are always found together. The roasted ore of cobalt, called "zaffer," is used for a blue pigment, beautiful and lasting, in the decoration of pottery. Oxide of cobalt serves a like purpose, and is also employed in the manufacture of poison paper for flies.

All the rarer metals, which are derivable only from scattered and occasional sources, have already been absorbed to the ultimate ounce, for the future as well as for the present, and those who need them, now or hereafter, will be obliged to buy them of the monopolists, at such prices as the latter may, in their high judgment, be pleased to make.

—RENE BACHE.



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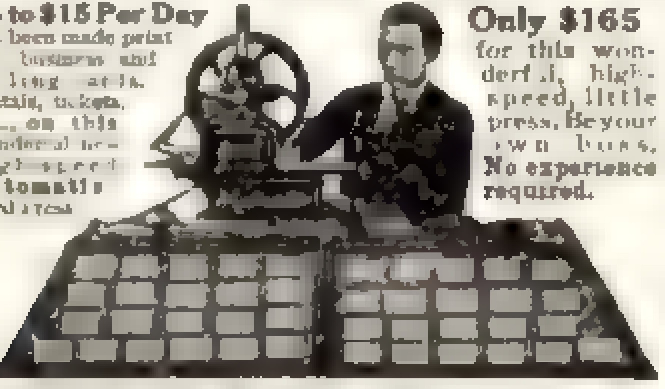

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No better collection than the above could be designed to give to children [illegible] directions for culture are printed on each packet. [illegible] to begin the [illegible] we will send with each [illegible] ordered this season **two extra packets Free**, [illegible] special mixtures of SWEET PEAS and NASTURTIUMS. The Sweet Peas [illegible] together with the *Fordhook Fancy Sorts* and a few "*Spencer Seedlings*." The Nasturtiums [illegible] tall varieties—*Burpee's Giant* [illegible] These special mixtures are prepared solely for this [illegible] towards the children's garden and will be sent with every collection ordered, whether one or one hundred.

Whether ready now to order, or not, yet if interested in having seeds that will produce the **Choicest Vegetables** and **Most Beautiful Flowers**, you should **write To-day** for

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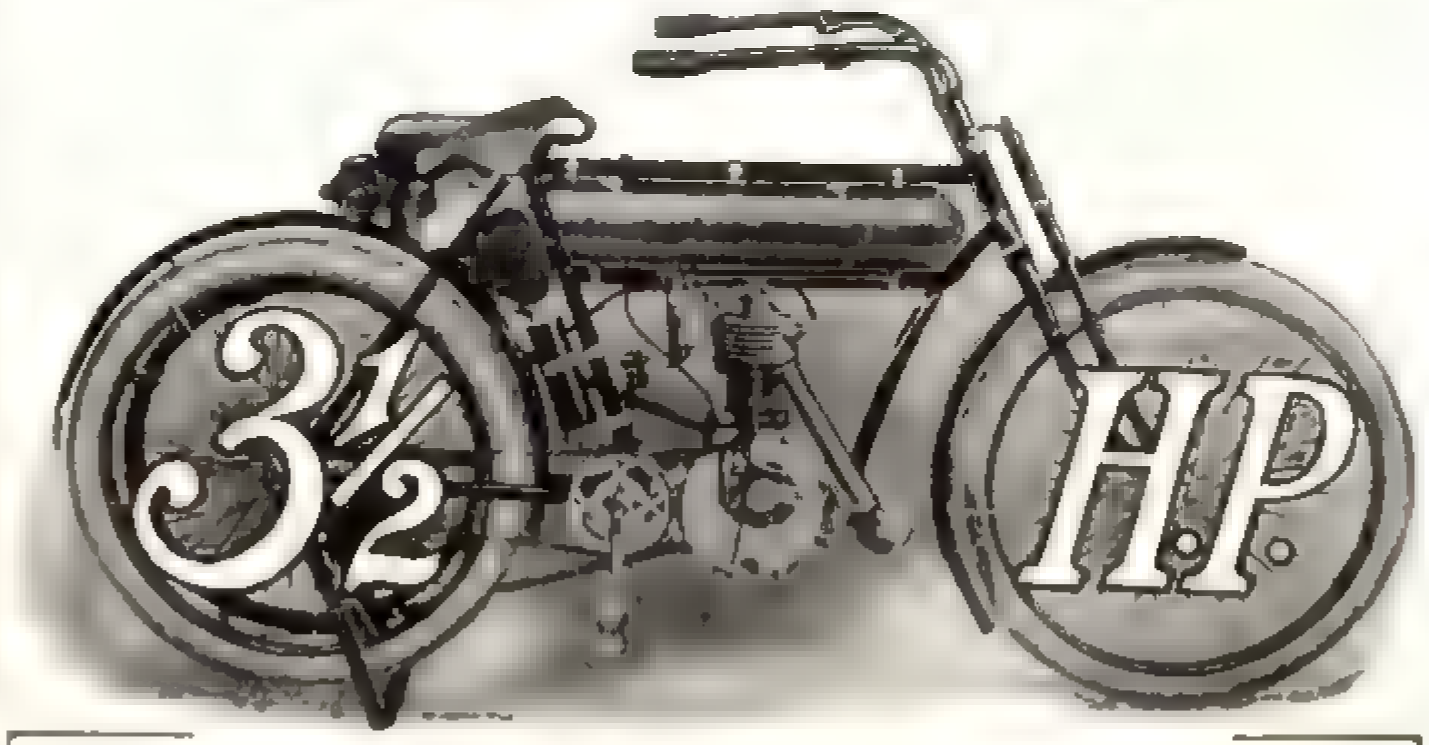
A Motor-Cycle Which Cannot be Measured By Any Previous Standard



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It is admitted that this plant—the biggest and finest there is—has always built the best motor-cycles made.

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For in the new Yale 3½ H. P. we've built a motor-cycle that is a betterment of the best foreign practice—one of unusually high power to start with, which will extend the use of the motorcycle into fields of activity which it has never before occupied.

First, as we've said because of its high power.

Next, because that power can be handled with such marvelous ease.

Next, because we have evolved the simplest oiling system in the world.

Next, because the Consolidated Cushion Fork has cut out the jolt and jar completely.

Next—but there's no use trying to enumerate because the Yale is advanced and remarkable in a dozen different directions and details which simply cannot be enumerated here.

You must get the book that pictures and describes it—and, if you're interested, the other books that tell of the Yale and Snell bicycles; and the Consolidated Package car, all made in this great plant.

Live Dealers Wanted in Unoccupied Territory

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

THE TWISTED FOOT

(Continued from Page 13)

could stop your mouth with this -very painful." Poising the bamboo, he grinned. "But you had better just ah—pass me your word not to speak aloud or call till they strike seven o'clock, down there. Because, you see, Chatra the maid said, Miss Dekker drives to the early train. Chatra is very easy friend to gentlemen Ha-ha! Well." He stooped to the floor, and raised a gilt-bound whip. "I am coachman, as you see. Kulo is our *sais* Very good. Now if you lie quiet till—ah—stipulated time, Miss Dekker will catch her train all right! If you call or boister ——" He shook his whip, in slow menace. "You know me. You know Kulo. She will *not* catch her train."

He replaced the bamboo, blew out the light, and went quietly to the door. The savage followed, his distorted feet pattering softly on the tiles.

At the door, Rosario turned and slapped the packet in his sash gleefully.

"Good-morning, old fellow!" he whispered. "Ah, my word, what larks to catch you out!"

The pair were gone into the dark-blue twilight.

After a time, a rumbling of wheels and clicking of hoofs drew near and stopped by the veranda. "*Abis, Chatra?*" said Miss Dekker's voice, without. Then followed the crack of the half-breed's whip.

David lay in silent fury. By a rapid computation, he knew that he could never reach Batavia before Thursday evening. But he also knew his man too well to obey this desperate longing, and cry out.

The rumble of her carriage slowly became lost in the mountain stillness.

VIII

WHEN at last—late on Thursday afternoon the express train came crawling down from Buitenzorg toward sea-level, David sat fidgeting, watch in hand.

"It's too late, of course," he repeated, to calm himself. "She sailed this morning, of course."

Yet when the doors banged open at his journey's end he leaped out like some wild creature from a broken cage and darted through the station. A line of racing coolies pitched in his bags as the *sado* plunged forward, and were paid with a handful of coin sown among them. The driver shouted, the ponies galloped like Cinderella's rats, and David, facing backward in the tilting cart, saw, as he counted out his guilders of passage-money, the broad road reel behind in a kaleidoscope of bright-clad bodies still dodging aside, of yellow and brown faces, grinning or indignant.

In the shipping-office a sallow Frenchman in a green cravat fussed over the papers on a desk.

"Has the Kota-Baru sailed?" cried David, running in as though to overturn the whole system in a heap. "I booked by telegraph from Maos—Bowman—Has she?"

The sallow man sprang up with fluttering fingers, in a sympathy of excitement.

"Yes, yes!" he answered. "*Mais non* — Here, here, sir. Your ticket! You have yet time! But hurry!"

David flung down his guilders, stuffed away the ticket, and ran out laughing Half-way down the stairs he heard the Frenchman shrilling some afterthought. "Ze doctor . . . ze doctor . . . We have plague here!" For such trifles, however, there was no time.

On the quay at Tandjong-Priok, under the high, flaring penthouses, he first slowed to a walk; for there, her black, iron flanks a triumphal sight, lay the best of all ships, the Kota-Baru, with her hawser still fast about the cavels below, and men still climbing the steep chute of her after gang-plank.

On deck, at the head of this incline, stood the chief steward, fat, dull-eyed, stern and stupid.

"Where is the doctor?" said David.

The fat man gave a Parisian shrug

"My health is not examined. Is that all right?"

The steward grunted, stared heavily at David's ticket, and then, pouncing on his humble coolies, ferociously steered them across the deck and down a stairway to a cabin.

After the luxury of a bath, and in the further luxury of deliberate movement, David put on his coolest clothes of silk. He regained the deck to find ship and quay still noisy with the bustle of clearing Beyond the crowd of chattering, superfluous passengers, Miss Dekker stood, talking to a little woman in black; and though he had come all this way to see her for the last time, surprise and joy sprang up, renewed within him

He was turning toward her, when from the quay below two men approached the side and looked up at him intently—a Dutchman with red mustache and watery, blue eyes, and a tall, melancholy Frenchman, twisting a peaked beard. After staring up through the rail like a pair of conspirators studying some dangerous animal, they consulted a paper

"What is your name?" called out the Frenchman, in a sad, confidential voice.

David told them; they shook their heads together, and departed.

He moved aft, to join Miss Dekker at the rail. She turned, with the same grave and friendly smile. By day, still more than by night, the light and life in her face outstripped their promise in the silver locket. Her eyes, changeable before, now shone blue and deep as a winter dawn.

"I knew you wouldn't fail us," she said; then turning to the tired little matron in black "Mrs Cartwright, Mr Bowman is here, after all, you see."

Mrs. Cartwright, as he bowed, smiled at him with shrewd little black eyes; they seemed the eyes of a very tired person who had found some new interest or belief.

"He's wondering how we know his name," said the girl. "The native told me, who drove me down from Arvana. He startled me by saying, in the drollest English, 'Mr. Bowman will come later.'"

"I'm glad," said David earnestly—"I'm glad he brought you safe to the station."

Her blue eyes opened slightly in surprise.

"Of course he would," she answered. "Those mountaineers are quite trustworthy. Oh, yes, and he gave me a little packet for you."

"He!" cried David, "*he* gave it back?"

Miss Dekker looked at him in some concern.

"If it's so important," she began, "Why, of course. Wait; it's here in my cabin."

She turned away, and left them by the rail.

"I think, Mr. Bowman," said the observant little matron, pointing over the side—"I think those men wish to speak to you."

Below, on the quay, the two conspirators with the paper were beckoning mysteriously. David leaned over.

"Spell it," said the melancholy Frenchman.

"Spell what?"

"Your name, please," replied both men together; and when David complied, they nodded violently, saying:

"You are the man!"

"What man?" he cried in exasperation.

The two exchanged dark looks, and said:

"Please to step ashore a moment."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Cartwright," said David. "I can't imagine ——"

At the foot of the gang-plank they met him with smiles of too great politeness.

"Yes, please," fumed the Dutchman. "Yes, please, a moment, please."

The Frenchman twisted his black beard to a pinpoint.

"You have no health," he stated. "You have not seen the doctor. He has inspected. He has gone. You must see him—or you cannot sail! He has gone!"

"Gone where?" said the young man coldly.

"Oh," they babbled, "to inspect another ship. Yes, please! We do not know her name."

Overhead, the winches hissed and clanked. David, turning angrily to climb up the chute, found it blocked by a grinning squad of dock hands and stalwart minor officers. He wheeled on the two conspirators, ready to abolish them first and then fight his way on board.

"Come, please! Sir! Sir! Come, please!" The Dutchman's watery, blue eyes blinked in the strong light of sunset; he appeared to have an idea, and to be weeping for lack of eloquence. "Come! We lose time, sir. I will show you the doctor. Come with me."

They ran down the quay, under the flaring iron penthouses, then in and out by

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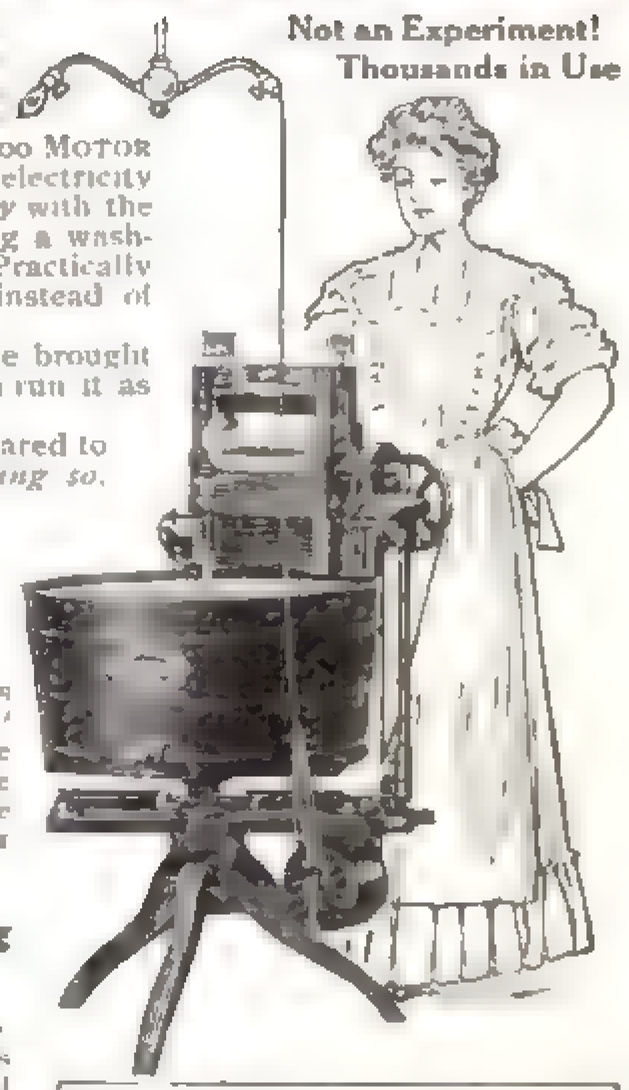
These are sweeping statements, but we are prepared to prove them — *and we pay for the privilege of doing so.*

Not an Experiment! Thousands in Use



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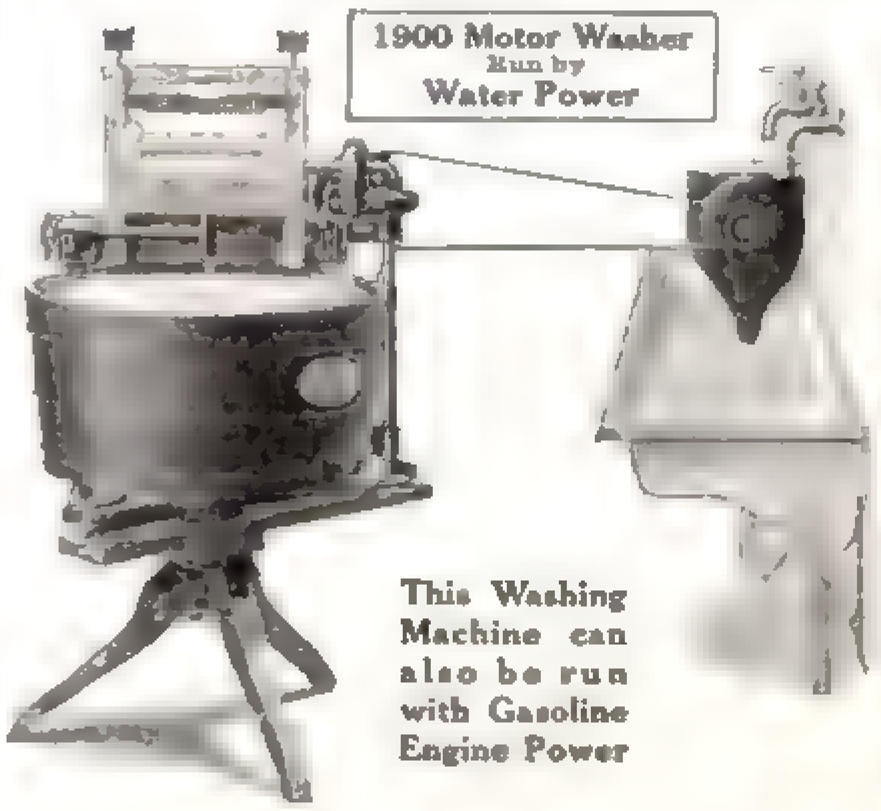

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a thousand tangled ways—down bamboo alleys, through the pillars of a cocoanut grove, along a canal full of red water. At last, however, they plunged into a solid bank of turbaned Mussulmen, who were all shouting, swaying, fighting to jam themselves by hundreds through the narrow door of a godown.

"In here!" gasped the Dutchman.

The crowd of yelling pilgrims seemed impassable; but boots proved heavier than sandals or bare toes, and white shoulders than brown. Dragging the Dutchman after, David fought his way into that shed, through dirty robes and sweating ribs.

Inside, a clean young Hollander sat at a table, with a cool and weary air. David's guide, now heated beyond the point of explanation, waved wild arms about his head, exclaiming, "This is the man!"

The young doctor eyed them both without a trace of enthusiasm, and replied:

"What man?"

"The ship! The missing man!"

The doctor liked their appearance still less.

"What ship?"

"Kota-Baru," said David "I was not examined Bowman's the name"

"Your pulse, please." The calm young scientist took out his watch and counted. "You have been running, perhaps? Ah, so. But I think you are too late." He scratched off a pass on a slip of paper, and turned to quiet his coolies.

David plunged into them once more—they were much harder to stem against the current—knocked right and left merchant and coolie, farmer and red-bearded hadji all alike. The Dutchman labored in his wake, slowly expiring from heat and hurry; but found breath, as they broke cover on the quay, to pant:

"Oh, sir! See! I feared!"

The Kota-Baru, huge and black, was gliding out along the edge of the quay.

David jumped over a bale, and ran fit to burst, his pass fluttering in his hand. He saw the sallow face and green cravat of the Messageries agent, who was shouting —"Too late, sir, too late!"—and nodded a rational agreement, even while he dodged the man's widespread arms, and ran out along the string-piece.

The Kota-Baru had swung out at bow and waist; her after-flank went moving, slowly, some four feet from the edge of the quay; and as David ran he saw that down the whole length of this iron hulk there was only one thing to chase and seize—the iron rod supporting the side-ladder, which lay hauled up out of reach and flattened against her side.

This rod he jumped for and caught, sticking on with both feet planted on her plates, in an odd bunch like a four-legged barnacle. But here he discovered a bit of mismanagement: he had forgotten to stuff the doctor's pass into his mouth or pocket, and now, at the first motion of hand-over-hand, had to let it drop. It fluttered into a great churn of white froth between ship and quay. For a moment David thought he should follow it and get jammed; for the iron rod was too short, his feet were slipping, and nobody could or would help, though the contorted faces and red, open mouths of officers, passengers and crew lined the rail above, crying distractedly in all the tongues of Pentecost.

For a moment it was nip and tuck. David missed a foothold, felt one hand fumble, and saw, among the queer, white faces above, Miss Dekker's forehead and helmet-brim disappear suddenly behind her two palms.

That sight, and the lattice-work of the landing-stage, gave him the final lift. He managed to stretch one arm up to the edge of the landing, work his fingers in among the crisscross slats, and so, by a desperate purchase, to hook one foot on the lowest rim of the ladder

The cries above and below turned to laughter. David, blindly aware of sailors festooning themselves down like monkeys, felt his ankle gripped, and himself being hauled on board, feet up and head down.

The doctor was the first to greet him:

"Where is your pass?"

David laughed weakly, and pointed over the side. A little, white paper chit swirled about in the lather.

The doctor, a genial, sedentary giant, looked down at it in a quandary. Then he studied the face of this wild young man beside him, and the silken garments all besmeared with black lead And then he laughed:

"Oh-oh! Bot I can send you ashore. How then? Bot I will not."

So all was well, as the Kota-Baru swung north for the equator. And yet, though luck had played him fair, David sat through dinner in silence and misgiving. His eyes, like those of all the chattering company, stole now and then up the long table to where Mary Dekker's head shone below a swinging light. For a little more than two days now he should see her thus; a few hours, piecemeal, and then no more. However strong this thing which he had woven out of mere chance and distance, it would soon be broken; quickly—that was well.

"Quickly," he told himself; and still, as he walked aft to meet her, the same impulse of treason clamored for delay. The sight of her was a mixture of joy and foreboding. She stood between light and shadow, where the soft glow reflected from painted bulkheads verged into the black wonder of tropic seas.

"I was frightened," she said, when they had paced back and forth together, for a time. "I was frightened when you came climbing up. That narrow space below, if you had fallen——"

"It frightened me," said David. "When one hand slipped, I thought—well, I should miss seeing you again. You know," he added hastily, "there's so much still to — to be told."

"Yes, I know." She halted, looking off into the night, her eyes large, dark, and full of mystery. "There is. And still, in another way, I'm afraid to hear it. I see now that all along I had no real hope that he—— Oh, poor Gerald! He was a very proud, unhappy boy."

At her tone, David felt once more a strange envy of the dead man, an envy which did no wrong.

"I was forgetting," said the girl, and turned toward the light. "You were to open this for me. That funny driver said so; he popped his head in as the train started. He seemed quite anxious——"

She held out the oblong packet—the very same, wrapped in manila paper, tied with the blue and white Japanese twine, but wrapped and tied all askew, with fragments of red wax dangling.

With clumsy fingers he slipped off the twine and drew out a white cardboard box. Along the cover ran, in a headlong scrawl, the words:

> Mr. Bowman, we all make mistake.
> I laugh with you.

"That's Rosario," thought David; and with still keener curiosity he opened the box. Inside lay coiled a small necklace of pink beads.

"Oh!" said the girl, as though the surprise were painful. "He was always promising—it's the old coral I wore as a child."

Under the necklace lay a slip of white paper. Unfolding it, she read, first to herself, then aloud:

> *Dear little old girl :*
>
> You always knew when a chap meant well. Here's your coral, to show I didn't forget. I've only failed. Be happy. I wish I might have got the pearls instead, but there are too many other rolling stones besides me, hereabout, and the game seems nearly up for
>
> Your worthless but affectionate brother, GERALD.

David suffered a recoil of all his faculties.

"Brother?" he stammered.

The girl looked up in a kind of dawning wonder.

"Didn't you know? Not even that?" Her voice trembled, and for an instant, again, as in the mountain garden at Arvana, her eyes lighted with some gradual discovery, then were as quickly veiled and lowered. "Come, we have wasted time. Come, tell me all you know."

A pair of empty chairs were drawn up side by side.

"It's a long story," said David, sitting down beside her. "Let me see. It all began——" He knew what to change, what to omit. The page of the twisted foot was torn, and all that passage canceled. Her sorrow still reached him through his new and giddy hope. But clearer than all, just now, the young man saw where the story began—with what he had lost and might some day regain.

"It all begins," he said quietly, "with your silver locket."

(THE END)

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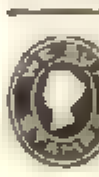

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CONSIDER THE LOBSTER

(Continued from Page 11)

wasted at an Alaskan cannery. They averaged ten pounds each—about a half million pounds of food. Quite an item to come out of your baby's pocketbook, was it not? It was only one item, and a small one at that.

Uncle Sam can beat the salmon themselves at raising salmon, but the fishermen sometimes so obstruct the streams that not a single fish gets up to the hatcheries. There are dozens of salmon rivers in Alaska and lower on the Pacific Coast which now have no runs at all, the salmon wheels, weirs, traps, seines, pound-nets, spears and grab-hooks having done their work and finished it for all time. Yet all that those fish were trying to do was to help feed your boy fifty years from now.

America could learn conservation in one lesson on a salmon stream. The end of a salmon run is a sight of horror. The shallows and pools are filled with spent and dying fish, thousands already dead, and on the masses of the dead or dying there come to feed bears, owls, eagles, crows, foxes, skunks. The instinct of the salmon laughs at all watery locksmiths, for the sake of your boy. But could not the savage sight teach us that there is natural waste enough without our increasing it? Nature gave us trees, wild game, wild food of the waters, that we might use them, not destroy them. We Americans abolish, exterminate, obliterate one species after another. How about our own species? How about your boy? Did you ever think of politics in just this way?

Yet any lobster could tell us the good, business common-sense of a course the opposite of this. Last year the State hatcheries on the Pacific slopes planted a half billion salmon fry, having had good luck on some streams in getting breeding fish. That means that in four years, did each brood get back to the parent stream unlessened by the toll of the sea, there would be half a billion fish, each weighing, let us say, ten pounds, although some salmon of some species weigh fifty pounds. We may figure that as the result of one year's planting there would come, without any expense of feeding, raising or handling, into our rivers about five billion pounds of fish. That is to say, the cost of that little supper for your boy and his Eloise fifty years from now would be reduced *pro tanto*, as the lawyers say.

Caring for the crop of the waters is making money for your baby. It costs nothing to feed or range a clam, a shad, a salmon or a lobster on the hoof. He rustles his own chuck. You do not even have to round him up once a year and brand him. You do not have to plow nor cultivate for him, nor fertilize the field wherein he grows.

What will be the case with our food fish in the next five, ten, twenty years? Not wishing to spoil the next dinner of you and Eloise, one must none the less really state that, at the present pace, unless the all-powerful protective tariff does something toward raising salaries, your new baby will have an excellent chance to grow up in the resemblance of a great many boys who are now making problems over in Europe. Stunted and anæmic, with crooked legs, a weak chin and a scraggly beard; cowardly, ill-tempered and immoral, because he is underfed, he may grow up to be a poor scholar, a poor soldier and a poor citizen. Then, in due time, along will come the better-fed son of some more foresighted father, lick the suffering tar out of him, and take away his marbles. That is the lesson of the lobster. Did you ever think of politics that way before?

But, having thus conversed after the fashion of Mr. Hill, we might for a brief space adopt the more optimistic fashion of thought to be found in the public utterances of that other great man, Andrew Carnegie, professional optimist—also famous in bulletin literature at Washington. Our Government at Washington might be and ought to be a great deal better than it is, because it is a Government by Congress and not by the people; but it shows only ignorance and weakness sweepingly to condemn all the departments of our Governmental work, bad as are some of the bureaus at Washington. The Forestry work of the United States, in the hands of Mr. Pinchot, has developed an unselfish

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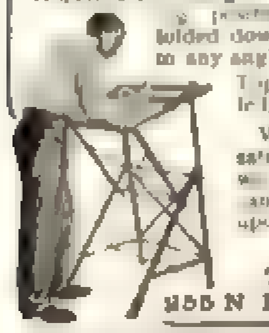

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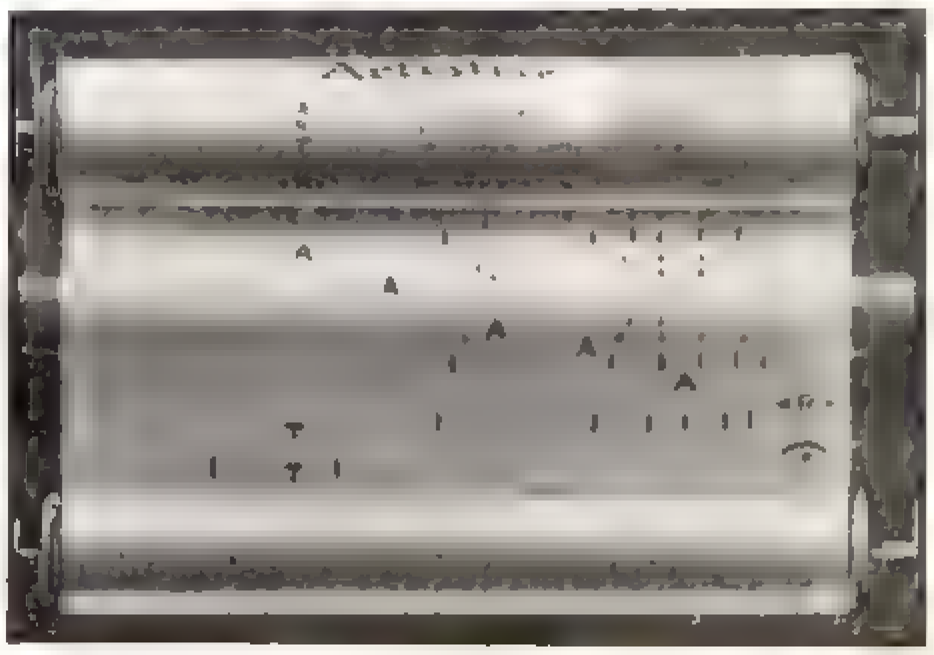

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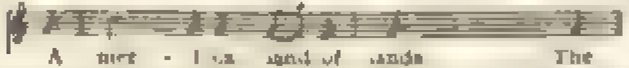

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Agreeing with you that your son, born day before yesterday, is quite the most remarkable example of human progeny that ever happened, none the less, let us ask: "What is he going to eat?" Ask the lobster. Consider also its ways, and be wise.

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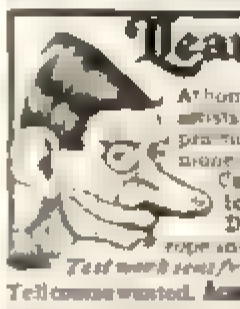

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AGENTS

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THE BUBBLE BANK

(Continued from Page 7)

"By no means," protested Mr. Bubble. "I wouldn't have a right of way split through my farm for four hundred dollars. Couldn't think of it."

It was Wallingford's turn to be silent.

"Tell you what I'll do," he finally began. "I think of settling down in Blakeville. I like the town from what I have seen of it, and I may make some important investments here."

Mr. Bubble nodded his head gravely. A man who carried over eight thousand dollars surplus cash in his pocket had a right to talk that way.

"The matter, of course," continued Wallingford, "requires considerable further investigation. In the mean time, I stand ready to pay you now a hundred dollars for a thirty-day option upon forty acres of your swamp land, the hundred to apply upon a total purchase price of one thousand dollars. Moreover, I'll make it a part of the contract that no enterprise be undertaken upon this ground without receiving your sanction."

Mr. Bubble considered this matter in pompous silence for some little time.

"Suppose we just reduce that proposition to writing, Mr. Wallingford," he finally suggested, and without stirring from his seat he raised his voice and called: "Fannie!"

In reply two voices approached the door, one sharp, querulous, nagging, the other, the younger and fresher voice, protesting; then the girl came in, followed closely by her stepmother. The girl looked at Wallingford brightly. He was the first young man who had bearded the lioness at Bubble Villa, and she appreciated the novelty. Mrs. Bubble, however, distinctly glared at him, though the eyes of both women roved from him to the pile of bills held down with a paper-weight on Mr. Bubble's desk. Mr. Bubble made way for his daughter.

"Write a little agreement for Mr. Wallingford and myself," directed Mr. Bubble, and dictated it, much to the surprise of the women, for Jonas always did his own writing. They did not understand that he, also, wished to make an impression.

With a delicate flush of self-consciousness in her occupation Fannie wrote the option agreement, and later another document, acknowledging the receipt of eight thousand dollars to be held in trust. In exchange for the first paper J. Rufus gravely handed Mr. Bubble a hundred-dollar bill.

"Tomorrow," said he, "I shall drop around to see you at your office, to confer with you about my proposed enterprise."

As Wallingford left the room, attended by the almost obsequious Bubble, he caught a lingering glance of interest, curiosity, and perhaps more, from the bright eyes of Fannie Bubble. Her stepmother, however, distinctly sniffed.

Meanwhile, Wallingford, at the gate, turned for a moment toward the distant swamp where it lay now ebony and glittering silver in the moonlight, knitted his brows in perplexity, lit another of his black cigars, and strolled back to the hotel.

What on earth should he do with that swamp now that he had it? Something good ought to be hinged on it. Should he form a drainage company to restore it to good farming land? No. At best he could only get a hundred and fifty dollars an acre, or, say, six thousand dollars for the forty. The acreage alone was to cost him a thousand; no telling what the drainage would cost, but whatever the figure there would not be profit enough to hypothecate. And it was no part of Wallingford's intention to do any actual work. He was through forever with drudgery; for him was only creation.

What should he do with that swamp? As he thought of it, his mind's eye could only see its blackness. It was, after all, only a mass of dense, sticky, black mud!

Still revolving this problem in mind, Wallingford went to his bedroom, where he had scarcely arrived when Bob Ranger followed him, his sleeves rolled up again and a pail of steaming water in each hand.

"The old man said you was to have a bath when you come in," stated Bob. "How hot do you want it?"

"I think I'll let it go till morning and have it cold," replied Wallingford, chuckling.

"All right," said Bob. "It's your funeral and not mine. I'll just pour this in now and it'll get cool by morning."

In the next room—wherein the bed had been hastily replaced by two chairs, an old

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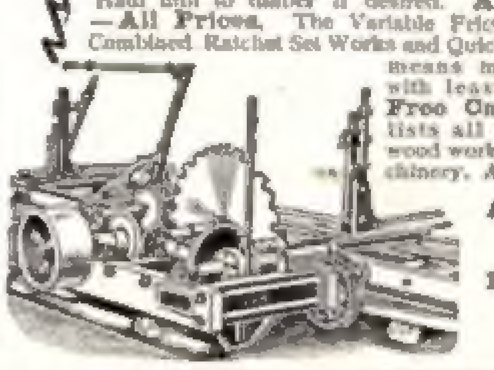

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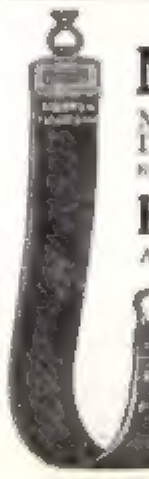

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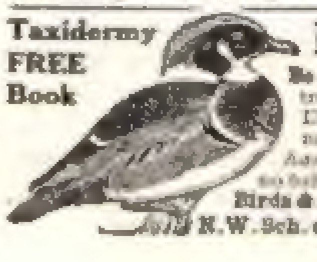

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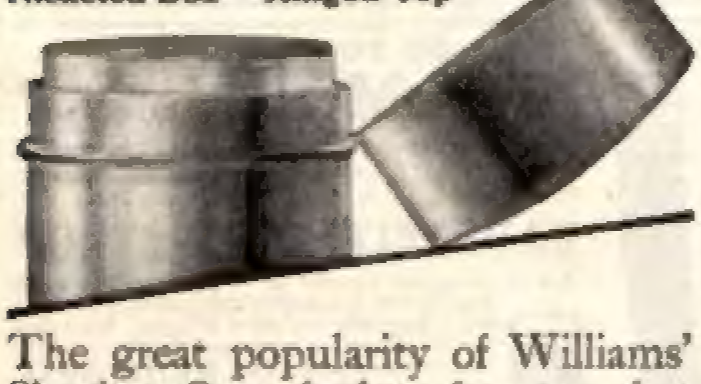

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horsehair lounge and a kitchen table covered with a red tablecloth—Wallingford found a huge tin bathtub, shaped like an elongated coal scuttle, dingy white on the inside and dingy green on the outside, and battered full of dents.

"How'd you get along?" asked Bob, pausing to wipe the perspiration from his brow after he had emptied the two pails of water into the tub.

"All right," said Wallingford with a reminiscent smile.

"Old Mrs. Bubble drive you off the place?"

"No," replied Wallingford loftily. "I went in the house and talked a while."

"Go on!" exclaimed Bob, the glow of admiration almost shining through his skin. "Say, you're a peach, all right! How do you like Fannie?"

"She's a very nice girl," opined Wallingford.

"Yes," agreed Bob. "She's getting a little old, though. She was twenty her last birthday. She'll be an old maid pretty soon, but it's her own fault."

Then Bob went after more water, and Wallingford, seating himself at the table with paper and pencil, plunged into a succession of rambling figures concerning Jonas Bubble's black swamp; and he figured and puzzled far into the night, with the piquant face of Miss Fannie drifting here and there among the figures.

VI

THE next morning Wallingford requisitioned the services of Bob and the little sorrel team again, and drove out to Jonas Bubble's swamp. Arrived there he climbed the fence, and, taking a sliver of fence rail with him, gravely prodded into the edge of the swamp in various places, hauling it up in each case dripping with viscid black mud, which he examined with the most minute care, dropping tiny drops upon the backs of clean cards and spreading them out smoothly with the tip of his finger, while he looked up into the sky inquiringly, not one gesture of his conduct lost upon the curious Bob.

When he climbed back into the buggy, Bob, finding it impossible to longer restrain his quivering curiosity, asked him:

"What's it good for?"

"I can't tell you just yet," said Wallingford kindly, "but if it is what I think it is, Bob, I've made a great discovery, one that I am sure will not only increase my wealth but add greatly to the riches of Blakeville. Do you know where I could find Jonas Bubble at this hour?"

"Down at the mill, sure."

"Drive down there."

As they drove past Jonas Bubble's house they saw Miss Fannie on the back porch, in an old wrapper, peeling potatoes, and heard the sharp voice of the second Mrs. Bubble scolding her.

"Say," said Bob, "if that old rip was my stepmother I'd poke her head-first into that swamp back yonder."

Wallingford shook his head.

"She'd turn it black," he gravely objected.

"Why, it is black," protested Bob, opening his eyes in bewilderment.

In reply to this Wallingford merely chuckled. Bob, regarding him in perplexity for a while, suddenly saw that this was a joke, and on the way to the mill he snickered a score of times. Queer chap, this Wallingford, rich, no doubt, and smart as a whip; and something mysterious about him, too!

Wallingford found Jonas Bubble in flour-sifted garments in his office, going over a dusty file of bills.

"Mr. Bubble," said he, "I have been down to your swamp and have investigated its possibilities. I am now prepared, since I have secured the right to purchase this land, to confide to you the business search in which I have for some time been engaged, and which now, I hope, is concluded. Do you know, Mr. Bubble, the valuable deposit I think I have found in my swamp?"

"No!" ejaculated Bubble, stricken solemn by the confidential tone. "What is it?"

Wallingford took a long breath, swelling out his already broad chest, and, leaning over most impressively, tapped his compelling finger upon Jonas Bubble's knee. Then said he, with almost tragic earnestness:

"*Black mud!*"

Jonas Bubble drew back astounded, eying Wallingford with affrighted incredulity. He had thought this young man sane.

"Black ——" he gasped; "black ——" and hesitated.

"*Mud!*" finished Wallingford for him, more impressively than before. "High and low, far and near, Mr. Bubble, I have searched for a deposit of this sort. Wherever there was a swamp I have been, but never until I came to Blakeville did I find what I believe to be the correct quality of black mud."

"Black mud," repeated Jonas Bubble meaninglessly, but awed in spite of himself.

"*Etruscan* black mud," corrected Wallingford. "The same rare earth out of which the world-famous Etruscan pottery is manufactured in the little village of Etrusca, near Milan, Italy. The smallest objects of this beautiful jet-black pottery retail in this country from ten dollars upward. With your permission I am going to express some samples of this deposit to the world-famous pottery designer, Signor Vittoreo Matteo, formerly in charge of the Etruscan Pottery, but who is now in Boston waiting with feverish impatience for me to find a suitable deposit of this rare black mud. If I have at last found it, Mr. Bubble, I wish to congratulate you and Blakeville, as well as myself, upon the acquisition of an enterprise that will not only reflect vast credit to your charming and progressive little town, but will bring it a splendid accession of wealth."

Mr. Bubble arose from his chair and shook hands with young Wallingford in great, though pompous, emotion.

"My son," said he, "go right ahead. Take all of it you want—that is," he hastily corrected himself, "all you need for experimental purposes." For, he reflected, there was no need to waste any of the rare and valuable Etruscan black mud. "I think I'll go with you."

"I'd be pleased to have you," said Wallingford, as, indeed, he was.

On the way, Wallingford stopped at Hen Moozer's General Merchandise Emporium and Post-Office, where he bought a large tin pail with a tight cover, a small tin pail and a long-handled garden trowel which he bent at right angles; and seven people walked off of Hen Moozer's porch into the middle of the street to see the town magnate and the resplendent stranger, driven by the elated Bob Ranger, whirl down Maple Street toward Jonas Bubble's swamp.

Arrived there, who so active in direction as Jonas Bubble?

"Bob," he ordered, protruding his girth at least three inches beyond its normal position, "hitch those horses and jump over in the field here with us. Mr. Wallingford, you will want this sample from somewhere near the center of the swamp. Bob, back yonder beyond that clump of bushes you will find that old flat boat we had right after the big rainy season. Hunt around down there for a long pole and pole out some place near the middle. Take this shovel and dig down and get mud enough to fill these two buckets."

Bob stood unimpressed. It was not an attractive task.

"And Bob," added Wallingford mildly, "here's a dollar, and I know where there's another."

"Sure," said Bob with the greatest of alacrity, and he hurried back to where the old flat boat, water-soaked and nearly as black as the swamp upon which it rested, was half submerged beyond the clump of bushes. When, after infinite labor, he had pushed that clumsy craft afloat upon the bosom of the shallow swamp, Mr. Bubble was on the spot with infinite direction. He told Bob, shouting from the shore, just where to proceed and how, down to the handling of each trowelful of dripping mud, and to the emptying of each small pailful into the large pail.

"I don't know exactly how I'll get this boxed for shipping," hinted Wallingford, as Bob carried the pail laboriously back to the buggy.

"Right down at the mill," invited Mr. Bubble with great cordiality. "I'll have my people look after it for you."

"That's very kind of you," replied Wallingford. "I'll give you the address," and upon the back of one of his own cards he wrote: Sig. Vittoreo Matteo, 710 Marabon Building, Boston, Mass., U. S. A., care Horace G. Daw.

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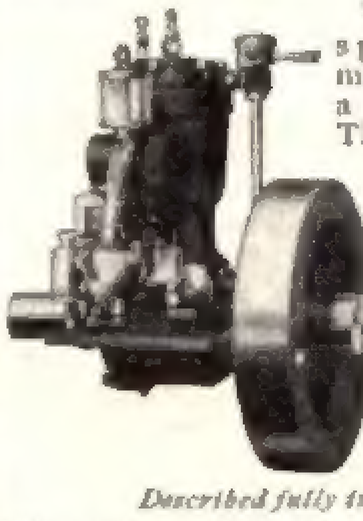

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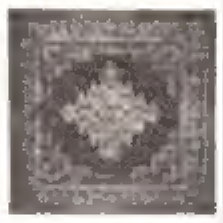

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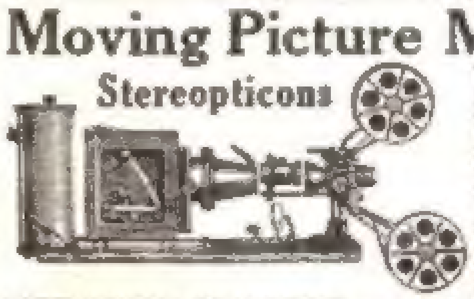

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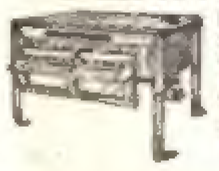

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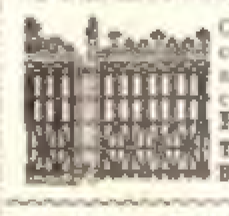

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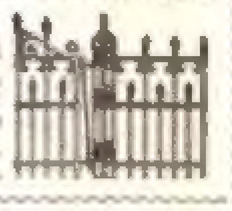

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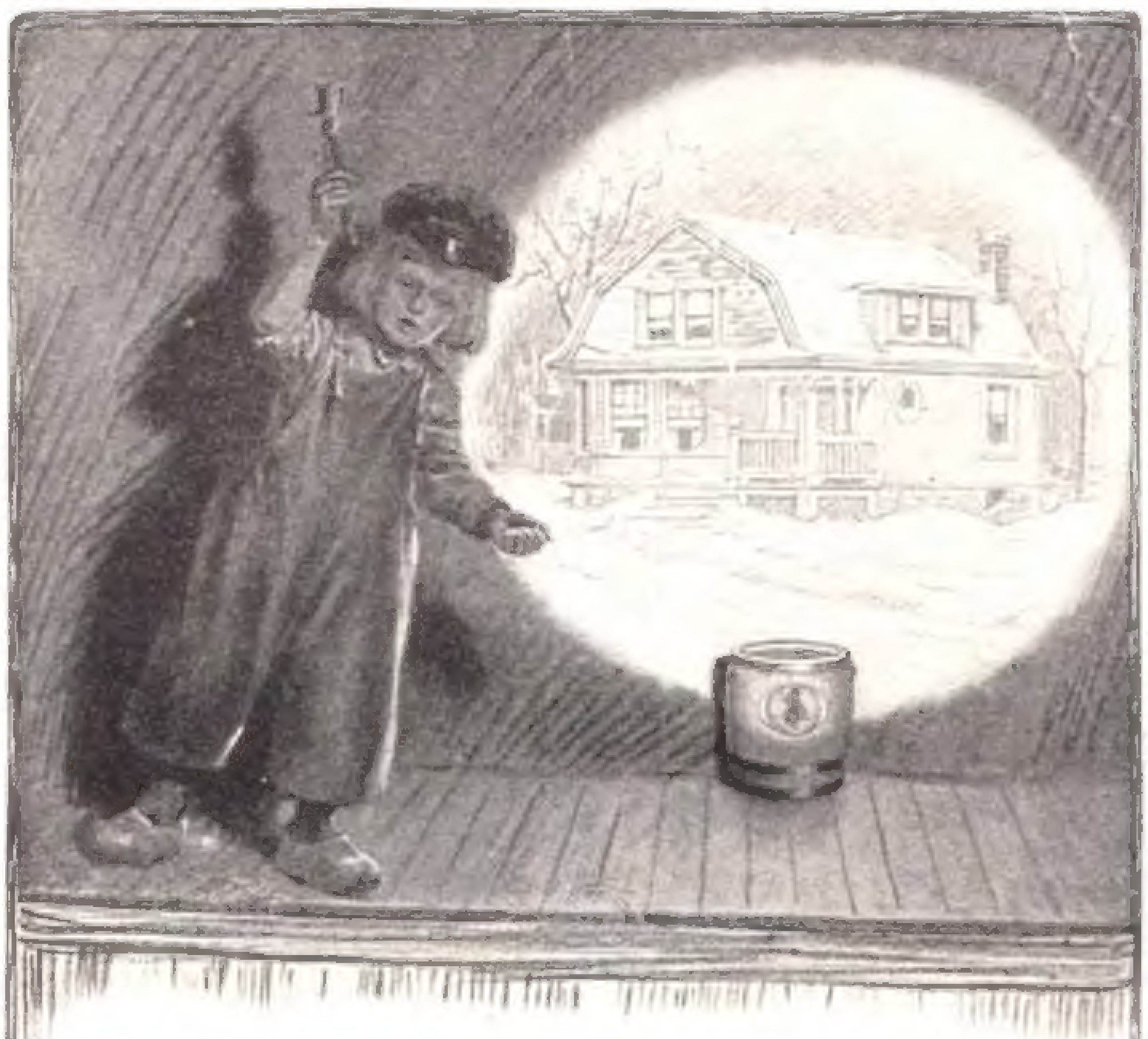

PAINT TALKS

No. 1—Paint for Exterior Work

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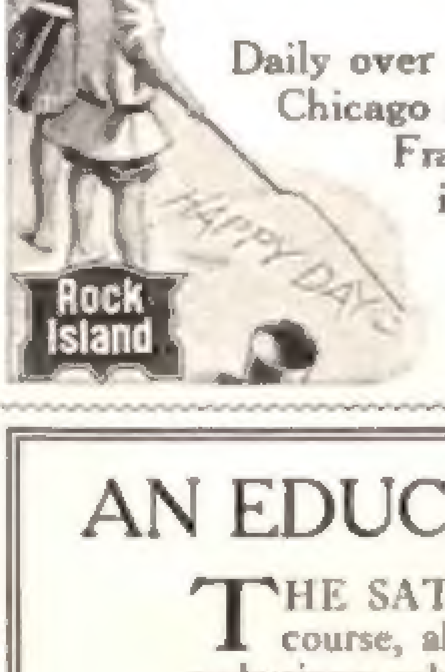

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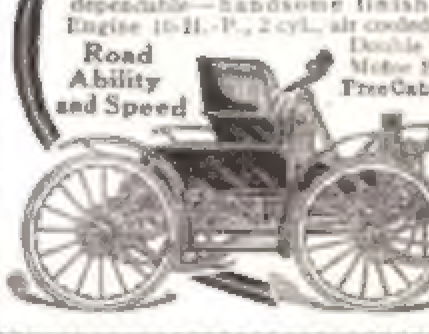

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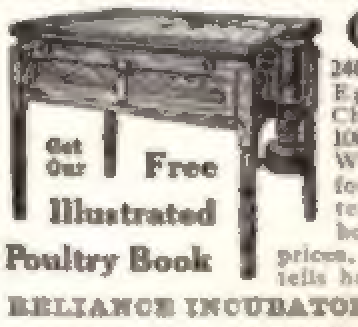
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